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The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

Coleridge.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. VII.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1870

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1869
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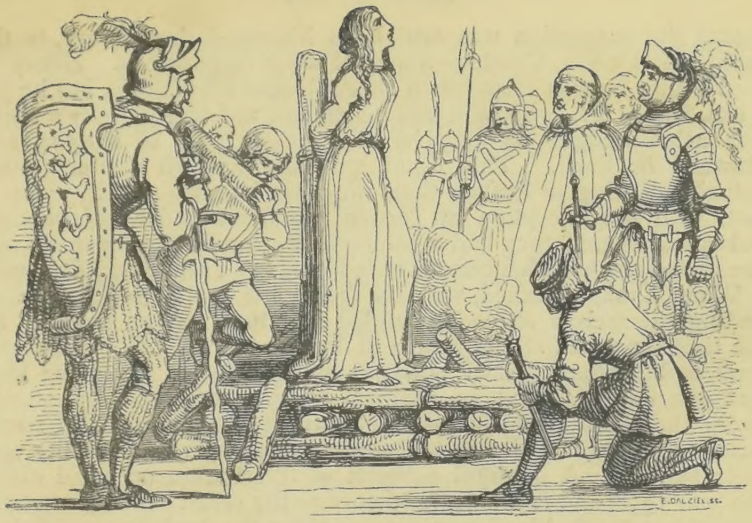


JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS.

FIVE hundred years ago, a considerable part of France was under the rule of the kings of England. The manner in which the English gained possession of territories in that country is perhaps not very generally known. When William, Duke of Normandy, fixed by conquest his sway over England, he still retained his Norman possessions. These, with some other districts, descended as an heritage to the English crown, so that, in process of time, when the invasion of the Normans was forgotten, it almost appeared as if the English had intruded themselves into Normandy, instead of the Norman dukes having intruded themselves into England. With Normandy as a stronghold, the English monarchs contrived to extend their possessions in France by means of wars, for which it was always easy to find a pretext. Besides this odious practice, there was another means of extending kingdoms much resorted to in these times. This consisted in the intermarriage of princes and princesses. When the son of an English king married the daughter and heiress of a French duke, and when the duke died, his possessions, including all the people upon them, became, as a matter of course, the lawful patrimony of his daughter's family. Vast possessions, in what is now included under the name France, were thus added to the English crown. One of the most sweeping encroachments of this kind arose from the marriage of a daughter of Charles VI. of France to Henry V. of England. When Charles VI. died

(1422), the succession was settled on his son-in-law Henry, to the exclusion of a son, Charles—a man of weak dispositions. Henry V. died before he was installed in this splendid acquisition, but he left a son, Henry VI., who inherited his claims, and though only a child, was acknowledged as king by the greater part of France, and crowned in Paris. This event gave the English a much more extended footing in France than they ever had before. In point of fact, with the exception of certain provinces under independent dukes and counts, they had a complete mastery in the country, and the sovereigns were henceforth styled kings of France and England.

What, it may be asked, were the feelings of the French people on finding themselves so coolly handed over to a foreign power? At the time we speak of, the people at large were for the greater part serfs or bondsmen, under powerful nobles, and to them one king was generally as good as another. Their occasional oppression under these feudal chiefs was their principal grievance, and sometimes they arose in immense numbers and slew the nobility and their families. A dreadful outburst of this nature occurred about the year 1358, and is known in history as the revolt of the *Jacquerie*. Sometimes much blood was also shed by the contentions of rival dukes, each bringing his vassals into the field to fight against the other. A fierce civil war of this kind took place a short time previous to the accession of Henry VI.

This young king being incapable of ruling in his own person, his government in France was conducted by the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester. These noblemen had a difficult part to act; for Charles, the Dauphin, or son of the late king of France, had a party in the state who favoured his preferable claims to the throne; and, besides, the civil broils among the noblesse and peasantry kept everything unsettled. The English power, fortified by the Duke of Burgundy, was, however, supreme. All the towns and forts were garrisoned with English soldiers; and it is not unlikely that, with prudent management, and with a popular monarch, France would have irrevocably become a province of England.

Such a misfortune for both countries was prevented in a most singular manner by the intrepidity of a peasant-girl; and it is the story of this girl that we now propose to tell, and we tell it to the shame of the English nation—the shame of bigotry—the shame of having cruelly maltreated an innocent and patriotic maiden.

EARLY LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

Jeanne Darc, or, as we translate the name, Joan of Arc, was born in the year 1412. Her parents—Jacques Darc, and his wife Isabelle—were cottagers, who dwelt in Domremy, a village on the borders of Lorraine, in the north-eastern part of France. Joan had a sister who died young, and three brothers, who lived to reap advantages

from their sister's heroism. Jacques Darc and his wife were honest and industrious people, who entertained no other ambition than that of bringing up their children creditably in their own station. Joan was not instructed in reading or writing—but we must remember that such accomplishments were rare at the time when printing was unknown, and when learning was confined almost entirely to the priests. It is certain, however, that she had many comparative advantages; her parents were distinguished for piety and good-conduct, and there can be no doubt that she was early instructed by them in the tenets of the Christian religion. Her mother taught her to spin and to sew; and from every record of her early years, we may gather that she was looked upon as a modest, industrious, kind-hearted girl; and sufficiently distinguished for the fervour of her religious impressions, to be sometimes laughed at by her companions for preferring to attend church to joining with them in the song or the dance. There are many testimonials of her zeal and devotion in the exercises of religion, which she appears to have always performed without show or affectation. And often, when occupied in the fields weeding or reaping, she was known to separate from her companions, and afterwards found offering up her prayers in some secluded nook. When we add that she was also distinguished by shyness and timidity, thoughtful observers may perhaps discover a key to her character.

Joan of Arc has never been represented as a person of many words; and certainly the simplest clue to her extraordinary history would be found in considering her of that earnest, thoughtful temperament which broods constantly on the ideas which have once taken fast hold of the mind, and which, when joined to a vivid imagination and high-toned moral feeling, is sure to produce a warm but sincere enthusiast.

In the neighbourhood of the village of Domremy, on the road which led to Neufchâteau, there was a fine old beech-tree, whose arching boughs, descending to the ground, formed a kind of vault, and which, time out of mind, had been called 'the Fairies' Tree.' Near to it there arose a spring called the 'Fairies' Well.' The tree and spring were the objects of superstitious offerings by the ignorant villagers; but not so to Joan of Arc, who would attend no *fêtes* and dances in honour of the tree or well; and on all such occasions she preferred to carry garlands of flowers to hang at the shrine of the Virgin in the church of Domremy.

If we add that Joan, as she grew up, was not confined to household duties; that, on the contrary, she was accustomed to frequent outdoor employment, and often drove cattle and horses to graze and to water, mounting the latter with little or no accoutrements, which might well account for the equestrian skill and fearless riding she afterwards displayed, we believe we have related all by which her early girlhood was distinguished.

But, with her warm enthusiasm and ardent imagination, the village girl must have been an eager listener to the many tales of outrage, woe, and suffering inseparable from the condition of her oppressed country; and which, from far and near, must have floated on the breath of rumour even to Domremy. We learn that, with one single exception, the villagers were all Armagnacs, as the adherents of Charles were called, from the part which the Count d'Armagnac took in the struggle; but that the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Masey were of the rival party of Burgundians. We learn, too, that the children of both places carried out the factious animosities of their elders into their own childish play; and that mock-fights, in which sticks and stones often proved dangerous weapons, were common between them. Joan had frequently beheld her young friends and her own brothers covered with blood after these fierce encounters; and while such things were proofs of the strong party-feelings which existed under an apparent calm, they must themselves have kept alive and kindled the very enthusiasm from which they sprung. Nay, on one occasion at least, their country's troubles came more nearly home to the villagers of Domremy than through mimic fights, or the echoing reports of far-off calamities. A party of Burgundian cavalry drove them, with their families and flocks, from their peaceful homes, and compelled them to take refuge elsewhere. On this occasion the family of Darc found shelter in a hostelry at Neufchâteau, a town which, belonging to the Duke of Lorraine, was safe from aggression. Here they remained fifteen days, during which time it is highly probable that Joan, as some return for the hospitality and protection afforded, assisted in many domestic offices; at anyrate, this conjecture is the only foundation for the story of Joan having been servant at an inn, a story first related by a chronicler of the Burgundian faction, and adopted by English historians.

Joan was between thirteen and fourteen years of age when, according to her own account, she began to see visions, and hear the voices of departed saints calling upon her to re-establish the throne of France. Now that time has removed the mists of prejudice, and reason, with many helps from science and experience, is allowed to rule our opinions, we see in these supposed preternatural revelations only the workings of an ardent and imaginative temperament. Swayed by those two powerful emotions, religious and political enthusiasm, Joan was no impostor. Her mind, feeding upon itself, had become in some measure deranged, and produced those impressions which the simplicity of her own nature interpreted as direct messages from Heaven. This belief is indeed the only satisfactory key to her conduct: she believed herself a chosen instrument in the hands of the Deity, and by the strength of this faith the heroine was supported.

The battles of Crevant and Verneuil had apparently annihilated

the hopes of the Dauphin—or, as we will more properly call him, Charles VII.—when Joan believed herself to be first visited by supernatural agents. Of course her own testimony is the only one afforded. She said that, when sitting one summer day in her father's garden, she saw a shining light in the direction of the church, and heard a voice bidding her continue pious and good, and assuring her that God would bless her. The second vision took a far more distinct form. On this occasion, she says, she was tending her flocks in the fields when she heard the same voice, but she beheld also the majestic forms of St Catharine and St Margaret, while the voice announced itself as that of the Archangel Michael. It now delivered some mysterious words, intimating that France should be delivered from the English yoke through her means. This second vision filled her soul with rapture; and, as a token of gratitude to the Most High for choosing her as an instrument of his will, she took a vow to remain unmarried, and to devote herself entirely to her mission.

Her own family seem to have treated these rhapsodies very lightly; although it is reported that her father, dreading she might be worked on by some men-at-arms, and induced to follow the army, declared that 'he would rather drown her with his own hands,' than live to witness such a thing. Meanwhile she was sought in marriage by an honest yeoman, whose suit was warmly encouraged by her parents. Joan, however, positively refused; and the lover resorted to the singular expedient of declaring she had promised him marriage, and citing her before a legal tribunal, believing they would compel her to fulfil the same. But the maid undertook her own defence; and having declared on oath that she had made no such promise, sentence was given in her favour. From this otherwise unimportant incident we may gather two facts—namely, that Joan was already possessed of great firmness, and that her character for honour and veracity stood high.

Public events now began to excite party-feeling to the highest pitch. The Duke of Bedford had returned to France, and, including a reinforcement from Burgundy, had sent forth a mighty army against Charles. He had intrusted its command to the Earl of Salisbury, who was assisted by the valiant officers, Sir John Talbot, Sir John Fastolf, and Sir William Gladsdale. Salisbury having reduced Rambouillet, Pithiviers, Jargeau, Sully, and other small towns, which had offered but a feeble resistance to his arms, proceeded to the chief object of the enterprise, the siege of Orleans, a city which commanded the Loire and the entrance to the southern provinces, and was the last stronghold of Charles and his party. Had Orleans been subdued, the troops of Bedford might easily have penetrated the open country beyond the Loire, and have driven the court of Charles to seek shelter in the mountains of Auvergne and Dauphiné.

It was in the month of October 1428 that Orleans was first invested by the Earl of Salisbury; but happily his design had been foreseen, and every preparation had been made both by the French king and the inhabitants themselves to prepare for a long and desperate defence. The Sire de Gaucourt was appointed governor; and two of the bravest captains of the age, Pothon de Saintrailles, and Dunois, threw themselves, with a large body of followers, into the city, while the citizens on their part shewed the most patriotic spirit. They brought to the common stock even a larger sum than the heavy taxes they had imposed upon themselves; they cheerfully consented that their suburb of Portereau, on the opposite or south bank of the Loire, should be razed to the ground, lest it should afford shelter to the English; and from a similar motive the vine-yards and gardens within two miles of the city were laid waste. The men competent to bear arms were enrolled for that purpose, while the remainder of the inhabitants employed themselves almost unceasingly in prayer, and in bearing the relics from church to church with solemn processions.

The first assault of the enemy was directed against the bulwark which defended the approaches of the bridge on the southern bank; and after a vigorous resistance, and considerable loss, they dislodged the towns-people from the place. The latter now planted themselves at two towers which had been erected some way forward on the bridge, and breaking down one of the arches behind them for the security of the city, kept up their own communication with it only by planks and beams, which could be in a moment removed. But the next day Sir William Gladsdale, finding the waters of the Loire sufficiently shallow, waded with his men to the towers, and succeeded in storming them. He then connected them with the bulwark already obtained, and formed a fort, which enabled him to plant a battery against the apparently devoted city. This success, however, cost the life of the Earl of Salisbury, who, a few days afterwards, having ascended one of these towers to view the works, and examine more nearly the enemy's walls, was killed by a splinter from a cannon-ball—this, by the way, being one of the earliest sieges at which cannon was found to be of importance. The Earl of Suffolk succeeded to the command; and after experiencing in several attacks the stubborn resolution of the besieged, he resolved to surround the city with forts, and reduce it by all the horrors of famine.

The winter was occupied in the construction of these forts, though numerous assaults from the one party, and sallies from the other, bore witness to the undiminished energy of the besiegers, and the untiring constancy of the besieged. While the English works remained incomplete, food and reinforcements occasionally found their way into Orleans; and as the French troops beyond ravaged the country, it sometimes happened that they cut off the necessary

supplies of the English. Yet, on the whole, both the stores and garrison of Orleans sensibly diminished; and as the besieged saw tower after tower arising to complete the circle which was to bind them, it became evident that, unless some surprising effort was made for their deliverance, they must be overpowered in the ensuing spring.

JOAN SETS OUT ON HER MISSION.

The news of the events just related kindled the fervent imagination of Joan to its highest pitch. For a time, her visions and the instructions of 'her voices' might have wavered somewhat indistinctly, but now they clearly indicated two objects which she was to achieve—first, the raising of the siege of Orleans; and secondly, that Charles should be solemnly crowned at Rheims. In the latter promise we may clearly trace the influence of that firm religious faith which had always been so strong an element in Joan's character; for to the priests and to the pious among the populace, Charles was not a lawful king until his claims were thus sanctified—his head encircled with the ancient crown, and anointed with the holy oil.

But the time for action was at hand; and Joan determined that her first step should be to seek an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, the governor of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, and, revealing her visions to him, entreat his assistance to reach the king's presence. She dared not impart her scheme to her parents, knowing that they would throw additional obstacles in her way; but strong in the belief that hers was a divine commission, that was to supersede even the ties of filial duty, the maid had now recourse to stratagem. She feigned a strong desire to pay a visit of a few days to her maternal uncle, Durand Laxart, who resided at the village of Petit Burey, situated between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. She contrived to have her wishes intimated to him, and Laxart himself came to fetch his niece, and to gain her parents' consent to the visit. It was in this manner that Joan of Arc left that humble home to which she was never more to return.

It would seem that Joan had a strong affection for this uncle, and much confidence in him; for, during the seven or eight days she remained at his house, she confided all her visions, hopes, and aspirations to him. Eloquent must have been her words, for it is quite clear that she persuaded Laxart of the truth of her mission; and we can understand with what rapture Joan, now about seventeen or eighteen years of age, felt that there was one at least who treated these holy revelations with due respect. Laxart, in fact, decided on going to the governor himself as a messenger from his niece; but when he had succeeded in obtaining an interview with him, Baudricourt treated these mysterious promises with the utmost ridicule,

and advised him 'to box her ears, and send her back to her parents.' Yet so far from being disheartened by this failure, Joan resolved to see him herself, declaring that she would go alone if need be. Her uncle, however, accompanied her.

It was with great difficulty that the peasant-girl obtained admission to the governor; and when in his presence, it was yet more difficult to win from him a patient hearing. But she opposed the energy of a determined will to derision and contempt, and determined to remain at Vaucouleurs, almost literally dividing her time between passionate appeals to the governor and fervent prayers in the church.

Once for a short time she returned to the village of Petit Burey, to await there the governor's answer; but she soon came back to Vaucouleurs, to renew her entreaties and protestations, declaring that she must, and she would reach the presence of the king, even if in doing so 'she wore through her feet to her knees.' Joan and her uncle lodged at Vaucouleurs at the house of a cartwright, with whose wife the maid formed an intimate acquaintance, being accompanied by her everywhere when her uncle was not at her side. This circumstance, carefully recorded, argues, we think, that Joan had already formed a plan from which she never deviated. In her after-career, as now, it was her custom in every town to choose some matron of irreproachable character as her companion and protectress. But to return to Vaucouleurs. Though she was slow in persuading the governor to listen either to her promises or requests, her fervent piety and earnest entreaties made a great impression on the towns-people. At last, Baudricourt consented to write to King Charles, and refer the question of her journey to his decision. Meanwhile, she had made two converts at Vaucouleurs of some importance. The first of these was a gentleman surnamed De Metz, who declared that her tone of inspiration had convinced him, and who promised, 'on the faith of a gentleman, and under the conduct of God, to lead her before the king.' The other was Bertrand de Poulengy, a gentleman who had been present at her first interview with Baudricourt, and who also resolved to escort her on her journey. The fame of Joan had also by this time reached the Duke of Lorraine, who sent for her, considering that, if she were endowed with supernatural powers, she could cure him of a dangerous disease under which he was suffering. But Joan replied, with truthful simplicity, that her mission was not to that prince, nor had she such a gift as that he desired. The duke dismissed her with a present of four livres, which were most probably highly acceptable; for though Baudricourt, worked on by De Metz and Poulengy, and by the force of popular opinion, was now consenting to her departure, the only assistance he rendered her was the present of a sword. Whether the governor had received any answer or not to the letter he had addressed to the king, is not recorded; but it was the honest Durand Laxart who, assisted by another countryman, borrowed the money

wherewith to purchase a horse for Joan's use; and the expenses of the journey were defrayed by Jean de Metz, though it appears he was afterwards reimbursed by the king. The maid, by command, as she said, of 'her voices,' assumed male attire, which she wore throughout her expedition; and Baudricourt so far protected her as to require an oath from her escort that they would take all possible means to conduct her safely to the court.

The news of these proceedings caused great consternation at Domremy. The parents of the maid hastened to Vaucouleurs; but their dissuasions failed to shake her resolutions; though she appears to have suffered greatly at witnessing their grief, and to have been uneasy until she received their forgiveness. There is no doubt this was shortly awarded to her. It was not according to human experience that Joan's immediate family should have been the first to acknowledge her as a 'prophetess;' but neither were they the last; and we find that, shortly afterwards, when at Touraine, she was joined by her youngest brother Pierre. Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent, the 13th of February 1428; her escort consisting of six persons—namely, the Sires de Poulengy and de Metz, each with an attendant, a king's archer, and a certain Colet de Vienne, who is styled a king's messenger. Their direct road lay through a track of hostile country, where they would be exposed to the attacks of Burgundian and English soldiery; to avoid which danger they chose the most unfrequented by-paths, traversed thick forests, and forded large rivers. But the maid seemed indifferent to toil or danger, her chief complaint being, that her escort would not allow her to stop so often as she desired to attend public worship in the churches.

They crossed the Loire at Gien, and, now on friendly ground, Joan began openly to declare her mission, announcing to all whom she met that she was sent from God to crown the king, and release the faithful city of Orleans. Wild as the story was, we should remember that it was an age when religion was superstition; and no wonder that, when the news of a coming deliverer sent from Heaven reached the poor besieged, the hard-pressed dispirited band should welcome this bright ray of hope with renewed confidence. They seemed indeed well-nigh to have despaired of human aid. While Joan was detained at Vaucouleurs by Baudricourt's indecision, the besieged had besought the king once more to afford them some assistance; and it was with the utmost difficulty Charles had mustered 3000 men. These, under the command of the Count of Clermont, were joined by 1000 men from the garrison, the plan being to intercept a large convoy of provisions which Sir John Fastolf was escorting from Paris. Fastolf opposed only 2000 soldiers to this force; but so harassed, and weakened, and dispirited must the French have been, that they were completely routed, leaving 500 dead upon the field. This engagement was called

the 'Battle of Herrings,' because the provisions under the charge of Fastolf chiefly consisted of salt-fish, for the use of the English army during Lent.

In the meantime, the young king, surrounded at the castle of Chinon, the retreat he had chosen, by pusillanimous counsellors, was more than half persuaded to abandon Orleans to its fate, and at once take refuge in the mountainous recesses of Dauphiné and Languedoc. But happily, the advice of some more patriotic spirit prevailed, and no such craven steps were taken.

Arrived at the village of St Catharine de Fierbois, a few leagues from Chinon, a messenger was despatched from Joan to the king; and though permission was easily awarded for her to proceed to a hostelry at the latter place, much grave deliberation ensued before she could be admitted to the royal presence. Some considered her a sorceress empowered by the Evil One; others looked upon her as a mad enthusiast; while not a few considered that, at so sad a crisis as the present, no promised means of deliverance, however extraordinary, should be rashly spurned. At last it was agreed that a commission should be appointed to receive her answers to certain questions; and their report proving favourable, and several lords of the court, whose curiosity had led them to visit her, being forcibly struck by her fervid piety and exalted strain of inspiration, the wavering Charles, after some further delay, decided to receive her.

It was in the hall of Chinon, lighted up for the occasion with fifty torches, and crowded with knights and nobles, that this remarkable audience took place. The king, the better to test Joan's powers, had so far disguised himself as to appear in plain clothes, mingling without ceremony among his courtiers, while some of them, splendidly attired, took the upper places. Undismayed at the splendour of the scene, or the gaze of the spectators, she advanced with a firm step, and with her acute eye at once singled out the king in a moment, and bending her knee before him, exclaimed: 'God give you good life, gentle king!'

'I am not the king; he is there,' replied Charles, pointing to one of his nobles, and condescending to a falsehood.

'In the name of God, you are he, and no other,' returned Joan. 'O most noble Dauphin!' she continued, 'I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to aid you and your kingdom. I am ready to take arms against the English. And I am commanded to announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims. Gentle Dauphin, why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity upon you and upon your people, and that St Louis and Charlemagne are interceding for you now before him.'

Charles then drew her aside, and, after conversing with her for some time in an under-tone, he declared himself in favour of her oracular gifts.

While at Chinon, an incident occurred which went far to strengthen

the popular belief in Joan's powers. A soldier, when she was passing by, addressed some rudeness to her, to which she gently replied, that such words ill became a man who might be so near his end. The soldier was drowned that very day in attempting to ford a river, and Joan's reproof was immediately regarded as a prophecy. The populace, indeed, were now growing warm in her behalf; and it is worthy of remark, that with them the maid always retained her ascendency, while the faith of those more exalted in rank, and more about her person, constantly wavered; a proof, to our mind, of her own sincerity, for the reverse is always the case with a clever charlatan. There can be no doubt that the more closely she was seen, the more evident did her fervid piety and religious and political enthusiasm appear; but the warriors about her must also have discovered that she was totally ignorant of war and politics, and unable even without their mediation to reach the army. Charles's doubts returned, notwithstanding her marvellous communication to himself, and the case was referred to the university and parliament at Poitiers. A long and tedious theological examination ensued; messengers were despatched to Domremy to learn all the particulars of her early life; and every means being resorted to that could prove her spotless purity, the learned doctors—such learning!—gave it as their opinion, that Charles might accept her services without harm to his soul.

JOAN TAKES PART IN THE WAR.

Joan being now recognised as a useful auxiliary in the almost hopeless cause of France, she was equipped with a suit of knight's armour, and furnished with a certain sword, which she described as being marked with five crosses, and lying, with other arms, in the church-vault of St Catharine at Fierbois. A messenger was sent thither, and the old neglected weapon—said by some to have belonged to the redoubtable Charles Martel—was found precisely in the spot she had mentioned. This was interpreted as a new proof of her supernatural powers; but surely it is very possible that she might have seen the sword during her stay at Fierbois, when, there is no doubt, according to her usual custom, she attended mass. She was also provided with a banner of white, strewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of the Saviour in his glory, with the inscription, 'Jhesus Maria.' This was made under her own direction, according to the instructions she said she had received from her 'voices.' A brave knight, named the Sire d'Aulon, was appointed her esquire; and a good old friar, Father Pasquerel, her confessor; and she had two heralds and two pages.

Amid the doubts and difficulties and trials to which Joan had been subjected, two months had slipped away; so that it was the middle of April before these preparations were completed, and the maid

appeared at Blois. She made her entry on horseback, in complete armour, but with her head uncovered, her beautiful chestnut hair braided across her forehead, and falling upon her neck, though not descending lower than her shoulders. Her fame had already so roused the soldiers' flagging spirits, and her appearance was so imposing, that, confident now of divine support, numbers who had flung down their arms in despair, rallied round the standard of the maid; and thus nearly 6000 men were assembled. The indolent monarch had again withdrawn to the retirement of Chinon; but his most valiant captains, De Boussac, De Culant, La Hire, De Retz, and De Loré, were ready for the field.

It had not been quite decided whether Joan was to control the troops, or only cheer them by her presence and promises of divine assistance. But this was not long a point of dispute; the rising enthusiasm among the common people was so marked, that the chiefs, perforce, gave way. One of her first steps was the bold endeavour to reform the morals of the camp by expelling all bad characters from it, and by calling upon the men to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. From Blois, the maid now dictated a letter to the English captains before Orleans, commanding them, under pain of vengeance from Heaven, to yield—not only that city, but all the towns of which they had unjustly acquired possession. It afterwards appeared that she had directed the scribe to write, 'Yield to the king;' but that he, instigated no doubt by the warriors about her, had written, 'Yield to the maid'—a striking proof that Joan was at this time used rather as an instrument by those near her person, than looked up to and implicitly obeyed as one divinely inspired.

The English affected to treat her summons with scorn; but the fame of the maid must already have reached them, with even exaggerated reports of her supernatural endowments; and it is very evident that the English, in their hearts, believed one of two things: either that she was inspired by God, in which case there would be sin in opposing her; or, according to the popular faith of the period, that she was strengthened by Satanic agency—the latter being by no means an encouraging prospect for the enemy. As for the wretched besieged, they were now reduced to the utmost need; and the first object of the French chiefs was to convey food into the city. They had for some time been collecting two convoys of provisions for this purpose: and Joan, now asserting her authority, insisted they should proceed with one of them along the northern bank of the Loire; while her colleagues proposed the southern bank, believing this to be more weakly guarded by the English. Unable to alter her decision, and yet distrusting her judgment, they took advantage of her ignorance of the country, and persuaded her that they were still on the northern bank when really traversing the southern one. After two days' march, Joan discovered the deception, and broke out

into angry reproaches at finding that the Loire still flowed between her and the beleaguered city. It really did seem that her plan, as it turned out, would have been the safer. The night was coming on, a storm was raging, and the wind was dead against them, so that the boats Dunois had brought to receive the supplies bade fair to be of little use. However, the maid insisted they should be immediately put on board, although the chiefs now counselled delay. Joan assured them that the wind would change; which really happened, and the welcome convoy reached Orleans in safety.

It was Joan's wish that the army who had accompanied her should throw themselves into the city, and without delay attack the English, and force them to raise the siege; but the captains declared that it was their duty to return to Blois, for the purpose of escorting the second convoy of provisions. Finding that she could not shake this determination, which, till the present moment, had been kept secret from her, she still obtained a promise that this second convoy should be brought by the northern bank through Beauce, as she had on the former occasion directed. She likewise stipulated that Father Pasquerel and the other priests should remain with the army to preserve its morality, and perform the religious ceremonies on which she insisted. While, for herself, she undertook, at the entreaty of Dunois, to enter the beleaguered city and share its fortunes. Accordingly, she stepped into his boat, standard in hand, and was followed by the brave La Hire and several others. Two hundred lances crossed in other boats. They must actually have embarked close under an English fort; but the besieged had sallied out in another direction to draw off the enemy's attention.

It was late in the evening of the 29th of April 1429 when Joan of Arc entered the city, having certainly surmounted dangers and difficulties enough in reaching the place to confirm the popular belief in her divine protection. Moreover, the promised deliverer had come, heralded by the lightning and the thunder, and the first sign of her beneficent power was to bring plenty to the starving people. No wonder that their already excited imaginations were yet more keenly affected by gratitude and hope, or that they thronged round her with eager acclamations and devotion. Women, children, and old men pressed near to touch even her armour, or the white charger on which she rode, fondly believing they thus drew down a blessing.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, and notwithstanding it was nearly midnight, the maid first proceeded to the cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was chanted by torch-light. She then selected her dwelling, according to her usual practice, at the house of one of the most esteemed ladies of the city, and retired to rest, contenting herself for refreshment with a piece of bread soaked in wine and water, although a splendid repast had been prepared for her, and although she had not tasted food since early in the morning. The house in which Joan lodged at Orleans is still shewn. The interior has been

altered; but it is believed by antiquaries that the street-front is the same as in her time.

The next morning the maid had a conference with Dunois and others, at which her advice was to proceed immediately to action; but her opinion was overruled, and it was decided they should wait the arrival of the second convoy of provisions. Meanwhile, though she spoke confidently of raising the siege, she seemed desirous, if possible, to save bloodshed; and directed an archer to shoot, attached to his arrow, a letter of warning into the English lines. She also advanced along the bridge, and herself exhorted them in a loud voice to depart. However, as before, they treated her threats with insult and ridicule; but their derision was probably only the readiest mask for real apprehension. Nor can we wonder that the English were cowed; for, setting aside any dread of the supernatural, they must at anyrate have felt that the exertions of the last seven months were set at nought, since the besieged were again well stocked with provisions, and full of hope. They must indeed have been dispirited; for when the second convoy drew near, they suffered the heroic Joan and La Hire to sally forth and escort it, without so much as raising one note of defiance, or one man stirring to intercept the wagons and herds which came to enrich the city!

Fatigued with this exertion, she had thrown herself on her bed; but, as it is reported, she was too much agitated to sleep. At the same time, unknown to her, a part of the garrison, flushed with the morning's success, had sallied out and attacked the English bastille of St Loup. Suddenly, Joan started from her couch, and procuring her banner, darted full speed in the direction of the uproar; when she reached the scene of action, she plunged headlong among the combatants. The battle raged fiercely for three hours, but it ended in the overthrow of the English; all of whom found within the walls of the fort were put to the sword, except forty prisoners, and a few who, having disguised themselves in priests' garments, were saved at the intercession of the maid.

The next day, the 5th of May, was the festival of the Ascension, and as such was religiously kept by the French. No new attack was made on the enemy; but the day was devoted to prayers and thanksgivings, in which Joan, as usual, was foremost. The following morning, however, accompanied by La Hire and other chiefs, another onset was made; and after a day's hard fighting, their success was so decided, that only one fort—although this was the strongest—remained in the hands of the English. A body of French troops was planted for the night on the northern shore, but Joan returned into the city, having been slightly wounded in the fort.

It was the Bastille des Tournelles which the English still retained. This fort was defended on one side by the broken bridge with its massy wall; on the land-side was a formidable bulwark, with a deep ditch filled with the waters of the Loire. It was commanded by the

brave Gladsdale, and picked soldiers; and notwithstanding Joan's wonderful achievements, the French chiefs could not hide their misgivings as to her future success. They wished to rest content with the freedom of communication now opened to the provinces, and to delay any further attack until they should receive fresh reinforcements. But Joan would not listen to such arguments. She talked again of her celestial advisers, and persisted in setting out. Not, however, till she had actually left the city, followed by an eager multitude, was she joined by the chiefs, who now determined to share her perils, and whose valiant conduct certainly proved that their hesitation had not proceeded from fear.

In proportion as the French were elated by Joan's presence, so were the English panic-stricken. It was an age in which all classes, learned as well as ignorant, believed in diabolical agency and witchcraft; and hence the English soldiery could scarcely be considered poltroons for quailing before one whom they imagined to be a sorceress. The English commanders tried to rally their men, but they could neither persuade them to assist their comrades, nor to attack the city while deprived of its best defenders. Gladsdale, in the Bastille des Tournelles, was left to his own resources; fortunately, his 500 men of garrison were the flower of the English army, and his fortifications were of amazing strength, so that his resistance was long and desperate. A well-sustained discharge both from bows and firearms was kept up; and as quickly as scaling-ladders were placed, they were hewn down by hatchets and mallets. It was about ten in the morning that the assault had begun, and about noon when Joan planted a ladder against the walls, and began ascending. But an arrow from the fort pierced through her corselet, wounding her in the neck, and she fell into the ditch beneath. The English were pressing down to make her their prisoner, when she was rescued by her countrymen, and carried to a place of safety. The agony of her wound drew a few tears from her eyes; but she plucked out the arrow with her own hands, and assured the bystanders that she had received consolation from her two saints. She desired that the wound should be quickly dressed, and insisted on hastening back to head the troops, who, although the conflict had been suspended in her absence, were no way disheartened by this accident, as they now remembered she had more than once foretold that she should be wounded.

Refreshed by this short rest, and yet more inspirited by her return, they rushed with fresh ardour on the English, who quailed with astonishment at the sudden appearance in arms of her whom they had hurled down, and whom they thought they had seen at the point of death. Bewildered by their fears, some of them declared they saw angelic forms fighting on the side of the French; while the more matter-of-fact party were dismayed at hearing that another body of the towns-people had advanced to the broken arch, where

they were keeping up a murderous fire, and endeavouring, by the aid of beams of wood, to force a passage. Sir William Gladsdale, thus sorely pressed, resolved to withdraw from the outer bulwarks, and concentrate his remaining force within the towers. While attempting to do this, he came full in the sight of Joan, who cried out to him to surrender; but, heedless of her summons, he pursued his way along the drawbridge. At this moment, a cannon-ball from the French batteries broke the drawbridge asunder, and Gladsdale, with his most valiant followers, perished in the stream. The victory was now complete. Three hundred of the garrison of the Tournelles were already slain, and the remaining 200 yielded with scarcely a show of resistance. The loss of the English before Orleans amounted to between 7000 and 8000 men.

This remarkable engagement, which relieved Orleans, took place on the 7th of May 1429. At the close of the struggle, Joan, according to her prediction, returned by the way of the bridge. It was indeed a triumphal entry. The joy-bells rang from all the churches, and the acclamations of the people rent the air. The *Te Deum* was chanted in the cathedral, whither the people flocked to offer up their grateful thanks; and the victorious troops, proud to relate particulars, were surrounded by eager listeners. But the holy maid was the centre of all hearts and eyes; and Dunois and the other captains who attended her as she entered presumed not to take any merit to themselves. The next morning, Sunday the 8th of May, the English, with heavy hearts, began their retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire, after committing their remaining lodgments and redoubts to the flames. For want of the means of transport, they left behind their baggage, and the sick and wounded; and they had at the last moment challenged the enemy to come out in battle-array, and meet them on the open field. But Joan wisely dissuaded them from so rash a waste of life and energy, crying: 'In the name of God, let them depart, and let us go and give thanks to God!' And so saying, she led the way to high-mass.

The first part of Joan's promise had now been achieved, the result shewing how much may be done in cases of the worst emergency by one eager and dauntless mind. Her heroism in relieving the long-beleaguered city procured her from this time the title of PUCELLE D'ORLEANS (Maid of Orleans), by which she is still chiefly known in France. In grateful remembrance of the succour which the perplexed citizens of Orleans had received through her instrumentality, they set apart the 8th of May for devotional exercises, and this day is still held sacred as a holiday in Orleans.

ATTENDS CHARLES'S CORONATION AND COURT.

The day after the raising of the siege, Joan began the preparations for her departure. Until the king should be crowned at Rheims,

she considered her mission but half fulfilled; and neither elated with her triumphs, and the homage she was receiving, nor wearied with her toils, she left Orleans on the 10th of May, and arrived at Blois the same day. Indeed, the only way to account for the immense bodily fatigue Joan so surprisingly endured—even granting her to have had from nature and a hardy training a most robust constitution—is to allow largely for that kind of artificial strength derived from the excitement of her mind.

Notwithstanding the apparently miraculous fulfilment of her first prediction, Charles did not at present yield to her urgent entreaties that he would undertake an expedition to Rheims. It seemed necessary previously to reduce other places on the Loire which were still held by the English; and, as if the chiefs whom Joan had left at Orleans were of the same opinion (or it is not unlikely they were anxious to win some laurels unshared by the heroine), scarcely had she departed, when they resolved to attack Jargeau, a place now defended by the Earl of Suffolk and several hundred men. But after many days being vainly spent, and little progress made, Joan came to their assistance; and chiefly, there is no doubt, from the ardour with which her presence inspired the troops, the town was taken. Yet here the maid met with an accident very similar to that which she had encountered at Orleans: she was a second time thrown from a scaling-ladder which she had planted into the fosse or ditch; on this occasion, by a huge stone which rolled from the wall, struck her on the helmet, and hurled her down. Although much hurt, she was able to rise again immediately, and to lead on the soldiers, still crying that victory was sure. The Earl of Suffolk was made prisoner in this furious encounter.

The fall of Jargeau deterred other garrisons from resistance; and Talbot, now at the head of the English forces, gathered them into one body, and began a hasty retreat towards the Seine. In his way, he met Fastolf with a reinforcement of 4000 men: but the French at the same time received an accession of the like number, under the command of Arthur de Richemont, the Constable of France.

It was now the policy of the combined chiefs to overtake the English army in its retreat; and on the 18th of June they came up with it near the village of Patay. So dispirited were the English—so subdued by their late reverses—so awe-stricken at the idea of the maid's supernatural powers, that they offered but slight resistance to the impetuous attack of the French. Fastolf, who had been on former occasions renowned for his bravery, was one of the first to flee—an act for which he was afterwards deprived of the Order of the Garter. Lord Scales, Lord Hungerford, and other Englishmen of rank, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and even the brave Talbot surrendered to Saintrailles. The loss of the English in this battle was reckoned at between 4000 and 5000

men, of whom between 2000 and 3000 were killed, the remainder being taken prisoners. It is an extraordinary fact, though on all hands accredited, that the French lost but one man, an esquire in the company of the Count of Armagnac. Joan of Arc performed in this battle prodigies of valour; but as soon as the victory was decided, and while the French soldiers were eagerly pursuing the fugitives, she busied herself in staying the carnage, and, like a true woman, in tending the wounded, and in affording religious consolations to the dying.

The maid, with the chief captains of the army, repaired to Sully, to render to Charles an account of the victory. Saintrailles, in a chivalrous spirit, requested to be allowed to release his prisoner, the brave Talbot, without ransom—a permission which was graciously awarded to him. The aspect of affairs was now so pleasing, that though doubts and difficulties still lay in the way of Charles's expedition to Rheims, he at least listened to Joan's entreaties with patience and attention.

Collecting 10,000 or 12,000 men at Gien, Charles commenced his march, accompanied by Joan and his bravest captains, and with little difficulty took Troyes and several other towns in his way. On the evening of the 16th of July, Charles made his triumphal entry into the city of Rheims, accompanied by a vast retinue, and followed by the whole army, the Maid of Orleans riding at his side, and being the chief object of attraction to the people. It was at once decided that the coronation should take place without delay; and short as the time was for preparation, everything was in readiness on the following morning. The tide of fortune so clearly turned, that a crowd of strangers hastened to the city to witness the solemnity about to take place, while a great number of men-at-arms came to offer their services to the king.

Before the coronation, Charles received knighthood from the Duke d'Alençon: and early in the morning, the princes and prelates who had accompanied the king in this prosperous journey assembled in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, where the ceremony was to take place. But not one was looked on with such wonder and respect as was Joan of Arc, for to her was attributed all the successes which had brought about this happy result. Thus, during the whole of the solemn ceremony, she stood close to the altar, with her banner unfurled in her hand.

Immediately the holy rites were concluded, the maid threw herself on her knees before the crowned monarch, her eyes streaming with tears, and her whole deportment testifying the most lively emotion.

'Gentle king,' she exclaimed, 'now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to receive here the anointing oil, shewing you to be the king to whom belongs the kingdom.'

It is evident that she now looked upon her mission as fully

accomplished, and would willingly have retired from the gaiety of the court and the triumphs which attended her. The very day of the coronation, Joan dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, which is still preserved in the archives of Lille. It is too long to translate entire; but in it she endeavours, by many religious persuasions, to draw back the duke to his allegiance, advising him, if he must play the warrior, to go and fight the Saracens.

During her sojourn at Rheims, the young heroine had the happiness of meeting her father and her uncle Laxart, who had been drawn thither to enjoy her triumph. At this time, the maid was at the summit of her glory; yet was she in no way elated by the homage she received, or changed in her deportment from that of the simple modest peasant-girl. When some one said to her: 'Not in any book are such great things related as those you have done,' she answered: 'The Lord has a book in which not every scholar can read, however learned he may be. I am only God's minister.'

The sight of Joan's father and uncle probably recalled forcibly to her mind the dear ties of home, and the pleasures of a peaceful country-life. Besides, her mission seemed finished, and henceforth there was nothing to detain her at court. It was now that she entreated the king to allow her to return to Domremy; but Charles was so anxious still to keep her near him, that she dared not, or would not, refuse him. Conscious of the influence of her name and her presence, there is no wonder at this desire on his part; but it is certain that Joan's entreaties were urgent, and that she consented to remain very much against her will.

A marked change was observable in the maid from this period. She still displayed the same courage in action, and the same fortitude in pain; but she no longer opposed her own opinions to those of the French chiefs, and seemed no longer assured that she was acting under the especial guidance of Heaven. With the view we have taken of Joan's character, all this agrees most naturally. She had proposed to herself but two objects—the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation of the Dauphin; and now that they were so happily accomplished, her mind, previously strained to its highest pitch, must naturally have sought an interval of repose. To us there is scarcely anything more touching in her whole career than this home-sick yearning for 'green Lorraine' and its quiet joys, after the fever of battles and the flush of triumph. Alas, that the longings of her simple faithful heart were not gratified! Alas, that the heroic self-denying girl should have been the victim of selfish policy!

Charles remained but three days at Rheims, setting out on the 20th of July on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the tomb of a certain saint, situated about five leagues distant. The little town of Vailly speedily submitted; and the more important towns of Laon and Soissons sent deputations, bearing their keys to the king. Charles

went first to Soissons, where he was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and where, during his stay of three days, he received the happy tidings of the voluntary submission of various other places. He then proceeded to Château-Thierry, which was defended by a hostile garrison; but the towns-people were favourable to the French, and when the maid appeared at the head of a division of the royal army, either real fear or superstitious terror prevailed, for the garrison offered terms of capitulation, and obtained permission to carry away their arms and baggage.

Charles remained at Château-Thierry some days; and it was here that Joan obtained from him a boon by which she was fondly remembered for nearly four centuries. She declined all honours and presents for herself, beseeching only that henceforth her native village might be free from any kind of impost! The official document granting this privilege bears the date of July 31, 1429; and until the storm of the Revolution, which swept away many a touching memorial, the registers of taxes, still keeping the name of Domremy on their list, wrote always against it: 'Nothing, for the maid's sake!'

The marches and successes of the king and the royal army soon brought them near Paris, and the people of the capital, who were of the English or Burgundian party, began to tremble. However, the return of the Duke of Bedford, who had gone to Normandy on the affairs of that province, inspired the Parisians with fresh courage, especially as he was accompanied by a large body of archers and men-at-arms. In a few days, they had still further reinforcements, so that the English commander found himself at last at the head of 10,000 men. No longer dreading the French army, he made his way to Montereau, where he arrived on the 7th of August, and whence he despatched a letter of defiance to Charles.

'Your master,' said the king to the herald who brought the letter, 'complains that he cannot find me; but he need not complain much longer, for I am seeking him.' It was during the march to Paris that a circumstance occurred not altogether creditable to Joan's command of temper. The victories of the French had rendered the soldiers insolent and unruly, and the Pucelle could no longer maintain that moral discipline on which she so constantly insisted. On one occasion, her wrath was so great, that she struck one of the soldiers, whose proceedings incensed her, with the flat of her sword; in which somewhat ignoble, though very characteristic action the weapon broke. It was the sword found in the church of Fierbois, and supposed to have been miraculously described by her. It is related that the king was much annoyed at this catastrophe, and blamed Joan for not using a stout stick instead of this famous weapon.

From the heights of St Denis, the king beheld his ancient capital;

and an assault was given, in the month of September, on the same ground now occupied by the Rue Traversière. But though the personal exertions of the maid were as great as on former occasions, a spirit of fear and distrust seemed to have crept in among the troops, and her efforts were far from being ably seconded. Even the ardour of the king was cooled, and he did not himself approach nearer than St Denis. Joan, however, led her troops across the first ditch without much difficulty; but, contrary to her expectations, she found the second, which was deeper and wider, full of water. It is astonishing that no one had apprised her of this obstacle, for it must have been familiar to many of the soldiers. Not easily disconcerted, she called loudly for fagots and fascines; and meanwhile endeavoured with her lance to sound its depths, and discover where they had best risk a passage.

A part of the inhabitants of Paris had already sought sanctuary in the churches; while, along the ramparts, the English and Burgundians passed to and fro in haste and consternation. Joan called out to them to surrender 'to the king of France;' but they replied only with insulting words and by a shower of arrows. Her standard-bearer fell dead at her side, and she herself received a serious wound in the leg, which compelled her to take refuge on the sheltered side of the little hill which separated the two ditches. She resisted for a long time all entreaties to withdraw further from the scene of action; and from the ground where she lay, helpless and suffering, continued to urge on the soldiers. Not till the evening drew on, and the Duke d'Alençon himself came up to point out to her the necessity of postponing any further attack, did she suffer herself to be removed.

The retreat of the French was not interrupted. Probably, the garrison of Paris had sufficient judgment not to drive their opponents to any desperate measures. They were allowed to gather up their dead, which, in their haste, they burned in one huge pyre, instead of burying. Joan, disheartened by this failure, which she looked upon as a warning from Heaven, determined to retire from the war. She even went so far as to suspend her armour above the tomb of St Denis, and consecrate it to God. But she could not resist the persuasions of the chiefs, who, knowing the influence of her presence, prevailed on her to remain with the king. Not that any further attempts were at present projected. Charles was without money, and far from the provinces which could supply his need. His soldiers were dispirited by their late reverse, and the Duke of Bedford was returning to Paris with his vast reinforcement. Discord reigned in the council; some of the chiefs declaring that the attack on Paris had been against their advice, and others protesting, that if it had been persevered in with more constancy, it would have succeeded. Many murmured against the maid: in fact, the only point on which they could agree was to lead back the troops across

the Loire, and disperse them to winter-quarters. The king accordingly went southwards, and forming a court around him, passed the winter at Bourges, or in its neighbourhood. It was during this time that Charles ennobled the Maid of Orleans and all her family. 'To testify and render thanks,' say the letters-patent, which bear the date of December 1429, 'to the Divine wisdom, for the numberless mercies he has vouchsafed through the hands of his chosen minister, and our well-beloved maid, Joan of Arc of Domremy.' The king granted armorial bearings to Joan's brothers, a sword bearing a crown of gold on its point, with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France by its side. It was the design of this coat of arms which induced the family subsequently to change the name of Darc for that of Dulys, or Dalys.

Nor was this all. The monarch insisted that henceforth Joan should wear the richest clothing, and that she should keep up a state equal to the rank of a count. 'She had,' says a contemporary writer, 'besides several ladies attendant on her person, a chamberlain, an equerry, and many pages and valets. She was treated by the king, the nobles, and the people as a sort of divinity.' All this looked like gratitude; and it is very possible that a taste of ill-fortune had gone far to make Charles feel the magnitude of her services. But all these honours in no way altered the character of the maid. She was still the simple-hearted girl, now in this season of rest chiefly devoting herself to the exercises of religion.

In the spring of the following year, the king's troops, accompanied by Joan, passed the Loire on their way to the northern provinces; but it is a remarkable fact, and one really quite unaccountable, that Charles neither headed them in person, nor intrusted the command to any noble or experienced chief. Joan was now associated with a set of men little removed from coarse adventurers, ill supplied with money and ammunition, and scarcely able to maintain any discipline. Nevertheless, in several skirmishes she gained the advantage, and the enemy seemed as much struck with the terror of her name as ever.

JOAN'S REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

Hitherto, the Maid of Orleans had been generally successful in her schemes and enterprises. Her strong mind and enthusiasm had carried her over every difficulty. A change, however, now came over her fortunes. Compiègne, a fortified town on the river Oise, in the north of France, being besieged by the English and Burgundian forces, and in danger of falling into their hands, Joan, with a chosen band, threw herself into it, to the great joy of the despairing inhabitants. On the day after her arrival, having resolved on attacking the enemy, with her usual impetuosity, and not reckoning on any steady rebuff, she sallied out unexpectedly from the beleaguered city, and

at first drove everything before her; swarm after swarm, however, coming to the rescue, she saw the error of her movement, and gave the signal for retreat; choosing, however, with her customary intrepidity, the post of honour, the last of the rear-guard.

The English and Burgundians pursued the fugitives with all the vigour induced by the knowledge that Joan was among them. They had recognised her standard, and knew her by her embroidered coat of crimson velvet; and were endeavouring to throw themselves in her path, and thus cut off the retreat of the French, who, alarmed at this movement, pressed tumultuously towards the gate of the town. Fearing that, under cover of this disorder, the enemy would force an entrance, the barrier was only partially opened; and at the moment that the discomfited party was pressing for admission in terror and wild disorder, the Burgundians made a furious charge upon this struggling body. Many threw themselves into the Oise, heavily armed as they were; others were taken prisoners; and in a few moments Joan found herself surrounded by the enemy. She performed prodigies of valour to escape being taken; but it seemed that the French, paralysed by fright, retained no sense beyond the instinct of individual self-preservation. No way had been made to lead the heroine through the narrow barrier; though, had she chosen any less honourable post in the retreat than the rear, she would in all probability have been saved. And now, in the peril of life and liberty, the heroine of Orleans struggled alone against thronging numbers. At last an archer in the train of John of Luxemburg seized her by her velvet coat, and dragging her from her horse, she was disarmed by Lionel of Vendôme, who chanced to be near her.

She was first conducted to the quarters of John of Luxemburg, whence she was transferred, with a numerous escort, to the castle of Beaulieu. Here, however, she made an attempt to escape, by breaking a passage through the wall; but was discovered, and sent, in consequence, to the castle of Beaurevoir, where, it is said, she was kindly received by the wife and sister of Luxemburg.

So great was the joy of the besiegers, that one would have thought they had gained some glorious victory, or that all France had submitted to their arms. They seemed to have feared nothing but the inspired maid. By order of the Duke of Bedford, the *Te Deum*, or Thanksgiving to God, was impiously chanted in great solemnity both in England and Burgundy, for having made this terrible enemy —the simple Maid of Orleans—their prisoner. The grief of the French, on the other hand, was equally extreme, mixed with accusations against the officers and governor of Compiègne for having permitted the heroic Pucelle to be led into captivity.

FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MAID.

Joan of Arc, as a prisoner of war, was, according to usage, entitled to respectful treatment, though retained in the safe custody of her enemies. The English, however, resolved to set aside this principle in warfare, on the plea that the Pucelle was in league with demons, and should be brought to trial for this terrible offence. The university of Paris, a body of men in the English interest, was the first to propose this mode of inquiry, and demanded that Joan should be interrogated on her faith by the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been taken. The bishop, who had already planned the trial and death of the maid with all the zeal of a servant of the church and of the English, seconded this demand, and strengthened it by an offer of ten thousand francs to John of Luxemburg for a delivery of his illustrious prisoner.

During this negotiation, the captive maid made another attempt to escape. She leaped from the tower of her dungeon, but was seriously injured in her fall, and was taken up senseless by her guards. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she was removed to Arras, and thence to the castle of Crotoy, a fortress at the mouth of the Somme. Thus transferred from a party of French, auxiliaries of the English, to the English themselves, Joan felt she had no longer any mercy to expect. At Crotoy she had the consolation of meeting a fellow-prisoner, a priest, who regularly performed for her the offices of religion, and whose society seemed greatly to comfort her. Yet she still believed herself to be visited by supernatural beings, and declared they had reproached her for her attempt to escape from Beaurevoir, as an act of despair and distrust of their guidance; but that she had humbled herself in penitence, and received pardon.

During the time of Joan's captivity, her countrymen had not been idle. The garrison of Compiègne had compelled the Burgundians and English to raise the siege; and this deliverance was followed by the recapture of several other places. The brave Saintrailles gained a complete victory, and took a great number of prisoners; and the famous Barbegau defeated the enemy on two important occasions. All this no doubt incensed the English yet more bitterly against the heroic maid. To her they attributed all their troubles. When she appeared on the scene of action, they were at the height of their glory and prosperity; and they believed that, while she lived, there would be no change in the tide which she had turned. Moreover, they thought that if they could brand her as a sorceress, the stigma would cling to Charles VII. and his partisans, whom she had so much assisted; and that thus discredited in popular opinion, even those most loyally inclined would shrink from rendering them assistance. So great, indeed, was their fury against the unhappy girl,

that they actually burned a poor woman at Paris simply for saying that she thought Joan a good Christian, and that she had been sent from God.

After six months passed in a dreary and harsh imprisonment, Joan was conducted to Rouen, where at that time the young king, Henry, and his court were assembled. Here she was confined in the great tower of the castle—the only tower which now remains, and which is yet shewn as her prison. She was now treated with the most determined cruelty. Heavily ironed, her feet in the daytime were fixed in iron stocks; and at night a chain was passed round her waist, so that she could not move upon her wretched bed! Five English archers were appointed her guards, three remaining in her chamber, and two being stationed at her door. Certainly the extraordinary pains they took to keep safe their captive, prove how much they dreaded her escape. Not only from her coarse and brutal guards was she exposed to every species of insult; even her captor, John of Luxemburg, accompanied by Warwick and Strafford, did not blush to visit her in prison, and triumph in her misery. Yet this was the age of chivalry, and Joan was a woman, and a fallen foe!—one who, enduring the foulest wrongs at the hands of so-called *Christian* knights and nobles, would have received, among the pagan ancients, the honours due to the most devoted patriotism! Luxemburg jestingly told the poor captive he had come to release her, if she would promise never to take arms again. 'Do not mock me,' she replied with dignity; 'I know that you have neither the will nor the power. The English will kill me, believing that, after my death, they will gain the kingdom of France; but were there a hundred thousand more of them than there are, they should not conquer.' It is said that her words so irritated Strafford that he drew his dagger, and would have struck her, had not his hand been stayed by the Earl of Warwick.

There was at this time no Archbishop of Rouen; but the Bishop of Beauvais, who was wholly devoted to the English interest, and was, as it has been seen, Joan's determined enemy, presented a petition, praying for her trial, on the ground that she had been made prisoner within the jurisdiction of his diocese. He was himself appointed first judge, assisted by Jean Lemaitre, vicar-general of the Inquisition; and the office of public accuser was intrusted to Estivet, a canon of Beauvais. This tribunal, which was directed to hold its sittings at Rouen, was also attended by nearly a hundred doctors of divinity, who, though not allowed to vote in the decision, were expected to give their counsel and assistance if required.

It was a most subtle proceeding thus to try Joan by an ecclesiastical tribunal; for, had they considered her simply as a prisoner of war, it would have been hard to say of what crime she could be guilty that should prevent her being ransomed or exchanged for some English captives; and yet they had no right to treat her as a

subject, which now they were doing: but, at a time when all ideas of justice were more or less confused, there is no wonder that might held the place of right.

The judges, at this mockery of a trial, were predetermined to condemn. They had sent a messenger to Domremy to glean some particulars of their victim's early life, but as these were most favourable, they were of course suppressed. A priest named L'Oiseleur, who basely lent himself to their purposes, had access to her prison, and represented himself to Joan as her countryman from Lorraine, and as a sufferer from his adherence to the cause of Charles. Under the seal of confession, he won from her several disclosures, which he returned by giving her false counsel. It was even said that the Bishop of Beauvais and the Earl of Warwick were hidden close by, to listen to all that transpired.

The letters-patent by which Joan was given into the power of the Bishop of Beauvais accuse 'the woman who calls herself La Pucelle of having relinquished the clothing of her sex, and appeared in man's attire, a thing contrary to the divine law, and abominable in the sight of God; of having slain many men; and, as it is said, of having given the people to understand, for the purpose of deceiving and seducing them to evil deeds, that she was sent by God, and had a knowledge of his divine secrets; together with teaching many other scandalous doctrines, most perilous to the holy Catholic faith.'

It was on the 21st of February 1431 that Joan was brought for the first time before her judges, although she underwent as many as fifteen examinations. The hall of judgment was the castle chapel at Rouen, and thither the heroine was led, loaded with chains, though dressed in her military attire. Not permitted an advocate or defender, she was only supported by the courage of conscious innocence; but never was her self-possession more remarkable than on this agonising occasion. There was a shrewdness, too, and simple good sense displayed in her answers, which contrasted strongly with the subtle dealings of those about her. Her answers more than once abashed the learned doctors, when they had framed a question, hoping it would lead to some unguarded rejoinder that might convict her of heresy or magic. Thus, when they inquired if she knew herself to be in the grace of God, she said: 'It is a great matter to reply to such a question.' 'Yes,' interrupted one of the assessors (the doctors who were present to give their advice if needed), named Jean Fabry—'yes, it is so great a matter that the prisoner is not bound by law to answer it.'

'You had better be silent,' exclaimed the bishop in a fury of passion; and he repeated the question.

'If I am not in the grace of God,' replied Joan, 'I pray God it may be vouchsafed to me; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.'

When asked if the saints of her visions hated the English, she

answered: 'They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.' Almost any other answer would have been construed as blasphemy. And when the Bishop of Beauvais, still trying to entrap her, proceeded: 'Does God, then, hate the English?' she still replied with discretion, saying: 'Whether God loves or hates the English, I do not know; but I know that all those who do not die in battle shall be driven away from this realm by the king of France.' When questioned about her standard, she said: 'I carried it instead of a lance, to avoid slaying any one; I have killed nobody. I only said: "Rush in among the English," and I rushed among them the first myself.—The voices,' she continued, in answer to further interrogations—'the voices told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me.' And when they asked her if her hope of victory was founded on the banner or herself, she said: 'It was founded on God, and on nought besides.'

With regard to assuming man's attire, she replied that she had worn it in obedience to the command of God. It is really astonishing to reflect on the subtle wiles which it was thought necessary to use against this poor defenceless girl. But while the English may blush at the share they had in the cruel transaction, it is but just to ourselves to remember that the relentless bishop, her judge, Estivet the advocate, her fierce accuser, and the perfidious L'Oiseleur, were all the countrymen of the ill-fated maid!

But while there is so much distinctness and precision evident in her answers to these trying questions, it is most remarkable that she was unable to give other than a confused and vague account of those actual events in which she had borne so important a part. Thus, when examined in reference to her first interview with the king, she for some time refused to answer at all, saying that her 'voices' had forbidden her to do so; and when at last she was prevailed on to speak, she talked only in a mysterious and incoherent manner of a vision which Charles had seen, and of an angel who had brought a crown to him from heaven. Afterwards, she seemed to confound this imaginary crown with the ceremony of the coronation at Rheims. In fact, the whole scene was one which, before more humane and enlightened judges, would have convinced them that hers was that peculiar condition of mind found often enough even at the present time: morbid on one particular point to such an extent, that the diseased imagination overthrows judgment and memory, and has the power to render every other element of the mind subservient to its own extraordinary fantasies.

Notwithstanding all their machinations, Joan's enemies found it difficult, with even the show of a trial, to convict her of sorcery. The infamous L'Oiseleur and another were for putting her on the rack, with the hope of extracting some positive confession from her; but many of the assessors had been deeply touched with the bearing of the maid, and none were found to second this atrocious proposal.

It is said even that one of our countrymen, who was present at the trial, was so struck with the evident sincerity of her demeanour, that he could not refrain from crying out: 'A worthy woman, if she were but English!' Her judges drew up twelve articles of accusation on the grounds of sorcery and heresy, which the university of Paris, so eager to condemn her, gladly confirmed. On the 24th of May 1431, the anniversary of the day on which the maid had been taken prisoner the year before, she was led to the cemetery of St Ouen, where two platforms were erected. On the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several other prelates. Joan was conducted to the second platform, where a preacher, named Erard, launched out the most vehement invectives; to which she listened with gentle patience, until he began to accuse the king in his sweeping condemnation; then she interrupted him warmly, saying: 'Speak of me, but do not speak of the king. He is a good Christian, and not such as you say; I can swear to you he is the noblest of all Christians, and one who the most loves the church and the faith.' But here she was silenced by the angry Bishop of Beauvais. By the side of Erard, on this platform, stood the officers to guard her, L'Oiseleur, her betrayer, and another priest who had acted as her confessor.

When the sermon was finished, the preacher read to Joan a form of abjuration, of which she asked an explanation, saying she had nothing to abjure, for that all she had done was at the command of God. At this they told her she must submit to the church, and then using threats, they pointed to the public executioner, telling her that instant death was the only alternative. Poor Joan! Braver hearts than thine have failed at such a trial. Even 'starry Galileo,' a martyr, like thee, to ignorance and superstition, who might have been cheered by the light of science, and upheld by the might of truth, even he quailed at the approach of torture and death. Is there wonder or scorn because the defenceless woman, the half-demented Joan, trembled also, and put her mark to the paper, saying: 'I would rather sign than burn?' But even yet further was she to be cheated; for, instead of the paper which had been read to her—and which, scarcely comprehending, she had yet been induced only by these extreme measures to subscribe—one was substituted and read to the people, containing a far more explicit confession, in which she was made to own the falsehood of all her protestations.

The English were angry she had not been burned, and pelted her with stones, to shew their fury. The few friends she had were glad her life was spared on any terms. This, however, was well known to be but for a time; for, on hearing some rumour of Joan being ill in prison, and that some friendly hand had administered poison to her to save her further suffering, the Earl of Warwick had shewn the greatest indignation, saying: 'The king would not for the world

she should die a natural death; he had bought her so dearly, that she must be burned;' desiring them 'to cure her quickly.' What a picture of the barbarism and cruelty of the age!

After the scene of the recantation we have above described, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pass the sentence of the tribunal, of course prepared beforehand. He said, 'that as, by the grace of God, she had recanted her errors, and come back to the bosom of the church, and publicly abjured her heresies, according to the form of the church, the ban of excommunication was removed, provided always she was willing to observe all that was prescribed to her. But,' he added, 'as she had sinned against God and the holy Catholic Church, though "by grace and moderation" her life was spared, she must pass the rest of it in prison, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food.'

Joan hoped that, after this sentence, she should be placed in some prison within the jurisdiction of the church; possibly she might have thought of a convent; at all events, she called eagerly to her guards to lead her back to prison, 'out of the hands of the English:' but she was conducted to her former dungeon, the great tower of Rouen.

As we have before hinted, it was not designed that her life should be much longer spared. By some show of apparent lenity, there is no doubt her enemies only took time to weave more completely their meshes about her; and, while completing her destruction, palliate their own guilt. One of the instructions she received was to resume the dress of her sex, and to let her hair grow long; her tresses having been somewhat cropped for the convenience of her military attire. All this she readily promised. But in a few days they placed, on purpose, though apparently by accident, her warlike apparel in her chamber. Seeing that, true to her word, she did not attempt to resume it, one of her guards, in unchaining her from her bed for the purpose of her rising, snatched away the female clothing which lay near, and throwing the military garments upon the bed, desired her to get up.

'Sir,' she said meekly, 'you know this is forbidden me; I will not wear this coat.' But her remonstrances were unavailing, though the debate lasted till noon. Forced then to rise, she was obliged to take the only clothing at her command. A messenger was instantly sent to the Earl of Warwick to apprise him of the success of the scheme. Warwick immediately communicated with the bishop, who, accompanied by the assessors, hastened to the prison. One of them, named André Marguerie, had the charity to exclaim that it would be only fair to ask her why she had resumed male attire; but he was, in consequence, so ill-used by the mob that he had to run for his life.

There was now no appeal; for, according to the ecclesiastical law, it was the relapse into heresy, punishable with death. Into this

they had entrapped her. Joan's enemies would not listen to her explanations; and it would appear that, stung into dignity by her accumulated wrongs, the maid spoke now even with more determination than on her trial. She reproached herself with weakness in having signed the abjuration, and declared that she would now in no way yield to her judges, except in adopting the dress of her sex, which she was quite ready to do.

It was early in the morning of the 30th of May that her confessor, L'Advenu, one of the few who had shewn some compassion for her fate, entered her cell to prepare her for death. The decree had gone forth—she was to be burned that day at the market-place of Rouen. On first hearing this dreadful sentence, her fortitude forsook her: she tore her hair in anguish, and uttered the most piteous complaints against so cruel a death. But by degrees she recovered calmness and fortitude, and received the holy sacrament from the hands of L'Advenu. At nine o'clock in the morning, she mounted the fatal car, arrayed for this last occasion in female attire, and accompanied by the priest, Martin L'Advenu, and some other persons, among whom was one who had incurred the anger of her judges by having spoken in favour of the unhappy girl. No less a body than 800 English armed men accompanied her to the place of execution. As she passed on, the wretched L'Oiseleur, touched at this moment with remorse, threw himself in her way to seek pardon for his perfidy; but he was dragged from the car by the brutal soldiery, and ordered by the Earl of Warwick to quit the town if he wished to preserve his life. As she rode on, her prayers were so devout, and she recommended her soul to the Almighty in such touching accents, that several of the spectators were moved to tears; and some of the assessors had not the heart to follow her to the last. 'O Rouen! Rouen!' she exclaimed as she came near the market-place, 'is it here, indeed, that I must die!'

At the spot where now rises a statue to her memory, she found the wood ready piled, and her implacable enemies, the Bishop of Beauvais and the Cardinal of Winchester, with other prelates, awaiting their victim. A sermon was read, during which time she shed tears, and asking for a cross, an English soldier made one by breaking his staff asunder. She kissed it, and clasped it to her breast, and afterwards she was furnished with one from a neighbouring church. After the sermon, the preacher addressed her, saying: 'Joan, depart in peace; the church delivers you to the secular authorities.'

She now knelt down in fervent prayer, commending herself to the Holy Trinity and all the blessed saints, naming especially her protectresses, St Catharine and St Margaret. She then asked pardon for all her offences, declared that she forgave all those who had injured her, and concluded by entreating the prayers of the spectators. She spoke distinctly, and her words and resignation to

the will of God drew tears and sobs from many who had come prepared to revile her. It was said that many of the clergy were so overcome at the sight that they were obliged to leave the platform on which they were ranged.

But the brutal soldiers, eager to feast their sight with the victim's agonies, murmured at delay, exclaiming to L'Advenu: 'How now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?' Although she was walking between the officers, accompanied by the good L'Advenu, to the stake, the impatient soldiers seized her violently to drag her thither. The pile was made secure with masonry, and after the ill-fated maid was bound to the stake, they placed a mitre upon her head, on which were inscribed in large letters the words RELAPSED HERETIC, APOSTATE, IDOLATRESS—and before the scaffold was placed a sort of scroll, enumerating the crimes of which she was accused. To the end she maintained that she had acted in obedience to the commands of God; and her last word was 'Jesus.' As the flames spread, she desired L'Advenu, who had remained to comfort her, to withdraw out of danger, but to hold the crucifix aloft, that her last look might rest on the sign of the Redeemer. And this he did, continuing to pray with her in a loud voice. Such was the end of the heroic martyred Joan of Arc!

Scarcely, however, was the frightful tragedy concluded, before there was a movement of pity among the spectators. Some began to think they had committed a crime in burning a saint; others wished their own persons had been burned in the place of hers. Yet, notwithstanding these demonstrations of feeling, further indignities were heaped on her remains. The blackened corpse was shewn to the people, to convince them of her identity; then a second time the fire was kindled, and her body, reduced to ashes, was thrown into the Seine.

Thus perished, after a year's captivity, all that was mortal of this heroic girl. But her memory still dwells among us, not only to form the poet's inspiration, but to teach a stern lesson of those dark days when an ignorant superstition usurped the place of judgment. In happier times, her heroism and devotion would have won admiration even from her foes, and her hallucination under the circumstances, proceeding as it did from zeal in a righteous cause, has something in it almost worthy of respect.

The affairs of the English in France, far from being advanced by this execution, went every day more and more to decay: the great abilities of the Duke of Bedford, as regent, were unable to resist the strong inclination which had seized the French to return under the obedience of their rightful sovereign, and which that act of cruelty was ill fitted to remove. Besides losing one town and province after another, the English sustained a serious blow in the withdrawal of the Duke of Burgundy from their interests. Having only served them to satisfy a temporary pique against Charles, he now

relented in his animosity; and having received certain concessions, at the expense of the English claims, he gave in his adhesion to the French crown. This, with some subsequent movements, turned the balance so effectually against the English, that in a few years they were, with trifling exceptions, stripped of all their French possessions. Although Charles was thus successful in the restoration of the French monarchy, and in after-years favourably distinguished himself, it is hard to forgive the apathy with which he endured the captivity and death of the Maid of Orleans, without whose energetic measures he most likely would have lost all title to king of France. His death, which happened in 1461, was almost as terrible as that of Joan. He died from voluntary starvation, induced from a dread of being poisoned by his own son, that monster afterwards known as Louis XI.

In 1456, as an act of justice to her memory, an ecclesiastical court, headed by the Archbishop of Rheims, revised the case of Joan of Arc, and finding the allegations against her false, pronounced her to have been entirely innocent—a poor compensation, it will be admitted, for the torments and indignity of a cruel death.* Posterity has further done justice to the memory of the heroic Pucelle in numerous poems and dramas: a recollection of her person and deeds has also been preserved in France by different statues, one of the most beautiful being that executed by a daughter of Louis-Philippe, king of the French, in which she is represented in her suit of armour, and in that modesty of attitude which befitted her simplicity of character. Upon the pedestal of the statue erected to her memory in Rouen, on the spot of her unjust execution, was affixed an inscription in acknowledgment of her services to the state, which may be thus translated:

'THE MAIDEN'S SWORD PROTECTS THE ROYAL CROWN:
BENEATH HER SACRED CARE, THE LILIES SAFELY BLOOM.'

* Few facts in history seem better authenticated than the death of 'the Maid' at Rouen in 1431, and yet grave doubts have been raised on the point. There was a popular belief at the time that some one had been executed in the place of Joan; and many pretended Maids appeared, who, however, were punished as impostors. But a Father Vignier, in the 17th century, found among the archives of Metz a paper purporting to be written at the time, and giving an account of the arrival at Metz, on the 20th May 1436, of the Maid Jeanne, who was at once recognised by her two brothers, and was subsequently married to a Sieur de Hermoise. Vignier afterwards found in the family muniment chest of a M. des Armoise, in Lorraine, a contract of marriage between 'Robert des Armoise, Knight, with Jeanne D'Arcy, surnamed the Maid of Orleans.' In addition to this, there was found, in 1749, among the archives of the Maison de Ville of Orleans, under the dates 1435, 1439, a record of certain payments to a messenger bringing letters from Jeanne the Maid, and also to her brother John du Lis or Lys. (De Lys was the name by which the family of Darc was ennobled.) A subsequent entry, 1st August 1439, records a gift on the part of the council of the city for services rendered by her at the siege. M. Delepierre, who has discussed the subject in his *Doute historique* (privately printed, 1855), adduces various other facts tending to the same conclusion.—*Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

INSTANCES OF FEMALE INDUSTRY AND INTREPIDITY.

CATHERINE OF LIVERPOOL.

AMONG the many females in humble life who have been exemplary for their extraordinary perseverance under difficulties, their ingenious industry, and their self-sacrificing benevolence, a poor woman who lived in an obscure situation in Liverpool is deserving of being placed in the foremost rank. This heroine in humble life—whom we shall describe under the name of Catherine or Kitty, by which she was usually known to her friends—was born in a populous village in Lancashire about the year 1786. Her parents, who were in poor circumstances, happened to become favourably known to an infirm and venerable lady, who kindly took Catherine home to stay with her as a humble companion and servant. By this humane lady she was taught to read, and trained not only to early habits of neatness and order, but to the knowledge as well as the practice of Christian dispositions and duties.

Although this lady had only a moderate income, she spent not a little on the poor, whom she likewise encouraged with her advice in

cases of difficulty, and cheered with her presence in distress. When she became too feeble to walk to the houses of her neighbours, she was occasionally carried out in a sedan-chair, her little servant walking by her side. Catherine afterwards used to describe these expeditions to her friends:—'The old lady would say to me: "Catherine, I am going out;" and then she would be carried out in her sedan. She was too lame to walk, and could not easily get into a coach. I used to take a little basket and go by her side. We would soon stop at a cellar, into which she sent me to see how the poor woman was; and when I had come out again, she would say: "How does she look? Is there any fire in the grate? Is there any coal in the house?" Then she would send me for anything that was wanted. And when we had come home, she would say: "Go, put your feet upon the fender, and dry them, and tell me what you think of what you have seen." Then she would say: "Catherine, poverty will probably be your portion; but you have one talent which you may use for the good of others. You may sometimes read half an hour to a poor sick neighbour. You may read a chapter of the Bible to her when she could not read it herself; or you may run errands for those who have no one else to go for them. Promise me, then, my child, that you will try to do what you can for others, and I hope we may meet in another world." Ah! there were few like my dear mistress.'

This lady having died, her household was broken up, and Catherine returned to her family. She could not, however, be kept at home; and as no suitable place in domestic service could be obtained for her, she was sent with her brother to work at a cotton-mill in a village at some distance. This was in the year 1798, when she was only twelve years of age. That a child so youthful should have been despatched to such a scene of labour may excite surprise, but only in those who are in the habit of considering all factory systems as injurious, if not tyrannical. Many may be bad enough, but those conducted in country districts, and under good management, are, on the whole, not unfavourable to health or morals. The mill to which our young heroine and her brother were committed was one of the better regulated class. The hours were not long, and were precisely fixed. All had their appointed duty, which if they attended to, no complaint was made. There was an open airing-ground for recreation in good weather, and a library from which books were given freely out to those who chose to read. Great care was likewise taken to prevent any impropriety of behaviour. In short, nothing was wanting to render the attendance agreeable, or to encourage the diligent and orderly. In this mill, Catherine passed a few years, improving in health and intelligence, though without distinguishing herself from the mass of her companions. Perhaps, however, she excelled in the propriety of her deportment, from the instructions she had received from her old mistress; and her good feelings

prompted her to be grateful for the care taken of her, as well as others, at the mill. She has often been heard to say: 'If ever there was a heaven upon earth, it was that apprentice-house, where we were brought up in such ignorance of evil; and where Mr Norton, the manager of the mill, was a father to us all.' It is to be wished that every one who takes the charge of a child, whether as a pupil, an apprentice, or a servant, should feel it a duty to do what may be done early to establish the principles and practice of virtue, and to deserve such grateful recollections as those of our heroine.

Mr Norton did not see Catherine after she quitted his establishment, and never probably was aware of the beneficial influence he had exerted on her mind; yet it was by the course of discipline and instruction in the cotton-factory that her character was formed during the most susceptible and dangerous season of her life.

Catherine left the cotton-mill to go to service in a family. The lady of the house was a very good manager, and a good mistress; knew what a servant's duty was, and took care that it was well done. In her family, Catherine's habits of diligence, order, and fidelity were strengthened. Everything she saw there tended to advance her education. And is it not the true idea of education, that it comprehends all the daily and hourly influences, small as well as great, of the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and which are constantly acting upon us; bearing upon thought, and feeling, and every spring of action within us? It is beginning to be understood, that whatever acts upon our powers for their growth, or decrease, or direction; whatever acts upon desire, appetite, or passion, to excite or to repress it, to gratify or disappoint it; and whatever, either directly or indirectly, goes to the excitement and formation of dispositions, sentiments, principles, and habits, is to be viewed as a part of education. In this view of the subject, it is not a question whether children or men shall or shall not be educated. Education is constantly going on with every individual, old and young, from the first to the last hour of life, because every individual is, in every hour and every moment, acted upon by the circumstances amidst which he is placed; and because the influence of these circumstances upon him will be in accordance with the tastes and desires he is forming or has formed, the principles he is adopting or has adopted, and his strength or weakness in the application of principles to conduct. The child at home is educated far more by the examples which he sees than by the lessons which he learns; and his mind is educating with far freer and stronger tendencies in his plays and in the streets, than in school and under the eye of his master.

Catherine was one of the most cheerful and faithful of servants. The pleasure with which she was accustomed to render any assistance to her fellow-servants was ever a matter of remark; and through this disposition, joined with a habit of accurate observation,

she laid up a large stock of knowledge, which has since been invaluable to herself and others.

We have now to view Catherine in quite a new sphere of life. She was married to a person deserving of her affection, but not till she had received a promise that she should be permitted to take her mother home to live with her, for she was now old and infirm. A small house was taken and furnished, and the marriage promised every prospect of happiness. This might be called a bright gleam in Catherine's existence. When she had become the mother of two children, her husband died, and to add to her troubles, her mother became blind and insane.

Catherine's case may now be considered to have been deplorable —a widow, the mother of two children, one a new-born infant, no means of subsistence, and with a superannuated and blind parent depending upon her. Some women, in such circumstances, would have sat down and wept, pined in sorrow, or gone to the workhouse. Catherine had a soul above all this. She acutely felt the blow, but she also knew that it was a dispensation of Providence which ought to be borne. When the first emotions of distress were past, she courageously yoked to the task of supporting her dependent family. Catherine despised to eat the bread of idleness.

Worth never wants friends. Catherine's case excited pity among her neighbours, and her good character secured her a respectable wet-nursing. She refused to leave home for this purpose, and the baby was committed to her charge. By this means, and a trifle of wages owing to her husband, she contrived to live over a year. Now she behoved to face the world. The difficulty of obtaining work was at this time very great. There was much suffering among the operatives throughout the country, and among all who depended upon their daily labour for subsistence. The only employment of which Catherine could procure an offer was work at a nail-factory, for which she was not well fitted. However, she gladly availed herself of it, because the work was paid according to the number of nails made, and she could absent herself to give a brief attendance on her mother and children. The employment was hard, and poorly paid. She generally wrought at large nails, of which she was able to make about 800 daily; but of the same kind some men can make double that number. Her earnings were, on an average, fifteenpence per day; yet, though small, they were still precious to her, because they were her own earnings. No one knew better than herself how to receive a favour, or how to confer one; but she would not willingly accept the means of support from another, when she could obtain them by her own industry. She has been known to work in this factory till her fingers were blistered, and she could do no more; she would then remain at home, and poultice them till they were sufficiently recovered to enable her to resume her work. She and her mother at that time often suffered from hunger.

Her necessities were known to a kind friend, whose own means were small, but who yet contrived occasionally to furnish her with a good meal. Through this friend she sometimes obtained a supply of flowers or bouquets, by the sale of which she provided for her wants when she had no other means of obtaining subsistence.

In expedients like these she passed some years, during which the insanity of her mother was at times so outrageous as greatly to endanger any one who had the charge of her; yet this charge she could not relinquish. She would not hear of the removal of her parent to a place of confinement. No labours and no sufferings could weaken her filial reverence and affection. At length, however, it became necessary for her mother's own safety that she should be in the charge of those more competent to the task of restraining her, and she was removed to the workhouse. But the heart of the devoted daughter was still with her; and from week to week Catherine strained every nerve, and straitened herself in every way, that she might regularly carry to her mother all the comforts she could procure. Nor were her trials those only of the early death of her husband and the long insanity of her mother. Her eldest son was a severe sufferer from his birth till the age of twenty, when he died. It is hardly to be conceived how much she did and endured for this boy. For weeks together, after a hard day's work, she was up through the whole night, kneeling by him, that he might have his arms around her neck for support, because he was unable to lie down. Her patience and love seemed to be inexhaustible, and the strength which she exerted through her afflictions almost miraculous.

The lad was a dutiful and affectionate child. He had a heart like his mother, strong both to love and to endure. For a time, Catherine seemed hardly able to sustain his loss. She could not sleep, and with difficulty could take even the smallest portion of food. Her inability to sleep awakened the desire to pass her nights with the sick; but she found this recalled the memory of her son too strongly, and she did not persist in it. Desirous to fill the vacuity in her house, she now, to use her own expression, 'inquired for some family who wanted a person to take care of some *tedious* children.' Her surviving child often gave her great pain. He exhibited strong indications of inheriting the insanity of his grandmother, having at times an ungovernable wildness of manner; yet, when not under excitement, he was an amiable, kind, and obedient boy.

When Catherine worked in the nail-factory, she formed a friendship with another woman who also worked there. This poor creature afterwards became blind and helpless. She had for some time previously been greatly disabled, and Catherine had never failed to do what she could for her. But now she took her to her own house, and for seven years supported her entirely. She carried her

up-stairs at night, and brought her down in the morning. At length, when her son became so ill that she could not leave him, and her means of support were wholly unequal to the increased expense, she sent her blind friend to the workhouse; yet her interest in the poor sufferer never declined. Her care for her was like that of a mother for a child. She never omitted once a week to send her a little tea and sugar, that she might not be made uncomfortable by the want of these accustomed gratifications. It happened that this poor blind woman had a son in the workhouse, who was a cripple, and nearly an idiot. The child was dear to his mother; and when she took her tea, she gave him a part of it. This became one of his highest gratifications; and after the death of his mother, he was greatly distressed by the loss of this indulgence. Catherine therefore promised him that while she lived she would bring him tea and sugar, as she had brought them to his mother; and she kept her word. On one occasion, a friend called upon Catherine, and found an old woman with her who had a number of small parcels in her hand. On noticing these parcels, she informed the visitor that they contained a little tea, sugar, and snuff, and that they were for a woman in the workhouse nearly a hundred years old. 'She knew my parents,' said Catherine; 'and I daresay assisted my mother when she needed; so it is just a little acknowledgment. There are other old persons there to whom I would be glad to send something, if I had the means.'

After Catherine left the nail-factory, she supported her family by mangling; a benevolent gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was struck with her character, having assisted her to purchase a mangle at a sale of effects. By means of it and a little charing-work she lived for several years, till her mother died, when she had no longer an inducement to remain in the place; and she removed with her only surviving son to Liverpool, where she was fortunate in getting him some small employment suited to his infirmities. She took her mangle with her, and therefore we have now to follow her to one of the humblest dwellings in a back-street of that large town. Here she laboured, struggled to keep up a good name, and to do all the good she could within her sphere. On one occasion, a poor woman, a Mrs O'Brien, came into the neighbourhood to look for lodgings, but could nowhere obtain a room. 'She must not die in the street,' said Catherine. Yet what was to be done? Catherine lost no time in answering this question. The door of her house was opened, and Mrs O'Brien and her children at once found a home there. In a fortnight, this woman died; but poor as she had been, her heart was bound up in her children, and her great solicitude in death was for them. With the full sympathies of a mother, Catherine promised to do for these children as if they were her own; and this promise she faithfully fulfilled.

Another Irishwoman, Bridget M'Ann, was a common beggar.

Her appearance indicated extreme distress, and no inconsiderable disease; yet she was unwilling to go into the infirmary, because she would there be separated from her children. Catherine visited this woman, gained her confidence, persuaded her to allow her eldest boy to be put into the workhouse, and took the youngest, about two years old, under her own charge. She nursed this child carefully, sent some of her own clothes to the mother, and took a change of clothes to her every week; yet for all these kind offices she had scarcely any other return than reproaches and complaints. The clothes, it was said, were not well washed, nor was anything done for her as it should be done. But Catherine was neither to be fatigued by service nor discouraged by ingratitude. She felt the claims of weakness, ignorance, and suffering in this poor beggar far more strongly than she felt any injury to herself. She kept the child for some months, till the mother reclaimed it; and then gave up her charge only because she was allowed to hold it no longer. It is only from such facts that one knows how much the poor often do for the poor.

After a few years' residence in Liverpool, Catherine's son died, which was a sore grief to her, for she was now alone in the world, and had no longer any one of her own family to love. To fill up the vacancy, she gladly took charge of three children from a widower, a respectable man in the neighbourhood, who engaged to pay her twelve shillings a week for their board. She, however, had not long had the children under her roof, when the health of the man failed, and he was unable to earn the amount he had agreed to pay her. So anxious, however, was he to do what he could in payment for the relief and comfort he had received, that he was actually at his work on the week in which he died. Catherine kindly waited upon him on his deathbed, and although he professed a different form of religious belief from her own, brought him, unasked, a clergyman of his own persuasion. She said 'she thought people always go fastest to heaven upon their own road.' On his dying bed, this poor man besought her to retain the charge of his children. She gave him her word that she would; and she admirably performed her promise. After a time, the youngest boy was placed in a charity-school, where she maintained a faithful supervision of him; and when he left it, she fitted him out for sea, and continued to care for him whenever he returned from a voyage. The girl she kept two or three years, till she found a good place for her. And the eldest boy, owing to the failure of the master to whom he was apprenticed, was for several years a considerable expense to her. A fellow-apprentice earned only four shillings a week: his own father refused to keep him for so small a sum. The anxiety and grief of his mother were extreme, and she applied to Kitty upon the subject, who told the mother that, on condition of the good-conduct of the boy, she would receive him into her family.

At the first appearance of cholera in England, great anxiety was manifested to guard against it, and cleanliness was especially enjoined. The habits of the very poor, and their few conveniences, made the washing and drying of clothing and bedding very difficult. Catherine's house at this time consisted of a small kitchen, a little parlour, two or three chambers, and a small yard at the back of the house. In the kitchen, she had a copper. She fastened ropes across the yard, and offered her poor neighbours the free use of them and her kitchen for washing and drying their clothes. She also took charge of clothes and bedding which were lent for the use of the poor. So apparent was the benefit derived by the families who availed themselves of Catherine's kindness, that a benevolent society was led to provide a common cellar where families might wash every week.

The establishment thus begun was found very useful; and in cases of cholera or fever, medical men were accustomed to send a note with the clothes used by a patient, or when a change of linen was required; hired washers being employed for the service of the sick. This plan made neighbours willing to lend clothes and bedding, since no risk of contagion was incurred. During the second year of the cholera, one hundred and forty dozen articles of clothing for men and women, one hundred and fifty-eight sheets, thirty-four beds, sixty quilts, and one hundred blankets, were washed in this establishment in one week.

The cholera principally attacked the heads of families, especially those who were in a state of exhaustion from fatigue or want of food. It frequently happened that the sufferers had neither food nor fuel, while the rigorous quarantine led to a dearth of employment. Catherine divided her own stores as far as she could with the sufferers around her. A supply of oatmeal was given her, and with this she made porridge every morning for a number who would otherwise probably have had no breakfast; and at one time she thus supplied sixty with daily food. A neighbour every evening went three miles into the country for the milk for this porridge.

Wherever the disease appeared among those who knew Catherine, her presence and aid were felt to be of high importance. The physicians were quite unable to meet the calls that were made upon them; she therefore went to them for advice, administered the remedies which were prescribed, and carried back accounts of her patients. It seemed impossible that she should obtain rest either night or day. She found a vacant room, on the floor of which she could spread some bedding, and there she provided a lodging for families in which death had occurred, and whose rooms, it was thought, should be vacated for a time, that they might be purified. One of the first cases of cholera occurred in the street where Catherine lived. A widower, with two young children boarding with a poor woman, was taken suddenly ill, and died. To prevent unnecessary

exposure to the disease, the attending physician directed that the body should be buried unwashed. A report of this got abroad, and a crowd assembled about the house, threatening violence if the body were not washed before it was buried. Catherine undertook to address this assemblage. 'We should be very sorry to do anything wrong,' she said to them; 'but the physician has forbidden that the body should be washed, on account of the danger of infection. Now, this man who has died is no more to us than he is to any of you. Mrs R—— and I have done our part, by laying out the body; and if any one of you will come in and wash it, we will provide everything that is necessary for you.' The crowd dispersed quietly and quickly, and the body was buried unwashed.

The deaths and sickness of so many parents by cholera left a large number of destitute children, too young to go to school, and who were therefore running about the streets. Catherine could not overlook these children. She collected about twenty of them into her house, and a neighbour, who lived on the opposite side of the street, offered to assist her in the care of them. This neighbour amused the children by singing to them, by telling them stories, and by teaching them to repeat hymns. The number of the children soon became too large to be comfortably accommodated in Catherine's little dwelling. It was resolved, therefore, to form them into a school. The infant school thus begun was adopted by the managers of one for older children in the same street; the neighbour who aided Catherine became the mistress, and obtained a comfortable maintenance from the employment she had begun in benevolence.

A being with such a universal spirit of charity and love, and with such self-imposed claims and duties, required to eke out her means by every plan which seemed available. To make the most of her house, small as it was, she received lodgers; and to make their evenings pass agreeably, she borrowed books and newspapers, and proposed that one should read aloud for the general entertainment. She provided a good fire in the winter, well knowing this comfort often tempts even a sober man to an alehouse. She permitted her lodgers to invite their acquaintance; and during the winter of 1835, as many as ten met and subscribed for three different cheap periodicals, and to the Mechanics' Library. As some of the party were carpenters' apprentices, an older workman gave them instruction in their business before the reading began. One of these young men begged Catherine to speak to four of their fellow-workmen, who spent the money at alehouses which they earned by working over-hours. She did so, telling them if they would come every night to her house, they should have the use of a good fire and a newspaper, and for sixpence a week she would provide a supper.

This poor woman seems to have had an eye to everything. One day, in passing a shop, she saw a great boxful of waste paper, including many damaged and used Bibles. These she was allowed

to pick out and buy for a mere trifle. When she brought her parcel of Bibles home, she fastened the leaves, patched up the covers, and then lent them to sailors who were going to sea. It was afterwards ascertained that by this act the characters of several were improved. It may be matter for surprise how Catherine earned enough to accomplish so many good deeds. But cheerful and persevering labour, with rigorous economy, will do wonders. She long lived a credit to her station, and shewed, in all her undertakings, a remarkable power of making much of slender means. Her economy with regard to both food and clothing was admirable. Nothing was wasted. She has been known to stew fish-bones into broth for the sick poor, and from the refuse of fruit to make a pleasant drink for fever patients. Time was also, in her estimation, a thing not to be thrown away, and therefore every moment of her waking existence was devoted to the execution of some useful object.

The owner of the house in which Catherine lived was a single lady, and a cripple, with a very small income. Catherine's consideration of these circumstances was beyond all praise. She expressed her unwillingness to apply to her poor landlady even for necessary repairs, and as far as possible made those repairs herself. She bought paint, and painted her rooms with her own hand. She received payment from her lodgers on Friday, and the sum, though only a few shillings altogether, she lent to some poor women, who purchased certain goods which they sold in the market on Saturday, and made their returns to her on Saturday night. It did not appear that she ever thus lost anything, while the gain was of considerable importance to those who made it. She mixed but little with her neighbours, except for such offices of kindness as she was able to render to them; and most unwillingly asked for any aid for her own personal friends.

We must, however, draw our account of this poor widow to a conclusion. She was not without faults; as, for instance, hastiness of temper; but her anger was soon appeased, and no ill-usage could check her kindness, except for a very short time. She had experienced injustice; and though she felt it strongly, acknowledged that it was a duty to forgive others, when there was so much to be forgiven in ourselves. She was ever most careful not to incur a debt, and maintained her sense of duty on this subject with an energy worthy of all praise. Had she been embarrassed by debt, she could have carried through few of her benevolent intentions. Her whole history presents a striking combination of simplicity with energy, sensibility with judgment, of forethought, calculation, and economy, with disinterestedness and self-sacrificing benevolence. To a pious reliance on Providence, she united a vigilant sense of practical duty, an indifference to all selfish considerations, and a strong faith in her fellow-creatures, in herself, in good principles, and in TRUTH.

LIZZY M'CALLUM.

THE tale which follows is given in the words of a gentleman who vouches for the truth of the circumstances.

I remember my mother telling me of a poor woman, a neighbour of hers, who lived in the same village at the foot of the Grampians, and whose husband having died, left her with six children, the youngest only a few months old. 'For many months,' said my mother, 'this worthy creature supported herself and her six children by spinning literally almost day and night; and yet, with all this exertion, she could only procure them the scantiest supply of the poorest fare. Barley-porridge, without milk, twice a day, with perhaps the luxury of potatoes and herrings to dinner once or twice in a week, formed their whole sustenance for months together, so small was the remuneration for that kind of labour which the mother alone could work at. But during all this time no one ever heard a complaint from Lizzy M'Callum; and although her children's wan looks told that their fare was none of the best, still they were scrupulously neat and clean in their clothes—a feature which seldom characterised their neighbours. Being gentle, good-natured children, they were always welcome playmates to you and your sisters. In the winter evenings, they participated in your pastimes of hunt-the-slipper and blindman's-buff; and in the fine days of summer, the young M'Callums were equally necessary and important allies in chasing butterflies over the knowes, plaiting swords and caps of rushes in the meadow, or catching minnows in the mill-burn. One day,' continued my mother with a sigh, the tears coursing down her venerable cheeks at the recollection—'I remember it as if it had been yesterday—two of Lizzy's little girls were at play with you and your sister Harriet in our front-parlour. You were then both just about their own age, namely, five and seven years: and as I chanced to be dealing out to Harriet and you your customary forenoon slice of bread and butter, I offered a slice each to Mary and Jessy M'Callum. The latter, a mere infant, at first involuntarily held out her little hand with avidity, looked wistfully for a moment at the tempting morsel, then suddenly withdrawing her hand, as if a serpent had stung her, and reddening like scarlet, timidly said: "No, I thank ye, mem." "Come, Mary," said I to her sister, "I am sure *you* will not be so shy; you shall have both slices." "I am much obleeged to ye, mem," replied the sweet child, blushing like crimson; "but my mither says we mauna take pieces except in our ain house."

Such were the lessons of self-denial and decent pride implanted by their worthy parent in the minds of these innocent children of adversity.

'Not satisfied with providing for the mere animal wants of her children, Lizzy M'Callum endeavoured, with the most untiring assiduity and affection, so far as her own humble acquirements went, to cultivate the minds and improve the manners of those helpless and endearing charges which had been intrusted to her sole care. One always sat by her side and read while she was engaged in spinning, and in this way she taught the four eldest to read the Bible very accurately. Psalms and questions from the *Shorter Catechism* accompanied these instructions; and when these duties were over, if any of the juniors began to grow impatient or clamorous for food, she would occasionally resort to the innocent expedient of lilting the tune of *Little wat ye wha's coming*, and making them dance to it, while she plied the task which was to procure them the next meal.

'The neighbour gossips often wondered how Lizzy M'Callum found time to keep her cottage so trim and her "bairns sae wyse-like;" for, excepting on Sundays, she was always found at her wheel; and yet, although her labour seemed without end, and her privations almost too much for human fortitude to sustain, still Lizzy's open countenance ever wore the same calm good-humoured smile; and her answer to any whose benevolence prompted them to offer her pecuniary aid was: "I am obleeged to ye—greatly obleeged, I'm sure; but I need naething, and the bairns ha'e aye a bite and a brat [that is, food and clothes]—thanks to the Giver." Every good result did indeed follow this excellent and humble-minded woman, and her singular exertions in so worthy a cause were not without their reward; for as her children grew up, they went to service among the farmers in the neighbourhood, to whom their good conduct soon recommended them; and so much were the M'Callums respected and beloved, that they invariably received higher wages than was usually given to servants in their station in that part of the country. But none, save those who have been similarly circumstanced, can fully comprehend the delight of the widowed mother when, on the forenoon of the term-day, her rosy open-countenanced boys and girls—some of whom were grown almost men and women—one after another dropped into their dear mother's humble cottage, and with tears in their eyes, and looks glowing with happiness and affection, placed in her lap "their sair-won penny fee." Then would each, in his or her turn, receive the fond mother's kiss and her solemn blessing; and ere the tears of pleasure and filial love were well dry on their cheeks, they would commence making affectionate inquiries respecting each other's health and welfare; and while the young men gravely discussed the merits of their respective masters' farms, and learnedly descanted on the most proper rotation

of crops, the breeding of cattle, and the latest improvements in husbandry, the maidens would as earnestly enlarge on the best modes of dairy-management, their several achievements in spinning linen yarn (an accomplishment in which all young females were generally proficient at that period), and the most approved method of steeping and drying lint (flax), with many equally interesting and harmless topics.

'By a few years' saving and industry, the two elder sons, James and Alexander, had educated themselves so far as to be able, by the assistance of some kind friends, to begin business as grocers in a handsome shop in the most central part of the village. Here their industry and attention to business, no less than the uniform probity of their dealings, soon acquired them trade; and in a few months the shop of the M'Callums was frequently crowded with customers, while those of their neighbours were quite empty. By and by, their business, which had hitherto been confined to the village, gradually extended to the surrounding neighbourhood; and finally, they attained the honour and profit of supplying the small dealers in the country round about with teas and groceries. When I last heard of them,' continued my mother, 'Lizzy was living in a nice little cottage in the outskirts of the village, built by her sons expressly for her accommodation. James and Alexander were both happily married; and Andrew, the youngest son, who had become a mason, was now a builder of great respectability in E——, with his youngest sister Jessy acting as his housekeeper. The two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, had been married some years before, one to a farmer in an adjacent parish, and the other to a dissenting minister belonging to the village. Both marriages proved fortunate in the extreme, and added to the happiness of Lizzy M'Callum.'

I cannot conclude this simple narrative without remarking the vital importance which parental instruction and parental example have in forming the characters and tempers of children, and how much the very humblest class of society can achieve in instilling into the minds of their infant offspring principles of piety, rectitude of conduct, and benevolence of heart. None can be so poor or so engrossed as to have no spare moment for the performance of this delightful and momentous duty; none so ignorant as to be incapable of communicating to their children something respecting the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and the duties of his creatures—something illustrative of the beauty of truth, gentleness, and integrity, and the utter shame and unworthiness of falsehood, deceit, and angry passions. Were subjects of this nature habitually impressed upon the ductile minds of children, it would materially assist in subduing those evil and unruly propensities to which poor humanity is so prone; and if to such precepts were added the *good example* of parents, the result would in all probability be the same as is exhibited in the simple story above related.

NANNY WILSON.

NANNY WILSON was one of those industrious well-behaved women in humble life who manage to make all ends meet amid the most trying difficulties—difficulties which we are in the habit of saying an ordinary mind would shrink from encountering.

At a very early age, Nanny was left to her own resources. Her mother was taken from her by death while she was but a child; and her father, who was rather a dissipated character, shortly after this bereavement disappeared from his native town, where he followed the business of flax-dressing, and went no one knew where. The poor girl had no near relations to look after her, and she was indebted to the sympathy of one or two families in the neighbourhood for lodging, food, and clothing. The treatment she received in this way was not invariably kind; and this, perhaps more than anything else, impressed her with the strong determination, which clung to her through life, to be dependent only on her own exertions for support. In her fourteenth year, she was taken into a respectable grocer's family as a servant. In this situation she remained two years, and was a favourite with her master and mistress. One day, an old beggar-woman, who had never been in the place before, was heard to express her surprise at the system of flax-dressing.

'This is what I have heard old John Wilson speak about,' she said; 'but I ne'er saw't before.'

Some one had the curiosity to ask: 'Who is old John Wilson?'

'He's a weaver in Airdrie,' she replied.

This brief conversation came to our friend Nanny's ears, and she instantly made up her mind to go in search of her father. For this purpose, very little preparation was needed, for it was not much that Nanny had to carry along with her. A little bundle contained all her superfluous clothing; and some shillings in silver, the earnings of her servitude, she hid in her bosom. The distance of Airdrie from her native town was about thirty-six miles. This distance she walked with an anxious heart, for she felt that hers was a sort of wild-goose chase. There might be many John Wilsons in Airdrie; and even should she be so fortunate as to find out the John Wilson spoken of by the old beggar-woman, he might not be her father after all. Or, perhaps, were this man actually her parent, was she sure that he would acknowledge her when found, seeing that he had been so negligent of her since her infancy? These and many other fears were hers during the journey; but

she was a girl of great strength of mind, and not to be driven by idle fears or surmises from an honest purpose. On reaching Airdrie, the first person she accosted was an old man who stood smoking his pipe at a door. She said she was a stranger, and would feel obliged to him if he would direct her to where John Wilson, a weaver, lived. It was her own father she addressed, and the recognition was almost mutual. She never had cause to regret the journey; for her father was now a sober industrious old man, and she resided with him till the day of his death. This event took place when Nanny was in her eighteenth year. Having converted the trifling articles of furniture that belonged to her father into money, she went back to the grocer, and was cordially received into her former situation.

With this kind family our heroine remained as a domestic for a few years, when she left her situation in order to unite herself to a young man of about her own age, with whom she anticipated the enjoyment of comfort and happiness. Many of her neighbours, and particularly her master and mistress, thought that Nanny had a chance of remaining more comfortable in the capacity of a servant with a well-paid fee; and it might have been better had she listened to the hints thus offered to her. It must not, however, be supposed that she had reason to lament having married Richard Paterson. He was an honest, and what is called a well-doing man; but he did not possess the bodily strength necessary for the occupation he followed. His employment was that of a working-gardener, and few were known to be so tasteful and neat-handed in the use of his horticultural implements. Richard, or Ritchie, as he was called, was therefore generally well employed, and his trimly-kept cottage was cheered both during summer and winter with humble plenty, and blessed with grateful contentment. Sad to say, however, a time came when Ritchie could no longer pursue his ordinary duties. Having gone forth one severe spring morning to labour, when a frost was on the ground, and a thick moist atmosphere overhead, he caught a rheumatic affection in his legs, which ultimately produced a fixed crookedness of joints, and he was ere long pronounced lame for life. This was a dreadful blow to poor Nanny, on whom now devolved the principal duty of providing for the family, and which, without a murmur or a moment's repining, she did in a small way, to the best of her ability. People talk of trials in families —here was a trial; and here also was heroism. For four years did this industrious creature toil for the subsistence of a decrepit husband and two infant children, yet never did any one hear her utter the voice of complaint.

A time at length arrived when she was in some degree relieved from this excessive burden. Ritchie died, and her two children were about the same period carried off by a fever. Nanny was now once more alone in the world—a lone woman, but possessing a stout

heart, and a firm reliance on the goodness of that Being who has promised to be the 'father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow.' Her little plan of subsistence was soon put into execution. Some friendly neighbour hinted to her the propriety of seeking relief from the parish; but she spurned the idea. What! take charity from the public while she had hands to work? Never. She scorned the thought of such meanness with a virtuous and bitter scorn. 'When I apply to the parish,' said she, 'it will only be when laid on a bed from age or disease, and when all hope of other relief is gone.' With these noble resolutions, Nanny set about her arrangements. She prudently removed to her native town, where she rented a little garret, and spun flax or filled pirns for the weavers. It was but little that she could make by this sort of labour, but that little sufficed. The rent of her room was three pounds a year, and she had meal, and coal, and butcher-meat to pay for besides. Her landlord kindly allowed her a bit of ground, on which she reared potatoes and other vegetables for the pot. She now felt herself, with an ordinary share of health, perfectly independent, and her conduct in every sense of the word was exemplary. She attended church regularly every Sunday, and every night she barred her door at nine o'clock, and spent an hour in devotional exercises before retiring to rest. After thus secluding herself for the night, she did not open her door to a human being, unless in cases of great emergency, in which she could assist in assuaging bodily distress. When the whirring of her wheel (her bread-winner) ceased, the neighbours below knew the hour. In the fine summer mornings, she was up with the lark, and working in her little garden. She might be seen going from cabbage-plant to cabbage-plant, tending, watering, and dibbling it up, and she knew almost every green blade in her ground. From her husband's death, she went on in this manner, and presented one of the finest examples of poverty commanding respect.

A number of years ago, Nanny had a most fortunate windfall. A distant relation—an aunt, I believe—of whose existence she was scarcely aware, died, leaving her the sum of forty pounds. This sum of money, which was to her immense, she placed in the nearest bank; and as the rent-day came round, she lifted a pound, or perhaps two, and settled scores with her landlord. By this prudent mode of disbursement, the little fund remained long unexhausted, but was reduced to about ten pounds; a sum so small, that the bank-people would no longer be troubled with it, and they handed it over to her, and struck her off their books. This gave her great concern; but a friend lodged the money for her in a provident savings-bank. As she was a very old woman, it was likely that it would last her time—indeed, she said so herself; for she took great care to eke it out. Fortunately, she was able to make her wheel birr, though not so unintermittingly as

heretofore; and the fine mornings in June always saw her out to the garden-plot as usual.

One specimen of her foresight, which was in excellent keeping with her character, may be mentioned. As she had lived through life, ever since she was able to work, without burdening others, so she was resolved that she should descend into the grave in the same spirit. On one occasion, while airing her dead-clothes, which were of her own providing, she remarked that 'no one should be a penny out of pocket with her funeral.'

There is surely much to admire in this old woman's conduct and character, and we could wish that her honest spirit of independence were universal. Were it so, we should see misery and degradation less frequently than we do; and poverty, instead of being accounted an evil, would be deemed the reverse. There is no situation in life that may not be sweetened by a ruling passion leading to virtue; and the ruling passion in her case meets, in any state of society, our most cordial applause. Poverty has its evils, we will allow; but where allied to virtue and self-denial, it is more deserving of respect than any other state of life with which we are acquainted.

MRS RESTON.

In the town's hospital of Glasgow there was a heroine of humble life, whose case, some years ago, attracted considerable attention. Mrs Agnes Reston, as this aged female was named, was the widow of a sergeant in the 94th Regiment, and her life was marked by circumstances of more than usual interest. Agnes was born at Stirling on the 1st of June 1773, of parents in a humble rank in life, and was the second eldest of a family of fifteen children. Her early life was passed in the situation of a domestic servant, which, from her habits of neatness and industry, she filled to the satisfaction of her employers. In consequence of her family having removed from Stirling to a place distant from any school, the little education she acquired was communicated at home by her parents, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. From a love of books, however, of which she was passionately fond, she became an excellent reader; and, by persevering industry, particularly during the leisure of the long winter-nights, acquired such a knowledge of writing as enabled her in future years, while sharing the dangers of her husband abroad, to keep up a constant communication with her friends. When about fifteen years of age, her parents removed to Edinburgh, where, from their previous savings, they were enabled to commence a small dairy and public-house. Agnes continued for

a number of years toiling for the family ; but, being anxious to see a little more of society, she at length, contrary to the wishes of her parents, entered into domestic service with a Mrs Bannerman, residing in College Street. In this situation she continued twelve months. She afterwards served some time in the family of a Mrs M'Tavish, in James's Court, Lawnmarket ; and at length was engaged by Lieutenant Ivers, quarter-master of the Scottish Brigade, now known by the name of 'the Old 94th,' which was then stationed at the castle. Here she became acquainted with Corporal Reston, a young man of prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners. He was the eldest son of a respectable handloom weaver in Glasgow, and had obtained a good education. The young couple had frequent opportunities of seeing each other, the corporal's duties requiring him to call from time to time at Mr Ivers's house, on business connected with the regiment, and a mutual attachment speedily sprung up between them. The match was opposed by Agnes's parents as well as by her master and mistress ; but, with that firmness of purpose which afterwards manifested itself so strongly in her character, she determined to allow no obstacle to stand between her and the husband of her choice. The marriage accordingly took place on the 31st of March 1795. A curious circumstance occurred on the occasion ; the clergyman—the Rev. Mr Buchanan, of the Canongate Church—having refused, in the first instance, to perform the ceremony, in consequence of Agnes not having obtained the consent of her parents. This circumstance occasioned some delay, during which the young bride proceeded to the house of her father and mother, and used every entreaty to reconcile them to the union. So far, however, from yielding, they laboured hard to dissuade her from carrying her purpose into effect, by representing to her, in the strongest light, the hardships and perils of a military life. Both parties were inexorable. The firmness evinced by the parents was apparently inherited by the daughter ; for, after much altercation, she returned to the manse, where the wedding-party had remained in a state of the utmost anxiety, without having accomplished the object of her mission, but more determined than ever to complete the wishes of her heart. The arguments which failed with her parents prevailed at length with the venerable clergyman, and the consequence was, that Agnes Harkness was transformed without further delay into the corporal's wife, the future 'heroine of Matagorda.'

The first few days of our heroine's married life were not such as to open up to her any very bright prospects of connubial happiness. The newly wedded couple engaged a humble lodging—consisting of a single room—in the High Street of Edinburgh ; but whether from the presents which the corporal had made to his beloved Agnes, or from the expenses necessarily attending the ceremony, or from any other cause, it turned out that, on the morning immediately after the

marriage, they were without the means of purchasing a single frugal meal. Mrs Reston, however, had some money in her master's hands, which she soon obtained; and, by dint of economy and industry, their circumstances speedily assumed a more favourable aspect.

Shortly after their marriage, the 94th Regiment was ordered to embark for the East Indies; but Corporal Reston, who at this time was advanced to the rank of sergeant, was retained at home on the recruiting service. This was a matter of great regret to his wife, whose courageous spirit longed for a little active service, and who was also desirous of being removed for a time from her friends, who still seemed unable to forgive her for having united her fortunes to those of a soldier. The sergeant and his wife remained in this country thirteen years, during which time their whole family, consisting of eight children, were born. Of these, only three sons attained the age of manhood—all of whom followed the profession of arms.

Several years prior to being sent abroad, Mrs Reston contrived to effect a sudden reconciliation with her mother. It appears that, with a characteristic pride unusual in persons in their rank of life, they had, ever since the marriage of the former, stood carefully aloof from each other. One beautiful summer evening, however, as the daughter was walking down the Canongate, she observed her mother standing at her own door, and going up to her, she asked bluntly: 'How are you to-night?'

'Who is asking?' was the cold and disheartening reply.

'Bless me,' said Mrs Reston, 'do you no ken your ain bairn?'

To which Mrs Harkness exclaimed: 'Is this you, Agnes?' and burst into tears. Ever after this little incident, they lived, although soon destined to part, on the most friendly and affectionate terms.

Now commenced the active career of our heroine. Hitherto, her life had exhibited nothing remarkable, although in the biography of individuals the lustre of after-deeds frequently reflects back an interest on incidents which are in themselves common-place. The gallant 94th, which had returned from the East Indies in 1807, was, in 1810, again ordered for foreign service. On the morning of the 18th January of that year, Sergeant Reston and his wife embarked with the regiment at St Aubin, Jersey, where they had been stationed for some time before; and after two or three weeks' sailing, arrived safely at Lisbon. The men were immediately landed, but the women and children were detained on board ship until suitable barracks had been provided in the convent of St Domingo, in the vicinity of the town. The regiment was soon after ordered on a secret expedition, and the women and children, with the baggage, were removed to Bellona, about four miles distant. Here the latter remained for seven weeks, when they were ordered to join the regiment at Cadiz. Mrs Reston, both when along with the regiment,

and when left behind with the baggage, was continually employed in washing and dressing, attending some of the officers' ladies, or in nursing the sick. No toil was too great for her—no duty too onerous; and an opportunity soon occurred for the display of those still higher qualities which have given her an honourable although humble niche in the military annals of her country.

On arriving at Cadiz, Mrs Reston learned that her husband, along with a detachment of his fellow-soldiers, had been sent to man the fort at Matagorda. Determined if possible to share the utmost perils to which he might be exposed, she, with one or two other women, obtained permission to proceed thither. Her youngest child—then an infant—had to be taken along with her; and she graphically describes her approach in an open boat to the small and isolated fort, and the hearty reception which they received from her husband and the other soldiers. On the morning of the 21st April 1810, the fire of forty-eight guns and mortars of the largest size was concentrated by the enemy upon the little garrison.* It may easily be conceived what havoc was caused by so much artillery playing upon a place not more than a hundred yards square. The stoutest hearts must have quailed at the carnage which ensued; and few women could have preserved the full use of their faculties amid the scene. Mrs Reston, however, remained in the midst of the danger, and conducted herself with the coolest courage. The bomb-proof portions of the fort being too confined to contain the whole of the garrison, some of the men had huts placed on the battery. One of these formed Sergeant Reston's quarters. The following narration of the terrible scene which ensued, and of the heroic fortitude displayed by the humble Scottish matron, is from a work published in Edinburgh in 1838, entitled *Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier*, by the late Sergeant Donaldson of the 94th Regiment:

'When the French opened their fearful fire, he was at his post; but his wife was awakened from her sleep by a twenty-four pound shot, which passed through the hut, striking the fascine on which her head lay, but doing no injury to the inmates. Nothing daunted, she got up, removed her child—a boy four years old—within the bomb-proof, and repaired to the surgeon's quarters (within another bomb-proof), to assist him in supplying the wants of the wounded men. These increased so rapidly, that she tore up not only her own linen, but that of her husband, which she fetched from the hut amidst the destructive fire. Water being needed, one of the drum-boys was desired to go and draw some from the well in the centre of the battery; but he did not seem much inclined to the task, and was lingering at the door with the bucket dangling in his hand. "Why don't you go for the water?" asked the surgeon. "The poor thing is frightened," said Mrs Reston; "and no wonder at it. Give

* Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*.

it to me, and I 'll go for it." So saying, she relieved the drummer from the perilous duty, and, amid the dreadful discharge of artillery playing on the battery, she let down the vessel to fill it with water. She had scarcely done so when the rope was cut by a shot ; but she determined to get the object of her errand with her, and, begging the assistance of a sailor, she recovered the bucket, and brought it, filled with water, down to the bomb-proof, where her attention to the wounded soldiers was beyond all praise. At intervals she carried sand-bags to the battery, handed along ammunition, and supplied the men at the guns with wine and water ; and when the two other women (who had been in hysterics in one of the bomb-proofs from the time the action commenced) were leaving the battery, she refused to go. Next morning, our ammunition being nearly expended, we ceased firing, and the French, seeing the dilapidated state of the fort, sent down a strong force to take possession of the place. Our men were mustered for their reception, and Mrs Reston was at her post with the others, determined to share in the danger. It was a critical moment ; for, had they got under range of our guns, our efforts would have been unavailing. Three guns, all that we could bring to bear on them, were crammed with grape, ball-cartridge, &c. to the muzzle, ready for a farewell shot ; and when they came within two or three hundred yards of the fort, we poured their contents into the very heart of the column, and laid half of them prostrate on the earth. Those who survived took to flight. Their batteries again opened on us, and a fresh supply of ammunition having arrived for us, we returned their salute. The place, however, being found untenable, the surviving part of the garrison was withdrawn by the boats of the fleet. Mrs Reston still exhibited the same undaunted spirit. She made three different journeys across the battery for her husband's necessaries and her own. The last was for her child, who was lying in the bomb-proof. I think I see her yet, while the shot and shell were flying thick around her, bending her body over it to shield it from danger by the exposure of her own person.'

Sergeant Donaldson was probably not aware, or at all events has omitted to state, that the child in her arms actually received a slight wound on the neck on the occasion—a circumstance which shews in a striking manner the imminent peril in which both were placed, and the hairbreadth escape which they sustained.

Mrs Reston remained in Spain and Portugal till 1814 ; and that she did not afterwards take part in the more prominent events of the campaign, was solely in consequence of an order which had been issued forbidding women to be present at engagements. In all the arduous duties, however, of a soldier's wife, her self-possession and untiring energy were in constant requisition ; and the faculties of her naturally strong mind were continually exerted to alleviate the sufferings which she was no longer permitted to share. Sergeant

Reston was present at most of the engagements in the Peninsula, and at the close of the war returned to this country with his heroic wife and children. He landed with the regiment at Cork in July 1814, and in January 1815 removed to Glasgow, where he was discharged on a pension of 1*s.* 10½*d.* a day, having been in the army upwards of twenty-two years.

Sergeant Donaldson's narrative was, we believe, the first published account of Mrs Reston's heroism. The circumstance which called it forth affords another instance of her undaunted disposition. A few years after the siege of Matagorda, Sergeant Donaldson's regiment was quartered at Kilkenny, in Ireland. A musician from a militia regiment had been engaged by the officers to teach the band. Though an excellent performer, he was of an overbearing temper. A son of Mrs Reston was, unfortunately for himself, a member of the band; and his application to, and talents for music were so great that he appeared likely to outdo his teacher. This roused the bandmaster's jealousy; and as the discipline of the army demands the strictest obedience to a superior, so it is in the power of that superior, if he be an unamiable person, to inflict incessant torments upon those under him—complaint against which seldom produces redress. In this manner young Reston's life was rendered scarcely endurable, and finally he deserted, taking his passage from Dublin to Glasgow. His father had by this time retired on a well-earned pension, upon which he lived with his wife in the latter city. The old sergeant, who knew the necessity of implicit obedience to military discipline, could not palliate his son's desertion; and the wife, as much a soldier in heart as her husband, urged the young man, as the only means of atoning for his fault, to rejoin his regiment. To this the deserter consented, and he returned with his mother to Kilkenny, she actually giving him up to his commanding-officer. Young Reston was, at her earnest intercession, pardoned, and recommenced duty; 'but,' to use Donaldson's words, 'the spirit of his oppressor was in no way altered—he took every opportunity of provoking him. Reston's feelings were keen in the extreme; but he suffered patiently for a length of time; until one morning, when the regiment was going out to drill, provoked beyond measure by taunts and insults, he replied in terms that were construed into something resembling mutiny. This was immediately reported by the fellow who had exasperated him; the consequence was, that he was tried by a court-martial on the field, and punished. He did not receive more than twenty-five lashes when he fainted, and was taken down: his back was little hurt, but the scourge had entered his soul—he never recovered it.' He earnestly entreated his parents to procure his discharge, and they made the necessary application at head-quarters; but, on being referred, it was resisted by the commander of the regiment. Seeing this, Mrs Reston—with that energy of character which, when occasion required, she had always evinced—travelled to

London, and petitioned the Duke of York, at that time commander-in-chief, for her son's discharge ; urging her own services as a claim upon the indulgence of the authorities. The usual routine, however, could not be departed from ; the second petition was in due course forwarded for the consideration of the young man's colonel, was again resisted, and finally refused at head-quarters. Thus poor Mrs Reston, having taken her long journey to no purpose, returned to Glasgow with her mission unfulfilled. What was worse, her son —driven to despair, and seeing no hope of relief from the oppression to which he was subjected—again deserted. Only two letters were received from him towards the close of 1818. They were dated Venezuela, South America, and were full of expressions of deep contrition for the disgrace alleged to have been brought on his parents by his conduct. In one of these he alluded to his having been at school in Lisbon ; and although faulty in composition, they evinced some taste for literature. After stating that he had three Spanish dollars a day as master of a band, he said : 'We have very fine quarters, and little to do. In fine, this is the situation most agreeable to me. Here I can fish, hunt, &c. without any licence, and music and poetry are my chief delights.'

In his second letter, he proceeded in the same strain of regret regarding the past, and said : 'Pray you, let me be spoken of as I am—

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

If I have erred, it has been more from want of judgment than an evil propensity. I am positive, if you ever meet with any of my acquaintances in the 94th, there is not a man who will ever say anything detrimental to my character.

'Adieu ! may the blessings of Providence ever wait upon you, and may smiling plenty ever crown your board ! Oft as I sit beneath the shade of the banana or cocoa-nut tree, my heart steals out a sigh for home.'

Home, however, he was never destined to reach, nor is it probable that he ever made the attempt. If he had, what kind of home would he have found? A cheerless and poverty-stricken hearth—the reward of a heroism on the part of a humble sergeant's wife which had won the applause of brave men, and struck frail women with an astonishment bordering on unbelief. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs Reston was left entirely destitute. Her parents were both dead. She had two sons in this country, one at Stalybridge, near Manchester, and the other in Glasgow ; but as neither was in circumstances to render her permanent assistance, however willing they were to do so, she preferred relying on her own exertions, hoping that the small pension enjoyed by her husband would have been continued to her. She applied to the Duke of York for that

purpose; but again official formality stood in her way. His Royal Highness took an interest in her application, but was at length obliged to return for answer that there was no fund out of which the desired pension could be paid. The fortitude, however, which had braved the thunders of the French cannon at Matagorda did not forsake her amid the menaces of a pauper's fate in the country she had so nobly served. She resided at this time in Main Street, Gorbals, and continued to support herself by various domestic employments, besides acting at times as a nurse for the sick. Having removed in 1834 to another house near the harbour, she not long afterwards met with an accident, whereby her right arm was so much injured as to unfit her for her usual occupations. In these circumstances, the poor-house was her only resource; and accordingly, on the 12th of October 1835, the heroine of Matagorda was admitted into the Glasgow town's hospital, although, from the intercession of some friends, more in the capacity of a nurse than as a common pauper. Notwithstanding that she never fully recovered the use of her arm, her activity and general usefulness frequently attracted the attention of visitors, and excited inquiry into her remarkable history. In spite, however, of Sergeant Donaldson's narrative—which was corroborated and quoted in Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*—Mrs Reston's claims to some reward for her heroic services would not in all probability have been revived, but for the ever-watchful vigilance of the public press. An intelligent correspondent of the *Glasgow Citizen*, in one of his occasional visits to the town's hospital, accidentally had Mrs Reston pointed out to him, and obtained from her own lips a narrative of her exploits at Matagorda, which he published in that paper for August 12, and which coincides exactly with Donaldson's account. An equally interesting notice was put forth in the *Times* of September 5, from a correspondent signing himself 'Civilis.' 'Not very long since,' he says, 'the writer of these lines happened, entering Glasgow as a visitor, to be abruptly consigned to the doctor's hands in a most serious illness—a fever. Being a stranger at his hotel, amid strangers, a nurse was sent by his medical adviser, to remain in constant attendance upon him. This was an old but hale and quietly cheerful woman, whose singular vigilance and zealous kindliness, during a fortnight of severe trial, excited his surprise, admiration, and gratitude. She slept in the same chamber with him, and at any moment of the night, the slightest indication of uneasiness on his part was sufficient, notwithstanding frequent remonstrances, to bring her eagerly to his bedside with every soothing inquiry. Her own rest she unreservedly sacrificed. This was not the conduct of an ordinary hireling: that it was the result of strong native generosity of soul, was proved by the thankfulness with which, when her task was completed, she received what was assuredly but a very moderate remuneration for her services.

Having expressed surprise to her at the recklessness with which she broke up her hours of rest, the old woman with a smile, mingled with something of sadness, alluded to the fact of her having been the wife of a soldier in the hardships of war, from which she had been taught to encounter the rough visitations of life with patience, and, moreover, to feel strongly for those whom sickness or the accidents of the field threw into the wards of the hospital. This naturally was followed by inquiry respecting her campaigning, which drew forth a narrative, clearly and unaffectedly told, of the troubles and adventures she had encountered as the wife of Sergeant Reston, of the 94th Regiment, throughout much of the Peninsular struggle.'

One of the first acts of 'Civilis,' after his recovery, was the grateful one of making the heroine of Matagorda better known to the public than she had hitherto been, and to urge on a subscription, by which she might be able to end her days in more peaceful comfort than she could enjoy as an hospital nurse. A notice of her case also appeared in *Chambers's Journal* of 7th October 1843; and several private subscriptions, amounting to between £20 and £30, were received on her behalf. Ultimately, a committee, consisting principally of military men, and in which Colonel Gurwood took an active part, was formed in London; and the result was, that contributions to the amount of about £210 were received, including £10 from her Majesty, a similar sum from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and several liberal subscriptions from the officers of the regiment in which Sergeant Reston had served. Out of this sum, £196, 15*s.* 5*d.* was paid for an annuity of £30.

Mrs Reston was of small stature, and slight ladylike figure. Her features were fine, her manner extremely dignified and self-possessed, and her address excellent. She had a remarkably retentive memory, considerable powers of description, and a lively ready wit. She was apparently a great favourite in the hospital, a large airy building standing on a high ground at the north side of the city, and she joked pleasantly of inviting, some day or other, a large tea-party of her friends, 'now that she had come to her fortune.' It is gratifying to reflect that a woman, possessing such claims on the admiration and gratitude of her country, had at length met with some substantial acknowledgment, however tardy, of her services, and that she was at least placed securely above the reach of want for the remainder of her days.

HANNAH MUIR.

THE following simple sketch from real life has been handed to us in the form of a letter by a lady of our acquaintance, and cannot fail to be appreciated by all who hold real and unostentatious virtue in respect.

'In mentioning in a late communication to you the death of our estimable friend Hannah Muir, in the town of Peebles, I think I promised to give you a short sketch of her history and character, leaving you to form your own opinion of her merits. I only regret that the task has fallen to one who is so utterly incapable of doing it justice. In thus commemorating, as it were, the virtues of the deceased, I am actuated solely by a desire of impressing you with a similar veneration for her memory to that by which I feel myself influenced. Her history is not marked by one striking incident throughout, but it has its passages of simple yet melancholy interest, and to these I would now refer. Her father, Adam Muir, who followed the profession of a woollen-weaver, was remarked, in the country town in which he lived, as of a particularly pious disposition; and brought up his family, consisting of a son and daughter, with similar views, setting before them at all times a worthy example of Christian faith and practice. I am sorry to say that the son did not profit by either the precepts or example of his father; and after some years spent in thoughtlessness and folly, he ran off to Edinburgh, where he enlisted in a foot-regiment, at that time beating up for recruits to send abroad. This blow almost broke the hearts of his distressed relatives, and it was long before they recovered from its effects. Hannah, however, grew up to comfort them, and by her meek and gentle spirit, gained the love and respect of the whole town. In person she was slight and well formed, and was always remarkable for the extreme neatness and tidiness of her dress; and in whatever way she was employed, or however dirty the work in which she might be engaged, she was observed to be in herself the perfection of cleanliness and order.

'It is not to be supposed that a person possessing these qualifications was to remain long without admirers of the opposite sex; indeed, Hannah had lovers not a few, and from amongst the number she selected one who was approved of by all her relations as a person in every respect suited to her, and from whose steadiness and prudence there was every reason to hope that he would be to her an excellent husband. By trade he was a cotton-weaver, and could earn from twenty to thirty shillings per week (this was in the palmy days of handloom weaving), an income sufficient to justify his taking upon himself the responsibility of a house and wife. These two excellent

persons were married, and commenced housekeeping at a short distance from the town. To all appearance, they had the elements of comfort and happiness around them, and for some months all went on well; but when the winter set in, their house was found to be both cold and damp, and the consequence of this was soon apparent in their being both attacked by rheumatic fever of the most virulent kind. They were in a great measure cut off from the attentions which the poor on such occasions of distress manifest towards each other, by being at some distance from neighbours, and it was resolved that they should both be removed into the town—Hannah to her father's house, and the husband to the house of his mother. Accordingly, they were conveyed in a cart; and on the street, in the midst of their sympathising friends, they parted from each other, never, alas! to meet again on this side of the grave. After a few months of excruciating distress, the husband died, while Hannah was unable, from her own sufferings, to minister to the comfort of his last moments. There were affectionate and consoling messages transmitted through the medium of their friends and neighbours daily—nay, towards the close of his life, almost hourly—and these had a soothing effect upon the mind of poor Hannah.

'A few weeks after the death of her husband, she gave birth to a son; and under circumstances so mournful and trying, you will say that she needed more than earthly support. This was not withheld; for, under all her sufferings, she was never heard to murmur a complaint. Her health after this event became much better, and in a short time she was able to leave her bed, and to attend to the wants of her little boy. Her father soon after died; and the good Hannah, unwilling that she and her child should be a burden upon her mother, resolved to commence doing something towards the support of the little household. Accordingly, with what little capital she could command, she established a small shop, which was supported by those who took an interest in her family; and by this means she was able not only to maintain and educate her son, but also to keep her mother, who was in all respects as estimable as her daughter.

'I do not know if you remember Hannah's establishment. The house which she inhabited with her mother and son was one in a line of thatched buildings of a single story in height, and rather low in point of situation to be either airy or very salubrious. Until some repairs were latterly made, the habitation consisted of only two apartments, a *but* and a *ben*, the inner room being separated from the hallan, as in old Scottish cottages, by a couple of square wooden beds, between which the passage to the interior was conducted. In this inner apartment the family ate and slept, and at the same time sufficient space was afforded at one end to carry on the business of the shop. This mixture of domestic life with

mercantile arrangements was anything but inconvenient, for it allowed a ready attention to the wants of customers; and where there was at all times a perfect propriety of manners, there was nothing either to conceal or be ashamed of.

'In this unobtrusive scene of industry, Hannah Muir* carried on her trade for many years, and was the object of a universal degree of respect, almost amounting to veneration; she was so humble, so pious, so charitable in speaking of others, setting forth an example well worthy of imitation and of admiration. Her son grew up and married, and shortly after this her mother died, so that Hannah felt herself, for the first time in her life, alone. But hers was not a spirit for repining; she looked upon all the dispensations of her lot as coming from a higher hand, and therefore to be submitted to not only with complacency, but with cheerfulness. About this time, a neighbouring parish applied to some of the inhabitants of the little town in which Hannah resided, for the purpose of finding an asylum for a poor half-witted female belonging to the parish: she was to be allowed a small weekly aliment, and was to be taken as a sort of boarder. Hannah made known her willingness to receive this woman under her roof, not for the sake of the emolument, but from a benevolent desire to save the creature from the ill-usage to which she saw she would be subjected, unless she were properly looked after; for she had formerly been an object of persecution by the youngsters of the district. Hannah's application was successful, and Martha was established as an inmate of her humble dwelling. But she soon learned that, although her protégée was harmless and inoffensive in her nature, yet her habits were such as to render her anything but a pleasant companion. She had no idea of making herself in any way useful, nor could she perform for herself the simplest offices. Hannah, by gentle and persuasive means, however, in a wonderfully short time trained her to habits of cleanliness, and employed her in going errands, and in performing numerous little offices, until the poor imbecile became to her almost a companion and assistant. It seemed, indeed, as if Providence had raised up this otherwise helpless woman to comfort the latter years of her benefactress; for not long after Martha had begun to evince some degree of intelligence, poor Hannah became almost bedridden with her old complaint, "the pains," as she expressively called the rheumatism. For many years she was as helpless as a child, being lifted only occasionally out of bed by her son, or his wife, who lived very near to her, both of whom endeavoured, by every means in their power, to alleviate, as far as possible, the sufferings of the excellent woman. During all her illness, however, her mind was as active as during her days of health, her temper as serene, and her disposition as gentle and patient.

* In humble life in Scotland, married women continue to be called by their maiden name. —Ed.

'The care and attendance upon her little shop now devolved upon Martha, who acted as shopkeeper, cook, housemaid, and nurse. The whole of the transactions, mercantile and domestic, as I have said, being carried on in the same apartment, Hannah was enabled to give things the benefit of her mental supervision ; and to one accustomed to the bustle and heartlessness of *town* business, there was something irresistibly amusing, and at the same time touching, in their simple mode of conducting their business. The shop end of the apartment contained a small counter, a press in which the goods were stowed, a beam over the counter, from which were suspended two pairs of scales. The window contained in three of the panes glass bottles, filled respectively with barley-sugar, caraway comfits, and peppermint drops ; in the other three panes there were three varieties of biscuit, that in the centre being composed of gingerbread, the surface of which was rendered very attractive by means of a sprinkling of small coloured caraways. Leaning against the woodwork of the window, there were short tobacco-pipes upheld in a slanting position, and on the sill there was a display of bread of various kinds. The domestic arrangements were on the simplest possible scale : a chair or two, a table, a chest, and two wooden beds, comprised the whole of the furniture. There were also a few books, all of a religious character ; and within the bed occupied by Hannah there was a shelf where she deposited any little article which she considered of more than ordinary value. Her cash was kept here in two little cups, the one for silver, and the other for copper.

'For years this system of things went on, every year adding to the sufferings of Hannah. Her fate in this respect may be said to be that of thousands of persons in humble life, whose health is irretrievably impaired by the cold earthen floors on which they spend their lives—for, alas! piety the most sincere is no protection against the action of one of nature's most inflexible laws. Hannah's affliction was from a deep-seated rheumatism throughout the frame ; all her joints were frightfully swollen, and her hands contracted, yet no one ever heard her complain. Her only anxiety was an intense desire to preserve her credit with the few respectable dealers in town from whom she had her small supplies of goods. As to her own bodily sufferings, she afforded a beautiful instance of pious resignation, and in her, Christianity shone out something superior to what it usually appears even in the most favourable cases, for hers was of a practical, not a theoretic or formal order of belief. In her periods of greatest distress, she always spoke of the merciful way in which she had been sustained under her bodily anguish, and gratefully acknowledged that her chastening was for her good, and should be looked upon as a source of true consolation and ultimate happiness. This pious frame of mind sustained her to the end, and she died in the blessed hope of realising in a better world the enjoyments which in this were the constant theme of her contemplation.'

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WITHIN a very few miles of Edinburgh, there lived an old woman, known among her neighbours by the name of 'Auld Susan.' She was the daughter of a small farmer in the north of England, and in early life married a private soldier in a Scotch regiment, which happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood of her father's house. Having been on this account cast off and disowned by her parents, she followed her husband for many years during the early part of the last war, and in time became the mother of four sons, all of whom, as they grew up, attached themselves to the same regiment. After a long course of faithful service, Susan's husband was raised to the rank of sergeant; and as she was industrious and frugal, they contrived to make their situation more comfortable than that of a soldier's family generally is. Susan, however, had too much perilled upon the fortunes of war to continue long free from misery. She accompanied her husband and sons through the whole of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore. When the withdrawing army was finally engaged by the French at Coruña, she stood on a rising ground at no great distance from the field of action, ready to take charge of any of her family who might be obliged to retire disabled. While the fight was at the hottest, a wounded officer was borne past her, and on inquiring of the soldiers who carried him as to the fate of her husband and children, she was told that all, except one of the latter, were 'down;' they had fallen in receiving a desperate charge of French cavalry. At this moment, the tide of battle receded from the part of the field which it had hitherto chiefly occupied, and Susan rushed eagerly forward amidst the dead and dying, in the hope of finding her husband and sons, or at least some of them, still alive. The first sight which met her eyes was the prostrate body of the fourth son, who within the last few minutes had also been brought down, and was now, as she thought, on the point of expiring. Ere she could examine into the condition of the wounded lad, a large party of the enemy's cavalry swept across the field, in full retreat before the British, and she had only time to throw herself over the body of her son, in the desperate hope of protecting him from further injury, when it swept over her like a whirlwind, leaving her with a broken leg and arm, and many severe bruises. In this helpless state she was found after the battle by a few survivors of the company to which she had belonged, and conveyed on board the transports along with the wrecks of the army. On inquiry, she found that the fate of her husband and three eldest sons was too fatally certain;

that of the youngest was less so; his body had not been found; but there was little time for examination, and it seemed almost beyond a doubt that he had also shared the fate of his father and brothers.

Upon her arrival in England, the poor woman was sent to the hospital until her wounds were cured, but, after her recovery, was turned out desolate and destitute upon the world. A representation of her case to the War Office was unattended to; nor would her honest pride permit her to persist in importunity. The same independence of spirit forbade her seeking the assistance of her relatives. By means of a small subscription raised among her late husband's comrades, she travelled on foot to the place of his birth near Edinburgh, and with what was left she was enabled to put a few articles of furniture into a cottage which a worthy farmer rented to her for an almost nominal sum. The same kind friend afterwards procured her, although not without difficulty, a small weekly allowance—a mere pittance—from the parish funds, with which, and by means of knitting, spinning, rearing a few chickens, and the various other humble expedients of helpless poverty (for she was disabled from field-labour), she contrived to support existence in decency, if not in comfort.

Twelve years had passed away, and approaching age was gradually rendering the lonely widow less and less able to obtain the scanty means of sustenance, when one summer afternoon, as she sat knitting at the door of her cottage, a poor crippled object approached, dressed in rags, and weak from disease and fatigue. From the remnants of his tattered clothes, it was evident he had been a soldier, and the widow's heart warmed towards him, as, resigning to him her seat, she entered the cottage and brought him out a drink of meal and water, being all that her humble store enabled her to offer for his refreshment. The soldier looked wistfully at her as he took the bowl—the next moment it dropped from his hand. 'Mother!' he cried, and fell forward in the old woman's arms. It was her youngest son James, whom she thought she had left a corpse on the fatal field of Coruña. After mutually supposing each other to be dead for the long space of twelve years, these unfortunate beings were doomed to be re-united in this vale of sorrow, mutually helpless, feeble, and destitute. But the love of a mother never dies: the poor widow scrupled not to solicit those aids for her son which she never would have asked for herself; and the assistance of some compassionate friends procured her the means of restoring him to health, although he never regained his full strength.

James's story, from the time of their last parting, was a short and sad one. He had recovered from the temporary trance into which his wound had at first thrown him, had seen his mother's mangled and apparently senseless body lying beside him, and concluding she was dead, had endeavoured to crawl out of the way of further danger, but fell into the hands of a party of the enemy.

He remained a prisoner in France for upwards of two years, when, an exchange having taken place, he was once more placed in the British ranks, and sent with his regiment to North America. He had served there during the whole war with the United States, and was subsequently transferred to a West India station, where his wounds broke out afresh, and his health declined, in consequence of the heat of the climate. Those acquainted with military matters will understand, although the writer of these lines confesses his inability exactly to describe, how a British soldier may be deprived of the recompense to which his wounds and length of service legally and justly entitle him. The poor man we speak of met this unworthy fate. He had, at his earnest request, been transferred into a regiment ordered for England (seeing certain death before him in the tropics), which was disbanded the moment of their arrival, and he was thrown utterly destitute, and left to beg or starve, after all his hardships and meritorious services to his country. Being unable to work, he was compelled to assume the mendicant's degraded habit, and had begged his way down to his father's birthplace in Scotland, in the hope of finding some of his relatives alive, and able to shelter him, when he unexpectedly recognised his old mother in the manner described.

GOLD AND GOLD-DIGGERS.

NEVER was the excitement connected with the discovery of any other metal so intense and so wide-spread as that relating to GOLD. Let us trace some of the extraordinary phases of this excitement, and then glance rapidly at the chief commercial results of the discoveries. But before doing so, it may be well to notice the form or forms in which the metal exists in the natural state.

Gold occurs sparingly in many hard rocks, such as granite, gneiss, mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, &c., and sometimes even in limestone and other such rocks. It occurs far more abundantly in quartz, pure unmixed flint, or silex. In igneous or metamorphic rocks, the quartz usually occurs in veins, or in large, irregular bunches or lumps, with veins diverging from them. These veins are most commonly only a few feet wide, and for the most part traverse the rocks in a vertical or highly inclined position. Sometimes, however, veins or irregular masses occur many yards across in every direction; and sometimes, but very rarely, quartz is found in such abundance as to make what even might be called hills of itself. The gold is disseminated in this quartz, sometimes in such exceedingly minute

particles as to be invisible, not only to the naked eye, but even to the eye aided by a powerful lens. More commonly, the gold is seen as little yellow specks, flakes, or grains scattered through the quartz. When the quartz has a crystalline structure, which it often has, little nests of gold, likewise crystalline, may be seen imbedded between the interlacing crystals of the quartz. Where the interstices in the quartz are large, these are sometimes entirely filled up with gold; and not unfrequently irregular holes and crevices seem to have been formed in the quartz by decomposition or rottenness, which have sometimes been subsequently filled with gold. In such cases, the gold often assumes irregular forms, such as melted lead will when poured into water—forms which have given people the idea of the gold having been deposited in a state of fusion, a notion in all probability utterly unfounded. How the gold got into the quartz, is a point at present so uncertain, that no man of science would take upon himself the responsibility of answering the question. The size of the irregular lumps thus entangled in the quartz varies greatly, the largest hitherto known single lump in the world being an Australian one of 2166 ounces weight. It is, however, usually found in small flakes, grains, and dendritic strings, weighing only a few grains.

The last time the land of any country on the earth slowly rose from beneath the sea, it must of course have been subject to the degrading and destructive power of the breakers, and of the waves and tides and currents, and all that wearing action we now see going on on our own shores daily and hourly before our eyes. The consequence is, that portions of every rock, large or small, have been broken off, washed and dashed about upon beaches, or under shallow water, rolled into pebbles, pounded into sand, or ground down into mud and clay. These pebbles, sand, mud, and clay, have been transported by these moving waters often to great distances from their parent site, the largest and heaviest being generally removed the least distance, but the finer and lighter particles swept sometimes tens, sometimes hundreds of miles away from the rock they were first broken off. Such is the origin of all the mud, clay, sand, gravel, and other loose and incoherent materials we so commonly find beneath the surface in all countries when we dig below the soil, interposed between it and the main body of the solid rock* below. Sometimes these accumulations are entirely wanting, even over large spaces; sometimes they are but a few inches thick, often but a few feet; but occasionally they occur in masses 100 or 150 feet in thickness. They are disseminated with great irregularity, sometimes lying on the tops, or resting on the sides of hills of considerable elevation; but most frequently we find them in the valleys and in the lowest levels of a country, whither moving water would have, of course, the greatest tendency to sweep them.

* By rock here, we mean any large regularly formed mass of earthy matter, whether it be hard or soft.

Now, whenever the moving waters of the sea, by which these drift-materials were thus formed and deposited, attacked rock containing gold, it would of course break off lumps of it, just as of any other rock, and equally wash, roll, and knock it about, and thus break it up into smaller fragments, round it into pebbles, and grind it into sand. In this way, much of the gold would be knocked out of the rock, and much water-worn gold accumulated, or water-worn fragments of gold and quartz together.

From this point of time, however, there is a remarkable difference observable in the action of the water on the gold, and on rock which contains no gold. All kinds of rock, or earth, or stone, at all events all the common kinds, are pretty nearly of the same specific gravity —that is to say, of the same weight, bulk for bulk. Chalk, clay, limestone, compact sandstone, granite, marble, basalt, have all specific gravities varying from 2 to 3—that is to say, they are twice or thrice the weight of their bulk of water. Pure gold, however, has a specific gravity of 19, or is nineteen times as heavy as its bulk of water; and the most impure ore of gold that occurs in nature has at least a specific gravity of 12 or 15. Gold, then, is about six or seven times as heavy as quartz, or any other stone it is likely to be associated with. The consequence of this is, that moving water has at least seven times less power over it—less power to move it along, either suspended in the water or rolling along its bed.* When the drift, therefore, was formed, vast quantities of stone might be removed to great distances, while the gold was left behind, not far from its native site. All the large lumps of gold will certainly be but little removed, as also all the large lumps of quartz heavily freighted with gold. Grains of gold and small lumps may be carried further, while scale-gold and fine dust, especially if flat and thin, may be carried to very considerable distances.

GOLD-FEVER IN CALIFORNIA.

Let us now see into what wild paroxysms of excitement and delight, alternating with periods of disappointment and misery, the discovery of gold can lead vast masses of men. And let us begin with California—the auriferous region which was the first of the modern discoveries. While yet its riches were unknown, this region belonged to Mexico, and was known as Upper California, to distinguish it from the peninsula, called Lower California. This last still belongs to Mexico; but, in 1848, Upper California was ceded to the United States, and in 1850 became the state of California.

Separated from the Pacific Ocean by a breadth of 150 miles, there runs along this country the range of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy

* We shall see this more clearly, perhaps, when we reflect, that stone suspended in water loses one-third of its weight, but that gold suspended in water loses only one-nineteenth of its weight.

Mountains. Westward of this range, we find ourselves with warm skies overhead, green lands around, and forests, lakes, and plains, valleys and hills blending their varied beauties in the landscape; busy towns and crowded sea-ports studding the shores, the blue Pacific beyond, and deeply laden ships passing in and out of the harbours. At the northern extremity, the Rio Sacramento takes its rise among the Snowy Mountains, and pouring its fertilising waters along a wide valley for 250 miles, forms a junction with the San Joachin, which flows an equal distance from an opposite direction; and these two rivers, having thus irrigated an unbroken valley 500 miles in length, pour their united streams to San Francisco, and there roll into a harbour which, some writers say, would shelter the united fleets of Europe.

Numerous rivers pour down from among the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada into the Sacramento and San Joachin. Between these and the sea lies a broken range of less elevated hills, which cradle among their summits the sources of other streams that flow directly towards the shore, and discharge their tribute into the sea, at intervals along the whole coast. The region is therefore profusely watered, and the richness of the soil in some of the interior valleys is not surpassed by any in South America.

Possessed for ages by a sparse population of Indians, California was made known to Europe by Hernan Cortez in 1530, and gradually fell under the dominion of Spain. Three centuries later, the United States annexed the northern half of the country; and then California revived from a sluggish state into which it had sunk under Spanish rule. Industry was again awake; old villages were re-tenanted; new ones were built; the wasted lands were covered with fresh cultivation; towns that had fallen to ruin, with grassy streets and harbours wholly silent, became full of active life; and indeed the entire region presented the appearance of a country reviving from a long and lethargic apathy to new energy and prosperity. The means of reaching California by land were developed by degrees. About 1810, James Pursley discovered a passage across the Rocky Mountains from Platte River to Santa Fé. This became a regular caravan route about 1824. In 1845, Captain Fremont struck a new path across the mountains, farther north, so as to reach the Sacramento. The travelling arrangements were year by year improved, until, in 1869, a railway was opened across the whole breadth of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The discovery of gold in this region was mainly due to Captain Sutter, an indefatigable man, who had formed a settlement high up the Sacramento river. In September 1847, he erected a water-mill in a spot more than a thousand feet above the level of the lower valley. His friend, Mr Marshall, was engaged in superintending an alteration in it, and Captain Sutter was sitting one afternoon in his own room writing. Suddenly Marshall rushed in with such excitement

in his face, that his friend confesses to have cast an anxious eye at his rifle. His sudden appearance was sufficiently curious; but Sutter thought him mad when he cried out that he had made a discovery which would pour into their coffers millions and millions of dollars with little labour. 'I frankly own,' he says, 'that when I heard this I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunder-struck.' It was explained that, while widening the channel that had been made too narrow to allow the mill-wheel to work properly, a mass of sand and gravel was thrown up by the excavators. Glittering in this Mr Marshall noticed what he thought to be an opal—a clear transparent stone common in California. This was a scale of pure gold, and the first idea of the discoverer was, that some Indian tribe or ancient possessors of the land had buried a treasure. Examination, however, shewed the whole soil to teem with the precious metal; and then mounting a horse, he rode down to carry the intelligence to his partner. To none but him did he tell the story of his discovery, and they two agreed to maintain secret the rich reward. Proceeding together to the spot, they picked up a quantity of the scales; and with nothing but a small knife, Captain Sutter extracted from a little hollow in the rock a solid mass of gold weighing an ounce and a half. But the attempt to conceal this valuable revelation was not successful. An artful Kentuckian labourer observing the eager looks of the two searchers, followed and imitated them, picking up several flakes of gold. Gradually the report spread, and as the would-be monopolists returned towards the mill, a crowd met them holding out flakes of gold, and shouting with joy. Mr Marshall sought to laugh them out of the idea, and pretended the metal was of little value; but an Indian who had long worked elsewhere in a mine of the costly metal, cried: 'Oro! oro!' and 'Gold! gold!' was shouted in a lively chorus by the delighted multitude. This is the account we have from Captain Sutter himself. In other narratives, the history of the discovery assumes many different forms and colours. A squatter constructing a shanty found gold in the stones employed to build it; a traveller traversing a stream fell into the water, and the precious dust glittered in the mud adhering to his clothes; a hunter in chase of the elk lay down to sleep in a cavern shining on all sides with scales of gold—these and other accounts have been promulgated. The rumour was spread abroad, and the people of San Francisco began to leave the town and swarm to the 'diggings.' A large body of Mormon emigrants had just entered California through the south pass of the Rocky Mountains; they immediately encamped near Sutter's Mill, and within a few days more than 1200 men were at work, with buckets, baskets, shovels, spades, and sheets of canvas, seeking for gold in the sand of the south fork of the Rio des los Americanos.

Perhaps in no other country, at any period of its history, has so sudden and wonderful a revolution taken place as that which followed this discovery: as well over the Rocky Mountains as by sea, ceaseless arrivals from all quarters of the globe swelled the population (previously only 25,000 souls). The towns on the coast were soon almost wholly deserted, and the few residents that remained made ample fortunes by levying exorbitant sums for the entertainment and supply of the travellers who came to the port. Vessels in the harbour were deserted; the harvest was at first unreaped; and the industry of the country suddenly stopped, as though struck by a universal paralysis, while the flood of population contracted and poured into the valley of the Sacramento. Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground. Still, hundreds slept in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried to the United States more glowing accounts of the gold.

A few instances of the incidental features of society after the spread of the mania among the adventurers in search of wealth may neither be out of place nor unentertaining.

In May 1848, the negro waiter at the *San Francisco Hotel*, before the mania had reached its greatest height, refused to serve his master at the rate of less than ten dollars, or about two pounds a day. But the universal rage was so strong, that the 'mineral yellow fever,' as it was termed, left San Francisco at first almost wholly deserted; and at the same season a large fleet of merchant-vessels lay helpless and abandoned, some partially, others wholly deserted. One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board; from another the captain started with all his crew, replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to plunder, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The *Star* and *Californian* newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had gone to dig for gold; and among the most active workers in the valley was the 'attorney-general to the king of the Sandwich Islands.' The influence of this wonderful excitement extended all over the world, but was felt most powerfully in the neighbouring regions of Oregon and Mexico. There, during the early period of the excitement, the public roads—and especially the nearest way over the hills—were crowded with anxious travellers, each face bent towards the ridges of hills dividing their adopted country from the gold regions. Whole towns and villages were left peopled by scarcely any other than women, while the men were devoutly on the pilgrims' path to the shrine of mighty Mammon.

The population that was suddenly gathered together in the valley of the Sacramento was among the most motley and heterogeneous

ever collected in any spot on the surface of the globe. Californian Indians, with their gay costume in gaudy mimicry of the old nobility of Castile; rough American adventurers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, artisans, professional men, and mechanics of all descriptions, thronged into the scene. Among them were conspicuous a few ancient Spanish dons in embroidered blue and crimson clothes, that in their own country had been out of fashion for forty years. A few gentlemen, and numbers of women, were among the delvers; while, after some months had elapsed, even China opened her gates to let out some adventurous house-builders, who took junks at Canton, sailed across ten thousand miles of sea, arrived at San Francisco, and there betook themselves to their calling, and made large fortunes by the construction of light portable buildings for the use of the gold-finders in the hot and populous valley.

Within eighteen months, 100,000 men arrived in California from the United States, and settled temporarily in the valley; though, after a short period, the return steamers were as well laden with life as the others. Nine thousand immense wagons came through the pass of the Rocky Mountains, with an average of five persons to each vehicle; 4000 emigrants rode on horseback through the same route; and of the others, many crossed the Isthmus of Panama, where the passengers were sometimes so impatient, that the government packets were pressed into their service, and compelled to start on their voyage before the arrival of the mails. Others made the sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round Cape Horn. In a New York paper, sixty sail of ships were advertised to sail for the gold region in one day. The route by the emigrant trail was at first one of the utmost weariness and peril. The road, rough and broken as it was, was thronged with an almost perpetual stream of caravans; whole armies appeared to be marching to the gold regions; and each of these, as it passed, opened an easier way to its successor by levelling the mounds, throwing bridges across the water-chasms, filling up ravines, and hewing shorter routes through the woods. Yet numbers fell by the way, and died of hunger, or thirst, or sheer fatigue, though many were relieved at the settlement of the Mormon Saints, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Arrived at their destination, their first care was to provide themselves, if not already prepared, with implements—pots, kettles, crowbars, colanders, baskets, and cradles. These and other instruments, various and multiplied, constituted the wealth of the gold-seeker. The towns on the coast were in a continual bustle; every remnant of their population was engaged in working at high rates of remuneration to supply the wants of new-comers. Captains were compelled to handcuff their men, to prevent their yielding to the attraction of the magnetic mineral lying in the valley. Labourers could only be induced to remain with their employers for a week or two at ten dollars a day; carpenters and blacksmiths were paid with a daily

ounce of pure gold : laundresses received about thirty-five shillings for every dozen of articles they washed ; cooks commanded thirty guineas a month ; and houses recently bought for a barrel of 'strong water,' sold for 20,000 dollars. One speculator spent £45,000 on the erection of a three-story frame hotel, and immediately found a tenant, who paid him 20 per cent. on the outlay, and let some of the rooms, each at the rate of 400 dollars a month, for gambling purposes. The whole place was a theatre of excitement, and in the delirium of the mania, persons even far removed from the scene of enthusiasm committed acts of the utmost folly. They shipped whole cargoes of fine calicoes and rich silks to a land where there was hardly a female population at all ; they transported immense consignments of costly furniture to towns where the habitations were mere mud hovels or timber-frames ; they brought in one mass tobacco enough for several years' consumption ; paper, which, as the Americans said, 'the stupendous wastefulness and extravagance of all the Congresses since the Union could not have consumed since the Declaration ;' and a number of magnificent pianofortes, which sold for their value as *cupboards !*

Yet the prices paid for merchandise and commodities really wanted were extraordinary : blankets at eight guineas each, fresh water at a shilling a bucket. Wines and liquors were consumed in profusion, though to be procured only for extravagant sums. Gold-dust, doubloons, and dollars were the only money accepted ; and a traveller has declared that many of the miners flung away showers of small coins, rather than be troubled with the possession of them ! But this feverish fit, like all other paroxysms, was temporary, though, while it lasted, San Francisco was worthy to be the capital of a gold region. In the cafés, you were charged, for a small slice of ham, two eggs, and a cup of coffee, twelve shillings ; and all other provisions sold at equal rates. Powder was very costly, and yet intoxicated men rushed through the streets discharging guns, pistols, and revolvers, through mere recklessness ; while others, mounted on horses hired at several guineas a day, galloped wildly without purpose along the beach. The whole town was a Babel, and in its outskirts the scene was no less confused, and still more picturesque. A vast camp stretched around it, and along the shore, to a considerable distance on either side. Tents of all sizes, shapes, and colours crowded the mist-covered hills, and piles of merchandise obstructed the passages between. Immense fires burned in all directions, and uncouth groups were busy round them, engaged in the various processes of cooking or preparing their clothes, arms, implements, or equipage for the journey to the valley of the Sacramento. Such is a sketch of the gateway of this region as it appeared under its new aspect in 1848.

The early processes of gold-finding at California may now be described. The gold flakes were found impregnating the sand or

shingle, either actually below water, or left dry by the absorption or diversion of some current from the hills; though in the gullies and ravines large lumps were plentifully discovered in the crevices of rocks, in cracks in the ground, or among the roots of trees. The sand in the streams was usually worth, in the gross, from one to two shillings a poundweight. The soil was composed largely of gravel, full of small stones like jasper, fragments of slate, and chips of basalt, evidently washed down from the mountains. At first, the simplest method was employed to collect it. Tubs, pails, and tin pans were filled with mud and water, which was rapidly stirred, allowed to settle for a moment, and then poured off, leaving the heavy portion precipitated to the bottom. This was found a tedious and incomplete process. Sieves of woven willow-twigs were next tried, and for the same reason abandoned by all who could procure more serviceable utensils. Some ingenious miner invented the 'rocker,' a wooden cradle raised more at one end than at the other, and thus forming an incline. Across the bottom are nailed some broad laths, and over the top is placed a grating or perforated plate of tin. Some are small, and worked by one man, who first piles the auriferous earth on the upper tray, and then with one hand rocks the machine, while with the other he bales water into it with a tin pan. Some of them, however, occupy four men, whose division of labour is complete: one with a suitable spade shovels the earth into his pans; the next carries it to the cradle, and flings it heavily on the close grating: the third rocks the machine; and the fourth continually pours water upon the mass inside. A heavy sediment, rich in gold, is left at the bottom, while all the light substances are washed away. In the upper districts, the gold was principally found in the bed or dry beds of mountain torrents, between rocky and precipitous channels, in a yellowish-red soil. The finer dust was found in the lower region, the rough lumps in the more elevated. Massive pieces were discovered only in the upper country.

The scenes presented in the gold region by the busy multitude toiling in it were thus described at that period: 'In one spot may be seen a party of newly arrived emigrants, each armed with a shovel, a tin pan, a sieve, or a colander, and all standing in the water scooping up the sand into buckets, stirring the contents with their bare arms, and watching the result with glistening eyes, as the water is poured off, and the precious sediment revealed; in another, men are busy in collecting the gold-dust, after passing through the first rough process of cleansing, in small, closely woven baskets of Indian manufacture, which are arranged on the ground in the full glare of the sun; in another, a large party is labouring with the immense rockers—or gold-canoes, as the Indians term them—gravely, as though accustomed to their task; in another, scattered individuals are groping with knives, crowbars, and even common sticks, in the dry ravines, expecting by this desultory labour to earn

more by picking up small masses of pure ore than by industriously toiling amid the sands; in another, the miners are spreading their shining stores to dry on pieces of canvas; while everywhere multitudes of men, in all varieties of costume, and collected from all quarters of the world, maintain an incessant motion and hum, suggesting the idea of some colony of gigantic ants engaged in collecting the materials for their dwellings.'

Many adventurous dealers established stores or improvised shops at the diggings in the following way: In front was placed a large awning, with a barrel set upright at each corner. Four broad planks formed convenient counters on each side, and on these were displayed the articles for sale. The miners, clad in greasy deer-skin pantaloons, and red hunting-shirts—the common costume in the diggings—came to the store, and produced, from the folds of a sash or handkerchief, leathern pouches full of gold scales, which they shook into the balance to the amount demanded. Some of the dust often fell on the board, and the storekeepers volunteered to return it; but unless it was a large quantity, the general answer was: 'No; keep it: there's plenty more where that came from.' One man came to them for a bottle of brandy, and bought it for half an ounce of gold-powder, inviting the Americans to drink with him. They declined; he insisted, and they still refused; when he dashed the bottle to shivers against a tree, and went on with other purchases.

The gains amassed by the miners were regulated partly by the shrewdness of the individual in the choice of his locality, and partly by accident. Some collected gold at the rate of half an ounce, others of an ounce, a day; while there were instances of a thousand dollars per man per day. Some of the miners were accustomed to toil incessantly for a long period, and then, assembling near some well-provided store, to spend most of their gains in one extravagant fit of luxury, when they returned to their labour, to renew the feast as soon as new treasure had been accumulated. They spread an awning overhead, supplied themselves with brandy, champagne, and choice provisions, ate and drank to repletion; and when satiated with the costly indulgence, rushed out among the tents with brandished knives or rifles, shooting at any mark they fancied. But worse than mere reckless squandering occurred. Many of the men were desperadoes, and their success was distributed unequally. Here at once was a source of disorganisation. The unfortunate envied the prosperous, and these suspected all others. Partnerships were formed in sanguine hope, and broken off in bitter distrust.

To what extent the gold-workings of California have been carried on in subsequent years, we shall notice in a later page. At present, we dwell only on the extraordinary scenes of excitement which the first year or two of the discovery presented. And now it will be

interesting to trace the production of scenes very similar in character, in a wholly distinct part of the world.

GOLD-FEVER IN AUSTRALIA.

Every one knows that Australia is a great squarish-shaped island, or rather continent, in the southern hemisphere, about 2000 miles across from north to south, and 2500 from east to west, with the tropic of Capricorn running through the middle of it, so that its northern coasts reach within 11 degrees of the equator. Along its eastern side there runs a band of mountainous country, from Cape York on the north, to Wilson's Promontory on the south. These mountains rise 6500 feet in a part called the Australian Alps, or Snowy Mountains, in about south latitude 36°, and this is the loftiest point at present known in the country. There are numerous summits rising 4000 feet all along the course of the chain as far north as Cape Melville, near south latitude 14°, beyond which it gradually declines in height and importance. In the colony of Victoria are several short ranges of mountains, fifty miles long or so, running north and south, and rising 3000 or 4000 feet above the sea. The great eastern chain is very largely composed of granite, which forms some of its most lofty and massive mountain groups, and often appears in the beds of its ravines beneath the other rocks. On the granite rest great but irregular masses of gneiss, mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, and other metamorphic rocks. These are frequently traversed by granitic dikes and veins, as also by large intrusive masses of granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and other similar igneous rocks. Upon this metamorphic set of rocks rest here and there large and regularly stratified sheets of unaltered rocks, principally sandstone, with interstratified beds of shale, and some beds of limestone. These rocks are full of fossils, resembling those found in the Devonian and Silurian rocks of Western Europe; and among the mineral treasures contained in them, gold is now known to be one.

The discovery of gold in Australia, like that of California, was reserved for an individual who proceeded upon no scientific view of the subject. Mr Edward Hargreaves, having had a farm on the flanks of the Conobolas, some thirty miles west of Bathurst, in New South Wales, went to California in search of gold. While there, he was struck with the similarity between the rocks and earthy matters of California and those of his own district. He returned, accordingly, to Australia, 'prospected' in his own neighbourhood, and after one or two months' search (April 1851), found some gold. Being assured of the valuable nature of his discovery, Mr Hargreaves applied to the colonial government for reward; and on his report being verified by Mr Stutchbury, the colonial geologist, Mr Hargreaves was rewarded by a bonus of £500, and an appointment as 'Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Exploration of Gold Districts.'

The excitement of course became intense throughout the colony of New South Wales, and spread rapidly into that of Victoria. People, many of them ill provided and ill suited for the work, rushed to the gold-diggings; wages rose to great rates; and the prices of provisions to extravagant heights. It was soon found, however, that gold-digging was hard and weary work, and that, carried on without proper preparation of tools and division of labour, without shelter and with scanty food, it was too much either for the health, the strength, or the resolution of most people to endure. A considerable reaction took place accordingly, and wages and food sank again nearly to their original prices in New South Wales. A slight accession of the gold-fever occurred, in consequence of the discovery of a hundredweight of gold, or £4000 worth in one block, on the Murroo Creek, fifty miles north of Bathurst. This finding of a hundredweight of gold is so singular a circumstance in the world's history, that a particular account of it may be acceptable. 'In the first week of July [1851], an educated aboriginal, formerly attached to the Wellington Mission, and who had been in the service of W. J. Kerr, Esq., of Wallawa, about seven years, returned home to his employer with the intelligence, that he had discovered a large mass of gold amongst a heap of quartz upon the run whilst tending his sheep. He had amused himself by exploring the country adjacent to his employer's land, and his attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of the quartz, upon which he broke off a portion. At that moment, the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home and disclose his discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it. As may be supposed, little time was lost by the worthy doctor. Quick as horseflesh would carry him, he was on the ground; and in a very short period the three blocks of quartz, containing *the hundredweight of gold*, were released from the bed where, charged with unknown wealth, they had rested perhaps for thousands of years, awaiting the hand of civilised man to disturb them. The largest of the blocks was about a foot in diameter, and weighed 75 pounds gross. Out of this piece, 60 pounds of pure gold were taken. Before separation, it was beautifully incased in quartz. The other two were something smaller. The auriferous mass weighed, as nearly as could be guessed, from two to three hundredweight. The heaviest of the two large pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honeycomb or sponge, and consisted of particles of a crystalline form, as did nearly the whole of the gold. The second larger piece was smoother, and the particles more condensed, and seemed as if it had been acted upon by water. The remainder was broken into lumps of from two to three pounds and downwards, and was remarkably free from quartz or earthy matter.'

On the first reports of the discovery of gold near Bathurst reaching Victoria, many people started, and more were preparing to start from Port Phillip and the neighbourhood to Bathurst and the Turon. This would be a journey of between 400 and 500 miles, through a difficult and thinly peopled country, and would require ten days, even under the most favourable circumstances. The mass of the people attempting it would probably require a month. It began soon to be whispered, however, that this arduous journey might be spared, and that gold existed within two days' walk or ride of Melbourne. After many flying rumours and reports during the (southern) winter months of 1851—namely, June to September—certain information came to Mr Latrobe, the governor of Victoria, which induced him to make a journey to examine for himself.

In a report to Earl Grey, dated October 10, 1851, Governor Latrobe described what met his view on a visit to Ballarat: 'Gold has been detected, I believe, in all the superior formations, even in the superficial soil. But by far the richest deposit is found in the small veins of blue clay which lie almost immediately above the pipe-clay, in which no trace of the ore has been discovered. The ore is to all appearance quite pure. It is found occasionally in rolled or water-worn irregular lumps of various sizes, from a quarter or half an ounce to two ounces in weight, sometimes incorporated with round pebbles of quartz, which appears to have formed its original matrix; at other times, without any admixture whatever, in irregular rounded or smooth pieces, and again in fused irregular masses of pure metal of great beauty, weighing in some instances seven to nine ounces. . . . . I may give your lordship some idea of the value of this partial deposit, however, when hit upon, by stating that I witnessed during my visit the washing of two tin dishes of this clay, of about twenty inches in diameter, the yield of which was no less than 8 poundweights of pure gold; and I have seen two, or at most three cubic inches of the same yield four ounces. . . . . One party is known to have raised 16 poundweights at an early hour of the day, and to have secured 31 poundweights—value about £1300—in one day's work. Many parties of four men have shared, day after day, 10 ounces per man—value at least £30. I can testify to the fact of 10 poundweights—value about £400 or £440—and upwards being the produce of a single working during one of the days of my visit, and I have no reason to believe that this case was at that time an isolated one.'

In attempting to describe the state of excitement into which the population was thrown by the news of these occurrences, he says: 'Within the last three weeks, the towns of Melbourne and Geelong, and their large suburbs, have been in appearance almost emptied of many classes of their male inhabitants. Not only have the idlers, to be found in every community, and day-labourers in town and the adjacent country, shopmen, artisans and mechanics of every description,

thrown up their employments, and in most cases leaving their employers and their wives and families to take care of themselves, run off to the workings; but respectable tradesmen, farmers, clerks of every grade, and not a few of the superior classes followed—some unable to withstand the mania and force of the stream, or because they were really disposed to venture time and money on the chance, but others because they were, as employers of labour, left in the lurch, and had no other alternative. Cottages are deserted, houses to let, business is at a standstill, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs, not a man is left; and the women are known, for self-protection, to forget neighbours' jars, and to club together to keep house. Even masters of vessels, foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining any control over their men otherwise, have found the only way was to join them, make up a party, and go shares with them at the diggings.'

When the excitement consequent on the discovery of the Ballarat Diggings was beginning to abate, and many men returning to their employments, it received a fresh accession of strength, and was turned into a new direction, by the report of those found at Mount Alexander. This is a hill about seventy miles north-west of Melbourne, part of the granitic district of Mount Macedon and Mount Byng. Writing in December, Mr Latrobe said: 'I will here only briefly state, that the gold raised upon the Mount Alexander gold-fields is now calculated by hundredweights, and arrives in the cities by the government escort or private conveyance at the rate of probably two tons per week—so it has been at least for the last two weeks.'

Those of the labouring class who returned successful, naturally committed all sorts of extravagance: some ordered the best and most expensive silks and dresses for their wives and children, as well as gold watches and chains, the most costly that could be got; bank-notes were eaten between slices of bread and butter, and other stories are current, such as one reads as told of sailors paid off with prize-money during the war. One deep old file, an *old soldier* in every sense of the term, had a child born to him at one of the diggings, and instantly seeing his chance, went round with a hat to make a collection for 'the little stranger'—'the first child born at the diggings:' the value of his hatful was found to amount to about £3000!

All ordinary employments, and all the ordinary relations of society, were meanwhile undergoing a strange revolution in Melbourne. One of the judges was so deserted of all servants, that, but for the assistance of his sons, he, being lame, could not have been drawn in his wheeled-chair from his house to his court. A gentleman offered a man half-a-crown to take a letter to the post-office, a distance of a few hundred yards. The man looked disgusted. 'Why,' he replied, 'I would not take my pipe out of my mouth for that sum.' Another

offered a digger a shilling to lift a bag of sugar off his dray. The digger looked at him a moment, and then, putting his foot on a stump, said: 'There, tie my shoe, and I'll give you five shillings.' It was also related, that a sheep-farmer, who had been deserted by his men, went after them to the diggings, and tried to wile them back by an offer of what would, in ordinary circumstances, have been extravagantly high wages, when they coolly made the counter-proposal to him of a still higher salary, provided he would stay and act as their cook. All the successful gold-diggers did not act with extravagance. Captain Chisholm, within seven weeks after his arrival at Port Phillip, had received not less than £2000 in gold-dust, from labouring-men, to pay the passage out of their relatives at home.

By the month of September 1852, the accounts from Australia gave such a view of the progress of the gold-digging as exceeded the most sanguine expectations that were originally formed upon the subject. The product of the precious metal in the Victoria fields, and especially at Mount Alexander, was of astounding magnitude. The first year of the Australian gold-mining, ending in May 1852, saw £3,600,000 exported to England. This, of course, at once enriched the colony, notwithstanding every drawback produced by the derangement of ordinary industry.

There was one *little* attack of the same gold-fever in another part of Australia, and at a much later date. But this was rather the fever of failure than of success, seeing that there was very little gold to reward the seekers. This time it was further north than either New South Wales or Victoria, being in Queensland. At a part of the east coast of Australia, 900 miles northward of Sydney, gold was discovered in 1858, on either side of Fitzroy River. No settlers in that region had found a means of existence, except the owners of a few sheep-farms and cattle-runs, stores, and drinking-booths. Unluckily, the reports were exaggerated. One rumour was to the effect that 'one man in a party of three had made £7000 as his share in one gold-field.' The *Sydney Morning Herald* made a determined attempt to trace this story to its origin, and found (as in the older story of the Three Black Crows) that the truth diminished in importance the farther back it was traced. 'A gentleman in office, Mr A., had heard it mentioned by Mr B. of the Exchange, who, it was said, had seen the letter describing the discovery. A second gentleman had it on what he considered most reliable authority—namely, five mercantile men, and one high official. As the official resided out of town, we deferred further inquiries until Tuesday morning. Yesterday, we sent to Mr B., who said he heard it from Mr C., a custom-house agent. To Mr C. accordingly we went, who referred us to Captain D. This gentleman was not at home; but a relative of his informed us that she had heard her brother mention that such a letter had been received, although she herself had not seen it. Pursuing our inquiries, we at

length heard that the letter was in the possession of the toll-keeper at the Paramatta toll-bar. A special messenger was at once sent thither. The toll-keeper said he had heard of the letter, but had not seen it.' And so the story of the £7000 vanished.

But the news spread like wild-fire before the correction could come. During one single month, the Sydney shipowners despatched no less than 27 vessels, taking out more than 3000 adventurers, diggers, storekeepers, &c.; Melbourne sent an equal number; while Brisbane and Newcastle helped to swell the list. Every one talked of Port Curtis, Gladstone, Rockingham, and other places near the Fitzroy, as if they were paved with gold. High and low were attacked with the fever. Those who did not go in person racked their ingenuity to prepare outfits for those who did. Six or seven thousand persons started nearly at one time, in ships which also carried deals, posts, rails, palings, shingles, doors, sashes, iron store-houses, blankets, mattresses, clothing, picks, shovels, axes, camp-kettles, portable stoves, belts for stuffing with gold, scales for weighing gold, and countless other articles. Workmen left their benches, labourers their fields, shopmen their counters, clerks their desks, fathers their families, to rush off to El Dorado — prepared for nothing but success; seeing that they were wholly unfitted to encounter failure or disaster. The result was a lesson of a severe kind. The voyage of many hundred miles was succeeded by a land-journey of thirty-five miles, from the landing-place at Rockhampton to the auriferous spot at Canoona, through a region having no roads, and very few vehicles. A little gold had really been found by the early adventurers; but those who came after, weary and foot-sore, had nothing but disappointment in store. Some, going westward to the diggings, met others returning east, impoverished and heart-sick. Plenty of stores were sent out, but were not owned by the gold-seekers, and could not be obtained by them for lack of money. At Canoona itself (the weather being very dry), water sold at sixpence a gallon. An eye-witness, representing one of the Sydney newspapers, said: 'Many hundreds of the adventurers, dismayed by the cries that met them, never went to Canoona at all; they landed, took fright, and sought eagerly for a return passage to Sydney. Hastily-built stores at Rockhampton were in imminent danger of pillage by the more ruffianly of the disappointed adventurers. Many of the passengers, startled at this state of affairs, did not land at all; they quietly returned to the port whence they came, wiser, but poorer than before. Many of the merchants and agents, going out with ventures of merchandise, resolved, under the circumstances, not to break bulk at all; they either held back for a time, or returned to Sydney. The sufferings of many on shore were very great, for Rockhampton and Canoona could not accommodate all, even if money had been at hand; while those whose little store of cash had been exhausted by the outfit and the voyage were reduced to absolute

want. The diggers or adventurers, arriving at a particular spot, and finding no gold, sought for some one on whom to cast the blame. One particular individual, living in the neighbourhood, had been one of the first to make the announcement of gold at Canoona: the disappointed and half-maddened people, rushing to an illogical conclusion with the same heedlessness with which they had rushed to the diggings, accused him of being the cause of their miseries; and he was placed in imminent peril of "lynching." The captains of all the ships were received with fierce abuse, on the ground that the shipowners had, by their exaggerated advertisements, contributed to the misery.' In later years, the gold-deposits of this part of Australia were steadily worked with a fair profit; but the opening scenes in 1858 were indeed desperate. We have stated that these diggings are in Queensland, but at the time of the discovery they were included in New South Wales—the colony not having been divided into two until 1859.

GOLD IN ALL COUNTRIES.

Although two particular regions of the globe have been marked by these extravagant social convulsions, arising out of the discovery of the precious metal in unexpected places, yet the extraction and commerce in gold have taken more regular forms in other countries, and from a very early period in the world's history. Until the Californian discoveries took place, the chief sources of supply in modern times were Brazil, Hungary, Transylvania, and Asiatic Russia. During a long series of years, the gold mines of these four countries yielded to the value of about £5,000,000 annually. Brazil, however, as well as Peru, New Granada, and other parts of South America, have gradually fallen off; because the auriferous sand, easily gathered, has become well nigh exhausted; and because South America does not possess much of the machinery necessary for the profitable extraction of the small percentage of metal contained in gold quartz. Hungary and Transylvania, in like manner, have somewhat declined in recent years as gold-producing countries.

Russia, especially in the Asiatic provinces, has gradually assumed a somewhat important position in regard to this source of national wealth. Nominally, there is great individual freedom in the search for gold; but practically much of the produce finds its way into the pockets of officials, who cheat both the revenue and the diggers. The adventurer may search on any spot not already appropriated, after certain formalities with the officials. The gold is found mostly in grains and small fragments in the sandy bed of streams. The actual workmen employed by the adventurer are mostly the unfortunates who have been banished to Siberia, and who are permitted to earn a little money in this way under a system of licensing. When the washings of one season are collected, the adventurer takes

his gold-dust and fragments to a government establishment. The gold is weighed, melted down, and poured into iron ingot-moulds, each of which, if full, would contain about thirty-six pounds avoirdupois. The ingot is assayed, and its value per ounce declared. In all these proceedings there are many loopholes for bribery, favouritism, and fraud; and much of the precious metal sticks (metaphorically) to the hands of the officials. The weighing, melting, assaying, and registering being concluded, the gold is sent to St Petersburg, and lodged in the royal mint. When coined into money, a certain percentage is retained by the state, for the expenses of transport, &c., and the remainder transmitted in cash to the owner. Some years ago it was stated that the owner seldom received so much as three-fourths of the registered value, owing to the doubtful nature of the officialism concerned in the matter; but possibly matters may have improved since. Mr Cottrell, one of the few observant English travellers in Siberia, has given the following account, to illustrate the precarious nature of gold-seeking in this region. A Russian gentleman, M. Astaschef, retired from government service, in order to become a gold-speculator. He borrowed forty thousand roubles from a merchant named Popof, who had made money by gold-speculation; and then joined partnership with a third person, M. Riazanof, who had spent no less than two hundred thousand roubles before finding any auriferous sands worth working. The partners made a lucky examination of the sands of a small stream, and agreed that each should take one bank or side. They realised wealth rapidly, and then established a company, of which they were appointed managers. Astaschef was reported a *millionaire* after the lapse of a few years; the tide of fortune had turned with him just in time; for thirty-five thousand out of his forty thousand borrowed roubles were expended before he hit upon the golden stream, which was in the government of Yeniseisk, between the rivers Touba and Kan. Another rich spot owned by him was near the boundary between the governments of Yeniseisk and Irkutsk. Russia has occasionally yielded gold, in her Siberian provinces chiefly, to the value of £4,000,000 in one year, but generally the quantity has been much less. The great start, from one or two to three or four millions sterling in a year, was made in 1842, consequent on new discoveries in the provinces of Tomsk and Yeniseisk. One of the largest nuggets the world has ever seen, valued at three thousand pounds, was ferreted out of the sands in Siberia.

In various other parts of Asia, besides Siberia, gold has been found, and for a much more considerable length of time; but the quantity in recent years has not been so great as to attract the attention of Europe. Africa, it is well known, contains gold, chiefly (so far as has been ascertained) in the sands and mud of rivers. Indeed, one part of the Atlantic sea-board of that continent has received the name of the Gold Coast, owing to the fact that the

natives, finding gold in the interior, bring it down for sale at the European settlements on the coast.

Passing over to the new continent, we have already stated that South America does not now occupy any very conspicuous position in regard to gold mines. The prosperity of the trade in that region culminated about a century ago, when the auriferous sands were very rich. Small gold-mining establishments are scattered about in Brazil, and in some of the numerous republics of South and Central America; but the sands are nearly exhausted; and the extraction of the precious metal from quartz is effected on a system so rude as to yield only a small margin of profit. Silver, in South and Central America, as well as in the Mexican provinces of North America, is now a more important metal than gold, so far as regards mines and mining.

Of the wonders of California we have treated at length, in reference to the wild excitement consequent on the gold-discoveries; we may here usefully say a few words concerning the amount of wealth realised. By the middle of 1852, when the Californian diggings had been at work about four years and a half, gold had been raised to the estimated value of £35,000,000—an average of £600,000 per month. Fourteen years later, in 1866, California claimed to have sent into the market 38,000,000 ounces of gold, valued at £150,000,000; and we cannot be far wrong in setting down £200,000,000 as the approximate value down to the end of 1869—a marvellous addition to the wealth of one single country.

British Columbia, another large region in North America, entered the list of gold-yielding countries about the year 1858. This, the youngest of England's colonies, is further north than California, but is, like it, confined between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The Fraser River, one of the streams flowing from the mountains to the ocean, is rich in gold; and it is a curious coincidence, that as gold was discovered in California almost at the time of the annexation of that region to the United States, so was a similar discovery made on the shores of the Fraser directly after the formation of British Columbia into an English colony in 1858—it having previously been a mere hunting-ground in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. The discovery was sudden, and was promising enough to draw numerous gold-diggers from California. A letter, written in the early summer of 1858, said: 'The gold exists from the mouth of Fraser River for at least two hundred miles up, and most likely much farther. Any one working on its banks has been able to obtain gold in abundance, and without extraordinary labour; the gold at present obtained has been within a foot of the surface. Thompson River is quite as rich in gold as Fraser River. The land about Thompson River consists of extensive sandy prairies, which are loaded with gold also; in fact, the whole country about both rivers is impregnated with it. I have already seen pounds and

pounds of it, and hope before long to feast my eyes upon tons of the precious metal; but not a bit of it, unfortunately, is my own. Before three months are over our heads, we expect to see at least 50,000 miners at work.' A correspondent of the *Times* told how precarious was the life of those who reached the diggings without money, and did not *immediately* find gold: 'Those who have money to pay for provisions, can have enough on the spot [at exorbitant prices]. Those who have no money must starve. The alternative is as clear as the sun at noonday. They can neither buy food nor leave the place. They cannot spread themselves over the country, for the following reasons: the banks of the river, high up where the miners are congregated, are steep and lofty perpendicular walls of rock, which cannot be scaled; while the other portions of its banks are covered with impenetrable forests, without a track or a trail, which they dare not penetrate for fear of the Indians.' Some spots, supposed to be very rich in gold, were so difficult of access as to present the following picture: 'A man has to carry his provisions in blankets, on his back, up a laborious ascent in hot weather. He cannot carry over fifty pounds in weight, besides his traps, tools, and firearms. He takes several days to perform the journey; at its termination, one-third or more of his stock of provisions has been used on the tramp. He digs, and digs successfully; but as he is in a wilderness where his supplies cannot be renewed, after a few days' work, he must hurry down before his little stock of eatables is exhausted; or if he remains until he shall have eaten it all, he dies of hunger. There is no relief for him. So he comes back with some gold, but not much. Several are said to have perished of hunger in this upper region.' Nevertheless, as the gold was unquestionably there, and in large quantity, adventurers conquered all other difficulties one by one; and Fraser River and its tributaries assumed a definite rank among auriferous regions. It was soon ascertained that the gold in the river-sands was the mere washings from more copious deposits in the rocks above; and road-makers by degrees hewed a path upwards. On the other side, hardy men from Canada, Red River, and Minnesota, pushed their way westward across the Rocky Mountains, and entered the golden regions by a new route. It is not easy to say what amount of gold has been raised in British Columbia; because, California being nearer, and more accessible, much of the gold finds its way thither, and figures in statistical accounts rather as a produce of the United States than of a British dependency. We find, however, the following sums mentioned as the value of the bullion and specie exported from British Columbia: £1,750,000 in 1864; £1,000,000 in 1865; £1,050,000 in 1866; and £700,000 in 1867. It is evident that we have only got hold of part of the facts here; the item for 1867 can only be a percentage of the value of the gold actually raised in that year.

Another portion of North America, Nova Scotia, entered the lists as a humble competitor with California and British Columbia in 1861. In the summer of that year, a man stooping to drink at a brook discovered something glittering in the water, at a place called Old Tangier: it proved to be gold. Soon afterwards, the precious metal was found at New Tangier, at a distance of less than a mile from the sea. Numerous other lucky spots were hit upon; and gold-washing and quartz-crushing became regular employments. One of the gold-fields, Laidlaw Diggings, is within a dozen miles of Halifax, the capital of the colony; and it possesses gold in the forms of small nuggets, specks and scales, and gold quartz. A 'Nova Scotia Gold Company' was established, chiefly for obtaining gold from quartz, by well-arranged machinery, but also for washing auriferous sands. The colony has never yet presented such rich deposits as the other two regions of North America just noticed. But, on the other hand, there were less privations in store for the first adventurous diggers. The country was settled, and a large portion well cultivated; the necessaries of life were plentiful and cheap; while communication with the busy port of Halifax was short and easy—a port, too, within ten or eleven days of England by Cunard steamer. In this, as in other regions, careful observers have noted how different a thing it is to pick up nuggets of pure gold, and to extract laboriously a small percentage of the precious metal from the quartz. Captain Hardy, who sent an account of the Nova Scotia diggings to one of the English newspapers, after noticing a few instances of the more fortunate kind, said: 'But let it be stated for the information of individuals who may contemplate seeking their fortunes in these nearest of the yet-discovered American gold regions, that they are not in the least likely to repay the man who may embark without capital, expecting to hew out his golden treasure in large nuggets, and with little labour, from the narrow quartz veins which intersperse the clay-slate of the gold district. Without doubt, quartz-mining will repay companies organised to prosecute mining on an extensive scale, with capital, and with the requisite machinery for crushing the quartz; but I can aver that in the numerous instances of solitary gold-seekers working their narrow claims of some thirty feet square, which are purchased of the provincial government for £4, and on a year's lease, they have not been repaid for leaving their rightful trades and avocations.' Between 1861 and 1868, Nova Scotia produced 160,000 oz. of gold, value £63,000.

Australia we have already noticed, in connection with the feverish excitement which arose out of the discovery of gold in 1851. There, as in California, the population settled down by degrees into something like regular order. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, benefited much more largely than Sydney, the chief city in New South Wales—partly because the produce in the first-named colony was

larger than in the second, partly because Melbourne had certain commercial advantages. Victoria had the renown of bringing to light the largest mass of nearly-pure gold the world has ever seen—so far as records afford the means of judging. It was discovered at the Ballarat diggings in 1858, and at once received the name of the 'Welcome Nugget.' The weight was 2166 oz., and the value £8376. This value shews, by its near approach to £4 per oz., that the purity must have been about equal to that of sterling or standard gold (£3, 17s. 9d. per oz.). New South Wales produced gold to the total weight of 3,281,000 oz., value £11,683,857, in the first ten years of her operations (1851–60). Victoria exceeded this quantity nine-fold: her produce in the same ten years reaching the enormous quantity (in round numbers) of 26,000,000 oz., value £104,000,000. We can well understand the pride and pleasure with which that colony sent the 'Gold Trophy' to the International Exhibition in 1862. It was an obelisk, 45 feet high, by 10 feet square at the base, representing in cubic content the bulk of all the gold raised in the colony in eleven years—1851 to 1861 inclusive. Down to the end of 1867, the sum-total was reckoned at £136,000,000—besides the gold of New South Wales. Taking the two colonies in six years, the relative degrees of activity which they have presented, in the export of gold in the various forms of coin, bars, and dust, are:

	Victoria.	New South Wales.
1862	£9,300,000	£3,000,000
1863	£9,300,000	£2,400,000
1864	£8,800,000	£3,000,000
1865	£8,500,000	£2,800,000
1866	£8,400,000	£3,300,000
1867	£7,800,000	£2,600,000

But these figures do not accurately denote the quantities of new gold raised year by year, seeing that the mints at Sydney and Melbourne coin for other colonies besides their own, and include large portions of such coinages among their exports. A recent Report states that there were 63,181 gold-miners at work in Victoria in 1868, earning an average of £105 per man in the year. The race between California and Victoria has been close: the one, £147,000,000 in nineteen years; the other, £136,000,000 in seventeen years. It will serve to illustrate the great difference between finding pure gold in the forms of nuggets and grains in sand and mud, and extracting it by mechanical processes from quartz, to state that, out of 350,405 tons of quartz crushed in Victoria in one year, the ratio of gold only averaged 17 dwts. 2 grains per ton—not much more than 1 part of gold in 40,000 parts of quartz.

New Zealand, another among the gold-fields of the southern hemisphere, is late in date and small in richness compared with

those just named; yet it has been the means of giving to the Middle Island (as it is called) a great preponderance in wealth over the Northern Island—irrespective of the troubles pressing on the latter consequent on the warlike proclivities of the Maories. The first discovery was made in the province of Otago, in June 1861. The discoverer, Mr Gabriel Read, descried the precious metal at a spot since called Gabriel's Gully, on a small river about forty miles from Otago, the chief town in the province. He notified the fact to the provincial council, by whom he was rewarded with the very modest sum of £500. Within two months from the day of the discovery, 3000 persons were at work on the banks of the Tuapeka, getting gold to the extent of 6000 oz. per week. About a year afterwards, the place and the scene were described in the following words: 'The immediate effect of the discovery of gold was to attract immigrants from Australia and from the neighbouring New Zealand provinces. Since then, the population of Otago has doubled, being now estimated at 25,000. Gold to the value of more than a million sterling has been exported from Dunedin, and that small body of settlers have suddenly found themselves raised to circumstances of affluence.' That these discoveries must have been very advantageous to the province of Otago, and indirectly to the whole of the colony, is made manifest by the following figures, relating to the quantity of gold shipped from New Zealand down to the end of 1867: 194,234 oz. in 1861; 410,862 oz. in 1862; 628,646 oz. in 1863; 480,187 oz. in 1864; 574,574 oz. in 1865; 735,376 oz. in 1866; and 686,753 oz. in 1867—gold to the value of £14,508,749 in seven years. Recently, valuable gold-discoveries have been made in the North Island also.

Lastly (for it is hardly necessary to speak of isolated deposits dotted about in various parts of the world), we may say a few words concerning the four sections of the United Kingdom. The discoveries made by antiquaries shew that gold was well known both in Britain and in Ireland many centuries ago, in the form of ornaments; and it is probable that some at least of this gold was found in Scotland.

In more than half the counties of England, gold has been discovered in small quantities; and there is evidence that, not only in medieval times, but as far back as the Roman occupation, the deposits were worked in a rude sort of way. About the year 1853, much excitement sprang up in Devon and Cornwall, due to the introduction of an ore-crushing machine of great efficiency. It has been long known that *gossan* and *mundic*, two mineral substances found in tin and copper mines, contain a little gold; but the expense of extracting the precious metal was more than the value of the extract. Professor Ansted stated, as the result of experiments, that if ore contains so little as half an ounce of gold to the ton, Berdan's ore-crushing machine would separate it at a profit. The question thence arose, What is the percentage of gold in the various mineral

substances found in copper and tin mines? The entire quieting down of gold-mining speculation in our counties supplies the answer; the percentage is too small to attract much notice from commercial men.

There is more chance in Wales than in England; the surface is more mountainous, and the mountains contain a good deal of metallic wealth. Almost all the twelve Welsh counties have yielded gold, in the copper, lead, and tin mines. In 1861 and 1862, much attention was bestowed on the Vigra gold mines, as they were called, about midway between Dolgelly and Barmouth. The gold was found in small veins in slaty beds, interlaid between coarse, greenish-gray gritstones. A water-wheel was erected on the spot, sixty feet in diameter, employed in working a powerful Cornish crushing-machine. The machine was capable of crushing forty tons of ore daily. In 1860, the whole Welsh produce was set down at 740 oz. Some of the ore yielded only from 3 to 19 dwts. per ton; but the produce of the Dolgelly district was found in 1862 to yield 353 oz. per ton. The works are still being carried on at a fair profit; but the really rich spots are few in number, and do not attract any large amount of capital or enterprise.

Ireland had a noticeable gold-fever in the last century. In 1796, a little nugget of gold, weighing somewhat under half an ounce, was found among the Wicklow Mountains. The news spread like wild-fire. Male and female, young and old, rushed to Croghan Kinshela; and gold to the value of £10,000 was found before the government took any steps in the matter. Probably the storms of ages had washed out numerous small bits of gold from the crevices of the rocks; but when this surface-store was exhausted, and arrangements made for a deeper and more scientific exploration, it was found that the expenses overbalanced the returns. And so died away the credit of the 'Wicklow gold mines.'

Scotland has also had its periods of excitement arising from discoveries of the precious metal; and as the recent Sutherland adventures illustrate very well the forms which this excitement assumes, a brief notice of the doings at Helmsdale will be welcome. Mr Gilchrist, a native of Sutherland, while engaged at gold-digging in Australia, was struck with a similarity in appearance between some of the creeks in the colony and those in Kildonan strath; and on his return home, he resolved to search for gold at the last-named place. The most northern railway station in Great Britain is (1869) at Golspie, near Dunrobin Castle; 17 miles beyond this is the town (or village) of Helmsdale; and 10 miles west of Helmsdale he found gold in the strath. The precious metal, in very small quantity, was obtained from the mud or alluvial deposit of a burn which flowed down from the hills. No sooner was this discovery noised abroad, than adventurers flocked in from the neighbouring districts. There being no town or village near the spot, the men took with them

blankets and poles to form tents, and a few implements and cooking vessels of the simplest kind. During the winter of 1868-9, great hardships were endured; some of the men sleeping under canvas in piercing cold, some trudging to and from Helmsdale every day. The operations were of a very simple kind, involving no boring or blasting. The diggers, with pickaxes and crowbars, broke up the alluvial deposits which had been washed by the stream into the crevices of the rocks. Basins, frying-pans, &c. were filled with this earth, and washed in the stream until everything was washed away but small spangles of gold. These spangles were so few as greatly to dishearten most of the diggers. When washing apparatus of a little better kind was used, the produce was somewhat increased. In the month of August 1869, about 300 persons were employed at Kildonan in gold-digging; and as bakers, butchers, and store-dealers had followed in their wake, the semblance of a small colony was making itself apparent. Indeed, two clusters of this singularly located community invented Gaelic names for their settlements, equivalent to 'Gold City' and 'Tent Town.' Not so much for the sake of profit, as to avoid occasions for dispute, the Duke of Sutherland granted licenses to the diggers, each for a certain area of ground. Many experienced miners from Australia have expressed a belief that the alluvial gold met with in Kildonan strath will be small in quantity (the largest nugget recorded weighed only 2 oz. 20 grains); and that, if the precious metal exists in quartz rock near at hand, it must be worked by better combinations of labour and machinery than have hitherto reached that spot. The Sutherland diggings have suggested the probability of gold deposits being met with in many other parts of Scotland, especially in the districts of Breadalbane, Braemar, Galloway, Lammermuir, Tweedmuir, and the hilly parts of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness. The Caledonian, the Deeside, and the Highland Railways give easy access to many of these spots.

METHODS OF GOLD-MINING.

The foregoing pages convey some information concerning the processes by which the precious metal is obtained from the soil. But it may be desirable to give fuller particulars. The best way, perhaps, will be to suppose a party of men going out to a new gold-district, or to new diggings in a district already partially occupied—to begin at the beginning, and thus trace the manner in which the operations develop themselves.

It has been found by experience that a gold-digging party should consist of not fewer than four people. To pursue the occupation to the best advantage of health and comfort, and therefore permanent profit, they should be provided with a small tent, with a stock of blankets, and a sufficiency of coarse clothing to afford a

change from wet to dry, with a cradle, and a stock of pickaxes, crowbars, and shovels. A wheel-barrow, a sieve or two, and one or two flat tin dishes, like milk-pans, are also necessary. For food, a stock of flour, of tea and sugar, and perhaps of salt pork, is necessary. A strong, light one-horse dray or cart is about the best conveyance on which to pack and carry these articles, the party proceeding for the most part on foot. If they are going to explore new ground, they should have some previous knowledge or experience to guide them in the search, it being absolutely necessary that they should know what kind of rock, or what kind of ground, will *not produce* gold, in order that they may avoid wasting their time on it. We will suppose them to have reached a probably auriferous region, through which it is possible somehow to get their dray. They arrive at the bed of a water-course or river, and they succeed in finding a water-hole. The dray is stopped in the most convenient spot, and set up for the night without unpacking. The horse is taken out and watered, and then tethered in the best spot of grass that can be found; meanwhile a fire is lighted, and the kettle set on to boil. If the 'damper' has been all exhausted at the last meal, one of the party proceeds to make another after the following fashion: He selects some smooth flat stone, or slab of rock, on which he lights a fire, and accumulates a mass of glowing embers. He then takes one of the tin dishes, half fills it with flour, which he mixes with water into a stiff paste; and when the slab of stone is sufficiently heated, he brushes aside the embers, spreads the paste upon it, and then piles the embers over it again, till it is baked into a roundish flat cake, about a foot in diameter, and an inch in thickness. But whether a damper or a loaf, a rasher or a steak, tea or coffee, beer or spirits, our party take their meal according to the exigencies of the situation. The horse is re-watered and re-tethered in a fresh locality, if necessary, and then wrapping himself in a blanket, each man lies and sleeps where he finished his supper. If it were in a very remote district, it would be wise if each one kept watch in turn through the night, with a gun loaded in his hand, to guard against possible mischief.

At earliest dawn, or before it, all hands would be astir, and while one prepared the breakfast, and another attended to the horse, the two others would probably be searching the bed of the river, or prospecting for gold. Digging down at some sandy spot, spadeful after spadeful of the earth would be carried in the tin pan to the water, half immersed, and then gently agitated, and shaken round and round till any particle of gold would have time to sink to the bottom of the mass. The coarse stuff is frequently skimmed off and thrown away, care being taken, of course, to throw away no visible pebble or nugget of gold; and the washing and sifting continued until nothing but a little sand, perhaps, is left, and this is carefully examined to see if it contain gold. When gold occurs, and probably

also when it does not, there is often found a heavy metallic sand, said to be titaniferous iron ore (called in Australia 'emery'), and possibly other minerals in a fine state of comminution. Should this trial be unsuccessful, our party pack up their traps, and continue their journey, choosing the easiest and openest route for their cart, which one or two of them accompany, while the others explore the river at other places, or search in the beds of its lateral creeks. Eventually, perhaps, they stumble on some rich diggings, when of course they set up their tent, unpack their cradle and tools, and set to work in real earnest. One of their number will then perhaps have to start to the nearest town or station for a fresh supply of provisions, and thus the news of their success becoming known, other persons follow them, and a great camp, or perhaps the elements of a town, is formed.

If, in place of exploring for themselves, our party go at once to a well-known locality already partially occupied, they will of course have to select a spot still untouched, or to purchase a partially explored one. In either case, they will have a certain plot of ground marked out for them, and each will have to take out a license to dig. Having procured their licenses, settled their claims, set up their tent, and made arrangement for the supply of food, the party set to work. If they have any depth of soil or earth to clear away, it will be necessary that two should work at the actual diggings, one should wheel the earth to the cradle, which the fourth should rock and keep supplied with water. The ordinary cradle very much resembles in form the domestic article from which it takes its name. It is, however, open at the foot; while at the head, instead of a hood, it has a sieve fixed like a gravel-sifter's; and across the bottom, inside, there are one or two cleats or wooden bars nailed.

On bringing the earth to the cradle, a shovelful of it is thrown upon the sieve, and a ladleful of water poured over it. More earth and more water are added alternately, the cradle all the while being kept in motion by rocking, until the sieve is full of the larger pebbles or fragments of rock. When that is the case, the sieve is carefully examined, to see whether it contains any large nuggets of gold, and the fragments are then thrown away. The water thrown into the head of the cradle carries away all the mud and sand out at the foot; but as its current is arrested by the cleats or bars across the bottom, it deposits against them most of the golden dust and scales that it contained. This common cradle is, however, a rather wasteful contrivance, as a large quantity of the very finest and thinnest gold-dust is apt still to be carried away with the mud and sand out of the cradle, and lost. The Californian cradle, is, therefore, adopted whenever it can be obtained. This contains a compartment full of quicksilver, through which all the mud and sand is made to pass. Now, quicksilver has such a love for gold, and the affection is so mutual, that whenever they come in

contact, they immediately unite and form an 'amalgam,' a compound of gold and quicksilver, which it requires a very powerful heat to dissolve. The quicksilver thus licks every particle of gold out of the earth; and when the amalgam is put into a proper apparatus, and the requisite heat applied, it is sublimed into fumes, lets go the gold, which falls down pure, while the fumes may be caught in a separate chamber, and recooled back into quicksilver again.

Whichever cradle they may use, our adventurers must now live a life of great toil, of some hardship and privation, and of great monotony. The rising sun must find them at their work, and when setting, look with an approving eye as they are preparing only to finish their labours. As the sun himself is, in those latitudes, a very regular and steady-going character, rarely varying more than half an hour from six o'clock in his rising and setting, this will give twelve regular hours of labour throughout the year. To unwonted hands and sinews, twelve hours at pickaxe and spade, even if varied by a turn at the wheel-barrow, or at the water-scoop and cradle, are quite sufficient to make sunset no unwelcome sight. Then comes the hour of tea and damper, of lying at the tent-door in the cool air, made fragrant by the evening pipe, with the dews falling around from the clear Australian sky, in which the stars glisten and sparkle like living gems—the hour of silence, broken only, perhaps, by the distant howl of a wild-dog, or the plaintive cry of the thick-knee'd plover, or perhaps by the confounded hum of half-a-dozen mosquitoes, that come buzzing around you, looking for a soft place in which to insinuate their long, stinging proboscides, and make you start from your reveries, inclined to devote all the race of gnats as an offering to the infernal deities. Still, wearied with the day's toil, our party sleep, in spite of mosquitoes and all other discomforts—soothed, perhaps, by the remembrance of the ever-expanding little bag of gold-dust, the reward of their labours. Even at their daily digging, the constant chance of a rich prize, that may turn up at any moment, tends to keep men to their work as no other inducement would, and perpetuate an excitement which makes labour pass unnoticed, that, under other circumstances, would be felt as irksome and distressing beyond endurance.

With regard to the actual diggers at the two great scenes of industry, it may be remarked that, unlike California, the order and regularity among the gold-diggers of Australia, and especially of New South Wales, has been something wonderful. A writer, speaking of the period soon after the discovery, said: 'Sunday has been kept sacred from toil, as it were by common consent, and in many places service has been performed with great regularity. Disputes have been referred to the commissioners, and their decision at once accepted; and little robbery or violence has as yet taken place. With the consciousness of this peace and order reigning among so rough and miscellaneous an assemblage, it must be an interesting

sight to look down from some wooded eminence on one of these auriferous valleys, to see the lines and clusters of tents of all kinds, from the canvas marquee to the little bark "gunyah," gleaming in the sunshine, or peeping out here and there among the bush; and to look on several thousand men, in red or blue woollen shirts, with cabbage-tree hats, and "bearded like the pard," all busily and eagerly intent on their work; some digging, some wheeling and carrying, some washing and rocking, each acting independently, and yet all working together, with a willingness, intentness, and pertinacity, that nothing but the expectation of immediate gain could rouse in so many men at once. Notwithstanding the business and the work, or perhaps in consequence of it, silence is said to reign over the scene, undisturbed except by the hum of the rocker or the wheel-barrow, or the taps of the picks.'

But we must now say something concerning the quartz diggings. The underground working for gold does not differ materially in character from that of metallic minerals generally. In some districts a band of rock contains veins of quartz in which gold is disseminated; and the mining processes depend in detail on the direction which the veins take—access being obtained by vertical shafts and lateral galleries. The auriferous vein may be quartzose, or talc-slate, or pyritical, or any one of many different kinds, and the mining processes vary somewhat according to this circumstance; but in Australia and California the predominant gold-vein is quartz. In one place the vein averages about three feet in width, and stands vertically between walls of talcose slate; in others, talcose or quartzose, the vein is horizontal, inclined, or even tortuous. A vein sometimes thins away to nothing; and one vein may contain a hundred-fold as much gold as another. The actual facts cannot be ascertained without excavating. A shaft may be twenty or thirty feet deep, or may be (and is in some instances) as much as five hundred feet. Subject to exceptions here and there, a quartz vein will yield gold down to a certain depth, then gold and mundic (iron pyrites and other minerals), and finally mundic without gold. There is thus much of the excitement of speculation in quartz-mining, though not so much as in nugget-searching and sand-washing. The mode of sinking shafts and driving galleries does not differ materially from that adopted in the copper and tin mines of Cornwall; nor does the employment of the blasting-fuse, the pick, and the shovel need description. The upper-ground works connected with this kind of gold-mining embrace the following: (1.) The quartz or other vein-ore, brought up in pieces of any size, is crushed to a fine powder, usually by means of a stamping-mill worked by steam or water-power. (2.) The powder is plentifully washed with water, to carry off all the quartz and light mineral matter. (3.) Mercury or quicksilver is added to the remaining powder (that which contains the gold); the mercury and the gold unite by their intense affinity,

effect a separation from all other substances, and form an *amalgam*. (4.) This amalgam is exposed to heat in a suitable furnace or oven; the gold separates as pure metal; while the mercury rises in vapour, which is afterwards condensed again by cold into a liquid for further use, with very little waste.

SUPPLY AND CONSUMPTION OF GOLD.

Concerning the total quantity of gold in the world, there are many difficulties in the way of arriving at a just judgment. The annual addition to the existing stock of bullion or uncoined gold, which used to average about £5,000,000, took a sudden leap immediately after the Californian discoveries. The bullion-dealers of Europe received, from that year to 1857, quantities averaging about £20,000,000 every year. Still the wealth went on increasing. Mr Jacob some years ago calculated that there was gold coin in the whole world to the value of something like £380,000,000; but the great discoveries within the last twenty-two years must have largely increased this amount. England, in the last ten years, has coined 80,000,000 sovereigns; while France has exceeded this value, in the gold pieces of that country. According to the latest estimate, the annual produce of gold and silver mines now averages about £40,000,000, of which three-fourths is gold. The whole quantity now existing, and in use, is roughly guessed at £500,000,000.

We may readily suppose that none of this gold and silver is wilfully or wantonly *wasted;* yet it is found that the ordinary wear and tear amounts to something considerable in the course of a year. In one of the magazines, there was recently (1869) the following curious information on this subject: 'Gold coins wear away with singular regularity. Very few of them are hoarded; for nearly all classes are conversant with the fact that it is better to invest than to hoard, better to have money out at interest than idle in a box or an old stocking; and thus most gold coins go through about an equal amount of hard work. A sovereign of good sterling gold remains legally current until it has lost three-quarters of a grain in weight, after which time it becomes "light," in which state any one may refuse to take it [in legal payment of a debt]; and so proportionately of the half-sovereign. Now, it is found that a sovereign generally becomes "light" in about eighteen years, and a half-sovereign in ten years: the difference being due to the fact, that the surface of a half-sovereign is much more than half that of a sovereign, and is therefore exposed to proportionately harder usage. . . . If a sovereign is set to work on the 1st of January, it becomes lessened in value by the 31st of December to the extent of one-third of a farthing. A trifle certainly; but when we consider that nearly all the sovereigns are wearing away at the same rate during the same time, we shall see that the aggregate of trifles assumes a form very much like £30,000 a year.

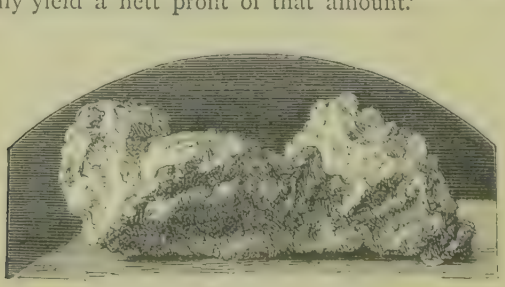
This is a remarkable instance of unintentional and unavoidable waste; the particles of gold disappear, no one knows whither.' Some further remarks illustrate one of the curiosities of trade: 'A sovereign passed at the west end of London meets with better usage in such shops as jewellers' or milliners' than it does when rung with a strong arm on the counter of a potato salesman, where it would be rubbed by the sand. In commercial towns, the coin becomes light sooner than in other places; not only from its greater circulation, but in consequence of the rough usage it undergoes in being so often thrown into bankers' scales and drawers.'

It is hardly possible to form even a rough estimate of the quantity of gold used for purposes other than coinage. Many years ago, it was calculated that Birmingham used £50,000 worth of gold annually in making pencil-cases, eye-glasses, ear-rings, studs, buttons, and miscellaneous trinkets; but the quantity must now be very much larger, owing to the great increase of trade in that busy town, and especially to the introduction of electro-gilding. The quantity used by goldsmiths, jewellers, gilders, &c. all over the world, must of course be very large: it has been recently estimated at £15,000,000 annually—80 per cent. new metal, and 20 per cent. old.

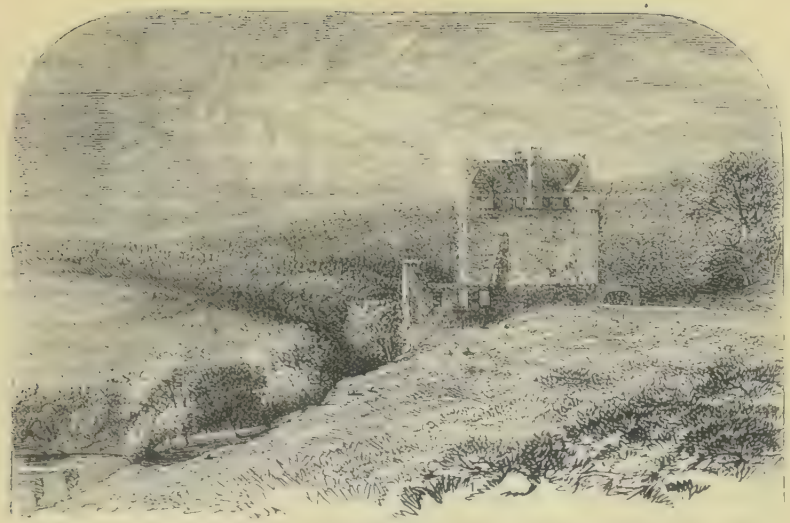
Not the least curious among the facts connected with this subject is the very small amount of actual *waste* which occurs in gold and golden commodities. True (as was stated in a former paragraph), the wear and tear of our English sovereigns in the course of a year amounts to a value sufficient to attract the attention of financiers; but this amount is very trifling compared with the whole quantity over which it is spread. Every grain of gold is more carefully shielded from destruction than a grain of any other substance with which we are familiar. Not only do we preserve coin, plate, gold and gilt jewellery, &c. as long as possible, but every scrap is melted and re-melted over and over again, to be converted into new forms. Even the dust and refuse in goldbeaters' and jewellers' workshops are eagerly bought, to obtain the minute particles of gold out of them by burning, washing, melting, and other processes. A working goldbeater can obtain a new waistcoat in exchange for his old one, for the sake of the minute bits of gold which cling to it. From these usages it results that very little gold is actually wasted, lost, dissipated for ever: nearly all of it takes a new and useful life again. Where the lost particles go to, no one can say; to a certain limited extent we eat gold, drink gold, walk upon gold, impregnate the cloth of our pockets and the wood of our desks and drawers with gold.

Has the great increase in the supply of gold within the last few years materially lessened its exchangeable value, and so raised the prices of other commodities? Opinions have greatly differed on this point; but in the latest edition of M'Culloch's *Dictionary of Commerce* (1869), the question is answered in the negative. Gold

and silver are taken together, as 'precious metals;' and the matter is presented in the following light: The yearly addition to the gold and silver in the world is roughly estimated at £40,000,000. Of this, 1½ per cent will be wanted to replace wear and tear, loss, &c. amounting to £7,500,000. The currency in the whole world being set down at £500,000,000, about 2 per cent on this is needed for the increase of coined money to meet the demands of increasing commerce: this will absorb £10,000,000. Then, it is supposed that £15,000,000 worth of gold and silver is used in new plate, goldsmiths' work, &c.; and as one-fifth of this is obtained by melting up old gold and silver articles, there remains a demand for £12,000,000 of new metal annually. These three sums make up a total of £29,500,000, which, subtracted from £40,000,000, leaves a residue of £10,500,000. It is believed that this residue will be brought down still lower by the increase in gold and silver luxuries (beyond the present annual rate), which society in the aggregate will be able to afford. So that it comes to this: there will not be a surplus of such amount as materially to affect prices. 'The present supply of the precious metals is not more than adequate to meet the average existing demand; there is therefore no ground for anticipating a fall in their value, unless the supply should be increased, or the demand diminished.' After twenty-one years of Californian and eighteen of Australian supply of gold, there is nothing like a *general* rise in prices. 'There is in truth nothing whatever, in comparing the prices of to-day with those of twenty years ago, to entitle any one to affirm that the value of gold and silver has undergone any appreciable change in the interval.' Moreover, 'in all speculations in regard to the probable future supply of gold, it should be carefully borne in mind, that any considerable fall in its value would unavoidably check its production, and consequently tend to lessen or prevent its further fall. It is plain, for example, that a decline of ten per cent. in the value of gold, would, *cæteris paribus*, occasion the abandonment of all those mines, diggings, washings, &c., which already only yield a nett profit of that amount.'



The 'Welcome Nugget.'



TRADITIONARY TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

EVERY one who has visited Tweeddale, and has traversed the banks of the lovely river which gives the district its most familiar name, must recollect the stately and massive castle of Neidpath, which rears its head within a short walk and in sight of Peebles, one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Scotland. The situation of the castle is a very fine one. The eminence on which it stands projects into the centre of the vale, here remarkably narrow, and around the southern base of the knoll winds the clear and sparkling Tweed. Immediately below, on the east, the vale opens widely up, but again becomes contracted about three miles farther down. A kind of amphitheatre is thus formed, bounded by hills, and having the town of Peebles in the centre, with Neidpath, like a gray-haired warder, overlooking all from its ground of vantage. Nor is the castle itself unworthy of such a position or such an office, partially ruinous though it now be. It is an old baronial tower, of square form and great bulk, with walls of remarkable height and thickness. The front of the castle looks down the vale, and is approached by an avenue, terminating in a courtyard, the gateway of which still bears a deer's head couped, and bunch of strawberries, the cognizance of the Frasers, once lords of the fortlet castle, and probably its

founders. On the top of the castle, in front, is a terrace, passing between two corner turrets or bartizans, and affording a splendid view of the adjacent country.

After being the property of the noble families of Fraser and Yester, the demesne and castle were purchased, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by William, Duke of Queensberry, for his second son the Earl of March, and during his occupation an event occurred which forms one of the traditionary tales of the district.

Among the many noblemen and gentlemen of note who sought the hand of the lovely Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of March, there was not one on whom she could be persuaded to look with favour. Her parents beheld this indifference with surprise, for among the suitors were several young men who were graced with handsome persons, high birth, and splendid fortune. This mysterious unconcern was, however, presently accounted for by the jealous watchfulness of the Countess of March, whose pride had taken alarm at certain indications of regard shewn by her daughter for the young laird of Tushielaw. When taxed with this dereliction of duty, the blushes of Lady Mary, and the perturbation into which she was thrown by the mention of her lover's name, confirmed her mother in her supposition. If, however, any doubt remained, it was speedily dissipated by an application of Tushielaw for the consent of the parents to a union with their daughter, while he urged their mutual affection as an apology for his seeming presumption. Young Scott of Tushielaw, though of an old and honourable family, was neither rich nor titled, and of course, in the opinion of the Earl and Countess of March, no fitting mate for their daughter. Lady Mary was therefore summoned into the presence of her incensed parents, and severely reprimanded for her undutiful conduct in having bestowed her affections without their leave. She was also informed of their unalterable determination to refuse their consent to her marriage, and forbidden ever to think again of her devoted lover. In those days it was more customary for high-born young women to sacrifice their feelings and attachments to the will of their parents, and the aggrandisement of their family, than it now is; and this command, which the unfortunate girl felt she could not obey, was yet received with meek submission, while she gave a reluctant promise that she would never marry without their consent. So far, she was able to control her own wishes, but from that moment she ceased to appear like one who has any interest in life or its affairs.

The earl and countess, elated with the victory which they imagined they had gained over the affections of their daughter, next rejected in haughty terms the proposal of Tushielaw; while they gave a death-blow to his hopes, by informing him that Lady Mary was now brought to a proper sense of her duty, and would never consent to be his. The attachment of this high-spirited young man was

characterised by all the deep devotion which possesses the heart of an enthusiastic lover in the days of his youthful romance; and feeling himself alike unable to brook the indignity put upon him by the parents, or to forget his love for the daughter, he speedily sought an alleviation of his wounded feelings in the fatigues and the amusements of foreign travel. It is in this manner that man, by his superior strength of nerve, is generally enabled to adopt some active measure by which he stems the tide of grief. The world lies open before him, inviting him to tread its busy paths, and investigate its novel features.' The cup in which are mingled all its varied and fascinating pleasures is presented to his lips, and though principle and prudence may prevent his drinking too deeply of the intoxicating draught, he seldom refuses to find in it a temporary alleviation of his woes. But the woman who has given her whole heart, and all the sensibilities of her nature, to another, can only retire into solitude, to hide there from every eye the canker that consumes her spirit; and often does she fall a silent victim to her unobtrusive sorrow.

After Tushielaw had quitted Scotland, the parents of Lady Mary beheld her begin to droop and seek retirement. They knew too much of human nature to suppose that their mandate, though dutifully submitted to, could be so literally obeyed as to obliterate at once from the mind of their obedient child all traces of a first and ardent attachment; but, content for the present with her seeming wish to comply with their command, they trusted to time for her cure. They knew, however, but little of the depth of feeling and the unshaken constancy which resided in her bosom. Touched in some degree by her grief-stricken appearance, they became again kind and indulgent; and though the poor girl had a painful presentiment of a mortal wound, she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose renewed affection she now felt with that redoubled force which is produced by contrast, and by that response of our nature which ever answers to the voice of love. Still, hers was a deep and silent grief, in which no one participated, and which she thought all seemed agreed in blaming, but which occupied her heart day and night, without being affected by change of season or of place, while she was denied that sympathy which would have allowed her, under any other calamity, the natural relief of lamentation and tears. In this state of mind she suffered herself, at the entreaty of her parents, to be once more led into the society from which she had withdrawn for a time, and in which, as she only appeared rather more quiet and thoughtful than formerly, they looked upon their hopes of a change in her sentiments as nearly confirmed. It was, in the meantime, merely by a strong effort that she concealed her inward sufferings from the eyes of casual observers; for nothing can be more repugnant to the unfortunate, than to satisfy the curiosity of common minds by any display of their misery. But when, having so far yielded

to the wishes of her parents, they ventured to second the suit of a new lover, whose alliance was calculated to add to the aggrandisement of even the proud family from which she sprung—when they tortured her harassed spirit by importunity, and mocked her desolate heart by telling her of the happiness she was to feel in this splendid alliance, her courage utterly failed. She now no longer sought to contend with her adverse destiny, but withdrew once more into the solitude she had only left that she might conciliate her parents, and refused again to quit it.

Displeased with this conduct of her daughter, and exasperated by the failure of the scheme for her establishment, her mother's manner towards her became distant and supercilious. This cruel and ungracious humour of Lady March bore hard upon the crushed spirit of the wretched girl, who, feeling unable to exist under the constant frown of her parents, frequently absented herself for days together from the family apartments, where she only encountered cold looks and unsympathising speech, and where every feeling was driven inwards. These periods of entire seclusion were looked upon by her mother as moody fits, which would again pass away; and although she was not altogether unmoved by the expression of uncomplaining misery which had taken possession of her beautiful features, still all was unattempted which could have soothed her gentle spirit. Feeling thus abandoned by all, and without hope in this world, the only solace of the unfortunate Mary was her twilight walks in the vicinity of the castle. There, as she glided in her white garments, with noiseless footstep, along the sheep-tracks, the parents stood mutely and fearfully gazing upon her, almost persuading themselves they beheld a parted spirit moving before them on the brown hillsides.

It was autumn when young Tushielaw left Scotland. The winter had passed, and spring again returned; but little recked the broken-hearted girl of the fair flowers that were springing, or the bright skies that were beaming. Lady March had hitherto borne to look upon her daughter's anguish of mind without seeming moved by it; but when she at length beheld bodily indisposition added to mental suffering, and learned from Lady Mary's attendant that her nights were spent in sleepless vigils, while her bosom heaved heavily with the respiration which became hourly more difficult, then it was that all the mother was roused within her. Then the woe-worn look of the hitherto unpitied girl fell on her like a spell, and regret and sorrow filled her heart, and she earnestly sought to repair the injury she had done by the most soothing language and the most careful nursing. This change in her mother's conduct was received with affection, and acknowledged with gratitude; but it appeared to come too late for the heart that seemed as if it could no longer vibrate to the voice of joy, and which treasured the hope that its struggles were about to cease in the grave. Lady March perceived this with terror

and alarm, and, seeing no other means which gave the most distant hope of saving her daughter's life, she prevailed on her lord to send a confidential servant abroad, charged with dispatches for Tushielaw, informing him of their daughter's dangerous state of health, and conjuring him, if he was still attached to her, to return with all possible speed.

Of this new arrangement Lady Mary was cautiously informed by her mother, and she listened with a charmed ear, while a host of fond recollections and secret hopes took possession of her bosom. Love was once more dressed in smiles, and wove his mystic spells around her heart; and a surprising degree of renovation seemed for a while to take place. But a false bloom was on her cheek, and gleams of sepulchral brightness were darting from her eyes. While anxious to believe what she so much desired, the deceived mother, wrapping herself in security, looked upon her with tears of joy. This treacherous calm, however, soon passed away, and the hapless Mary's fits of languor became daily longer, and the exhaustion of nature more apparent.

The time was already past when tidings of Tushielaw were expected from the continent, and she who had courted death was now clinging to life, and assiduously following every prescription of her physician to retard the rapid progress of her insidious disease, that she might once more behold him; for, while struggling for the humblest resignation to what she felt must now inevitably be her fate, she sent forth many a fervent prayer that she might be permitted, ere her eyes were closed for ever, to lay her throbbing head upon his bosom, and hear his words of constancy and love. Still, day followed day, and she grew weaker and weaker, till she was at length unable to walk or stand, and yet no tidings of the wanderer.

At length intelligence arrived, which gave notice of the very hour at which he might be expected, ere yet that same day had closed. Again the sinking spirit of the dying Mary revived; and when the time was at hand that she expected her lover, she caused herself to be carried into a little stone balcony above the principal gateway of the castle, which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. It was a glorious evening in June; the heavens were calm and beautiful, the glare and heat of day had departed, and left the mild lustre of the sinking sun, with all its accompaniments of light and shade. And while Mary sat reclining on her pillowed chair, so unclouded was her brow, so bright her eye, and so bland her smile, that, as her mother stood at her side, gazing on her fragile but lovely child, she was again almost beguiled into hope.

Time was now fast flying, and the expected one did not appear. The sun was approaching the horizon, the last flush of day was spread over the landscape, its background began to grow dim, and shades to lie on the sides of the Edston hills; and, with the fading light, Mary's hopes seemed also to fade. In this state of anxiety her

sight and hearing became supernaturally acute, and Lady March was presently aware, from her listening attitude, that some sound had struck upon her ear, which seemed to agitate her frame. So deep was the calm that lay upon all around, that the wing of the smallest bird was heard to flutter through the air ; yet no one but herself distinguished that sound of horse's feet which had caused the sensation observed by her mother. And now her thin white hand was raised to fling back from the keenly hearing ear, and the sharply searching eye, the long rich tresses of dark-brown shining hair, on which the last rays of the sun were glowing ; and after gazing intensely forward for an instant, her lips murmured forth : 'It is he!' Yet Lady March could not for some time discern that what appeared at first to her as a mere speck upon the distant road, was a man and horse.

What had at first sight appeared the smallest object, came on and on, and presently approached, while Lady March anxiously regarded the countenance of her daughter, who, with a trembling intensity of feeling, watched the progress of the advancing figure. And now he reached the gate of the castle, and threw himself from his steed, while Mary, who was before unable to stand, sprang from her chair, and, bending her attenuated form over the balcony, extended her arms as if about to fly towards him, while she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting. But in his haste to enter he saw her not. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then retiring to her heart, left her countenance overspread with the hues of death. Lady March caught her in her arms, replaced her in her seat, and saw her eyes fixed upon her. While the last fleeting smile curved her young lips, her hands sank down from pressing on her exhausted heart, whose last throbs had been expended in the welcome of her lover ; and the voice was stilled—and the eyes were closed—and she slept in death, even while his footsteps were heard ascending towards her.

This melancholy event, it will be recollected, forms the theme of one of Campbell's most beautiful lyrics :

'But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot ?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs—
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.'

BURNET OF CASTLEHILL.

In consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire for a time to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable, by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley stood on the side of a hill immediately adjoining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here, then, dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly cultivated field and the smooth-shaven lawn, the vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the bold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild-boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only 'the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy.'

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbours the dues of multure is still existent; the hand of time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot does the stream of the Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant, too, has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in

bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples; but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of 'a jolly miller.' Andrew bore a high character for honesty; a character which, without antithesis, was *not*, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family, for three generations, had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early in life, but for many years had been unblessed with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoilt child; for her father's love was liker to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoilt child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign, namely, that of James V. the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign, at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the Reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted; and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son, Edward Burnet, was the favourite pupil of the refugee; and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter also had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive

jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt; and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet everything was arranged with such care, as betokened some purpose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *tryst* which she had made with an earthly lover for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and, casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone—though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip—before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting.

'Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?' said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward; 'they would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryst to meet you a second time.'

'And so you do like me weel, Mary?' said the youth, slipping, with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; 'at least you should do so, Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply I like you.'

'It does not seem sae, Edward,' replied the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquettish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these, we may inform the reader that the

miller had set his heart on having for a son-in-law a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving, swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the vale of Manor, and, it was supposed, had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm which he now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we have said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. 'He's a roving kind o' chield,' thought Andrew Tod; 'but Mary wad mak' onybody into a gude husband.'

The news of Elliot having opened his addresses to her, with her father's cordial consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. 'Oh, Mary,' said the lover, 'I aye thought something like this would happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little of the pride that ever gangs alang wi' riches. But you must promise me,' continued he, speaking with great earnestness—'you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes of myself, that you never will tak' Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and would soon break a heart like yours.' Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness: 'Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot *is* a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, not to think of him.'

Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still; but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness: 'Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They 'll be a' alike to me then,' said she with simple feeling. Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say, that after a short time they separated; Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us request the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of

a hill, projecting into the vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation; but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared particularly to be the case with the household of Castlehill; for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master, Will Elliot, not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms, in every respect, of perfect equality with his dependents. Half-a-dozen men, dressed as farm-servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time plying lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them.

'Ha, my lads,' said Elliot, 'is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than risking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?'

'I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some of the neighbours will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o'er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista'en if what Tam took for a ghost, wasna the livin' body o' Ned Burnet coming up frae seeing the miller's daughter.'

'Confound the brat,' said Elliot; 'I'll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d'ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?' Some of the men said no, and others yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. 'Never mind,' said he at last; 'I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there's aye risk at the selling of them, when ane wants a pickle hard cash. Has ony o' you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?'

'I saw a gentleman wi' a green hunting-dress,' replied the man who spoke before, 'but there was a servant wi' him.'

'He is oftener alone, though,' said Elliot, 'and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one of the rich young nobles that are staying with the young king at Smithfield Castle, for I saw him pay a boy, for pointing out his road, out of a large purse filled with the queen's best coin. That purse must be ours. Drink to our success, lads.'

More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw —for such was his true character—and his midnight followers; but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw's follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting-coat, was

passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the vale of Manor. The stranger was tall and finely formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style. He was armed only with a *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting-sword, and appeared, from his slow lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood when a man sprang from its cover, and seizing the stranger's arm with a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and, exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and drawing his sword, stood on his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding further, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck. He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter; for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one; but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. 'It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him as weel as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off; let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can.' The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two quickly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learned on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage—suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. 'It maun ha'e been some of the same forest gang that

cleared the Dawick barn the other night,' said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack: 'within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night: de'il be in their skins.' Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night; but he declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had his visitor stayed. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be; but a certain dignity in the latter's demeanour, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an undefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town; a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger, and shewn enough of manliness, for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horsemen, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance; but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. 'It is the young king, Mary, Darnley himsel', who was attacked yestreen: and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield Castle, that it was Will Elliot who played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary; and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on

to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them.' And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found; for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom; and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had, in the course of several years, annoyed and alarmed the country-side. Thus was Burnet not only the succourer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanours turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward, though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was, however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had sheltered a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

HELEN SYMINGTON.

Amidst the hills of Tweeddale there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the skylark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild-bee, and the low

murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. 'It was so,' said the old man; 'but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house.' Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

'My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing

nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they "took sweet counsel," and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time: for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

'The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night, the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and

snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, "a blazing ingle and a clean hearthstane," for her William, and often opened the door to listen and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill descending the footpath towards his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first the heart-sickness of "hope deferred," and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were, in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby, when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear: "Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!" She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurged together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonised wife any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, took a sheep-crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him.

At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farmhouse, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

'Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame when, on looking up just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farmhouse at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men belonging to the farm were ready to start, with all necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, who had been benumbed for many hours, shewed little signs of recovery: she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

'The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man,

now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unwearicdly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain-head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as being still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to

take place; and had no sooner looked upon her, than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before.'

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing-tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day, for a single instant, the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

NEIL MACLAREN.

The little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travellers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness This place, or rather its neighbourhood, was the scene of a strange adventure more than a century ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. 'Confoun' these mists!' muttered he; 'they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin

this weather gang on muckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing,' continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale—'no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky weather at ony rate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily ta'en by the sodgers.' The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile the little military party whom he had espied marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook; for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook were bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned, for security, to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken for their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thick-set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was 'in the king's name.' This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it 'in the king's name.'

Such was the person who halted, on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. Geordie in person waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact,

anxious to get a glimpse of the 'puir chield' who had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to shew, exclaimed: 'Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup. I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been.' The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, the moment that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of faintness that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. 'Oh, Peggy, Peggy, woman,' said he when alone with his wife; 'whae do ye think has faun into their murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth; or as likely to be dead and gane, since we ha'ena heard from her about this unlucky business. Oh, what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!' To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of: 'My puir dochter—my puir Ailie!' The forenoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind; for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much; which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn *at last* from his home by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for a while the landlord of the Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hillsides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers—the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely pyramidal height (for so it is shewn to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers) at a spot called Errickstane Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the

Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the reivers of the great Border house of Johnstone used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to that of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost for ever.

The soldiers, though the country was entirely new to them, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular mode of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was instantly out of sight! To rush after him was but the work of a moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed his body as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no one durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath: 'Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!' while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous descent to the bottom. It was all in vain; and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither

for king nor kaiser. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-tub without the slightest injury; and the moment that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the blood-hound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hillsides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie, with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded, or rather compelled her to stay a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour fire from the peat-stalk. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and finding, by the terrified 'Gudesake! what's that!' that it was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself, and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises, and then, having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached the Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted; and the servants of the household being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept 'tumbling and rolling' down the Devil's Beef-tub, though called upon to halt 'in the king's name.' The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the Braes of Balquhidder, in which district he was a duniwassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won, Ailie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered (chiefly by the help of Geordie Black's well-saved *pose*) the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace for the rest of his days in the bosom of his family.

THE FIRST EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

In the lower part of Peeblesshire, on the south bank of the Tweed, stands Traquair House, the seat of the Earls of Traquair, of one of whom tradition has preserved some particulars which throw a light on the manners of a bygone age.

Sir John Stewart, created Earl of Traquair by Charles I. in 1628, was also raised by that monarch to the dignity of Lord High-treasurer of Scotland, in which office he acted a conspicuous part in the history of that stirring period. Circumstances having on one occasion led the earl to visit Jedburgh, he there learned that a person of whom he had some knowledge, Willie Armstrong of Gilnockie, was in confinement for cattle-stealing—an offence far from uncommon in these times. Interested in the fate of the Borderer, the earl exerted his influence, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage.

Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his services to kidnap the president.

On due inquiry, the unscrupulous Borderer found that it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where,

riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea: his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office.

Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Madge* the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set his prisoner at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up.

The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when the president appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary; until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Madge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, who died in July 1646.

Lord Traquair does not appear to have been benefited by the unlawful exploit of the Border freebooter. From a high position in the state, he made a fall as great as was ever known in the vicissitudes of court favour: from being a wealthy and influential nobleman, he actually sunk to the condition of a beggar in the street. The cause of this extraordinary decline of fortune is to be found partly in the political troubles and changes in the reign of Charles I. and partly in private misfortune. For some reason, now unknown, the earl resigned his whole estates to his son, and like most others who, during their lives, have abandoned their entire means to their children, he was left by his ungrateful descendant

to pine and die in misery, an object of commiseration to strangers. In a history of the Family of Fraser, by the Rev. James Fraser, minister of Kirkhill, on the Beauly Firth, the writer mentions the following circumstances of this unfortunate earl, under the date 1668:

'A remarkable death this year was that of John Stewart, the old Earl of Traquair, time, place, and manner considered. This man was King James VI.'s cousin and courtier. Charles I. sent him as High Commissioner down to Scotland, and he sat as viceroy in the parliament, June 1639. He was early at court, the haven of happiness for all aspiring spirits; and this broke him at last—he became the tennis-ball of fortune. What power and sway, place and preferment, he had then, I need not mention; only this, keeping then with the revered bishops, and tampering under board with the Covenanters, he acknowledged to be his bane; but whether then by his own misconduct, or by paction and resignation of his interest to his son, or the immediate hand of God upon him, I search not, but he proved a true emblem of the vanity of the world—a very meteor. I saw him, in 1661 [wrong date], begging in the streets of Edinburgh. He was in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and pannier breeches; and I contributed, in my quarters in the Canongate, towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Culbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant. It is said that at a time he had not [wherewithal] to pay cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler's house.'

ALLAN SCOTT.

On the bank of a small mountain rivulet which dashes down towards the Tweed, about the centre of the county, stands a neat though humble cot, the residence not many years ago of Allan Scott, a youth whose early fate excited considerable interest in the district.

The father of Allan was an exemplification of a truth most honourable to human nature. He evinced in his own person how much respect and esteem can be attained by sobriety and good-conduct, even in the midst of poverty and distress. Everybody loved the old man, who was a hard-working tradesman, and when sorrow fell upon him, there was no one in our little town who did not sympathise with him. Allan was an only son, and was about thirteen years of age when his mother died, and the first blow was given to his father's happiness. The old man's health became broken, and it was only at intervals that he was able to work, and to teach his son his own trade. Hence, willing and diligent as Allan was, his

want of skill rendered him barely able to maintain his father and himself during those attacks of illness which fell more severely upon the old man the oftener they were repeated. It was an affecting sight at these times to see the son, in the short moments of evening relaxation, supporting and tending his infirm parent, as they crept slowly along the river-bank—the walk which the old man loved most, having been that which he had often trod with his departed partner by his side, and that dutiful son, then a playful child, gamboling around them. Allan, too, loved the Tweed, in whose clear pools he had learned, in his happy school-days, to be a bold and adroit swimmer. But little leisure was now left him for such amusements. His nights, after returning from the customary walk, were spent in the same incessant watching over his father's comforts. Their solitary little dwelling was seldom intruded upon, except by the kind inquiries, and sometimes kinder offers, of a friendly neighbour. For the former the inmates were always grateful, and the latter were always civilly declined. In truth, Allan struggled to do all and everything that was necessary. The old man had through life preserved a manly spirit of independence in his bosom, and the son strove, with perhaps an overnice filial tenderness, that his father should in his weakness and age feel dependence on none but him. But for some consciousness of this, many might have offered a little assistance; for many pitied, and all respected the humble pair. This very respect, however, rendered it a delicate matter to obtrude charity on those who, if they did feel pinching poverty, bore it meekly and uncomplainingly.

And in reality Allan and his father were in distress, which was put beyond a doubt by the step taken by them to relieve it. We say *them*, because, though the son was the true and only actor in the matter, yet the consent and blessing of the old man went with him in his honest endeavour. After a severe and protracted attack of his father's complaint, during which Allan's attendance had been so much required as to trench deeply on his earnings, the humble pair found that they would be totally unable to meet the approaching rent-day. This was a source of grievous anxiety to them; for though they had often met the same demand with difficulty, they never before had been so totally unprovided. The old man had recovered so far as to resume his work, and the first idea of a remedy for their need suggested itself to him. How reluctantly this idea was admitted into his mind, may be conceived when we inform the reader that the plan was, to permit his son to offer himself as a militia substitute, the bounty for which would relieve them altogether. The country was at this period at war, and the demand for substitutes was so considerable, that there would be no difficulty in putting the plan in execution. Yet, even with the prospect of losing his son only for a short time, strong must have been the honourable determination to owe no man anything, which could bring over the

feelings of a father to the adoption of a scheme like this. Well did the old man know the dutiful character of him on whom he depended. Allan had long meditated upon the plan in question, and had only refrained from stating it, from the disinclination to leave his father for the time which it would render imperative. And now that he saw his father, with health for the time re-established, turn to the scheme with some degree of cheerfulness and hope, he consented to embrace it at once. Being now a firmly knit, though slender lad of nineteen, his offer of himself speedily found an acceptor in a wealthy merchant who had had the bad-luck to be selected to serve his majesty by the indiscriminating ballot, which has no regard of persons. The bounty which Allan received was not only sufficient to discharge the rent of their humble dwelling, but was also large enough to support his father during his expected absence.

On the morning of the day preceding that fixed for his departure with his fellow-substitutes for Dumfries, the head-quarters of the corps to which he was to be attached, Allan went to make some necessary preparations with his comrades. After these were accomplished—having all, like himself, given up their occupations for the time—they took a short walk together to chat over their coming campaign. They were all light-hearted lads; and many of their parents, on hearing of Allan Scott's engagement, had recommended them to follow his conduct as a model. On this occasion they turned their stroll, at his request, to the side of the river, that they might take leave, as he said, of its clear stream for a time. The day was warm and fine, being in the beginning of summer, and on arriving in their walk at the pool where they had all dipped when school-boys, the fatal proposition to bathe was made by one of them. Allan, who was fond of the exercise, and a good swimmer, was not the last to consent. Not one of them, as it unhappily fell out, was so fearless and practised as he, and the most of them contented themselves with bathing in the shallower water. Allan plunged at once into the deepest quarter, and two of his companions, who did not join in the amusement, sat upon the rocky bank, gazing upon his free movements with pleasure. Suddenly they heard him give an agonised cry, and saw him attempt to make for the bank. The attention of all was now drawn to him, and they beheld him, after two or three severe struggles, sink below the surface, and in a moment the waters closed above him!

His companions looked on for an instant in stupefaction and dismay. But the boldest of them—for the cry made them aware that something was wrong—speedily came to the spot, and attempted to dive into the depths of the pool. None of them was capable of it, and the most forward got into serious danger himself. At last one of those who had not bathed cried: 'We are losing time; I will run for assistance.' This he accordingly did on the instant; but he

had to go to the town before he got what he sought. When he returned, several men were with him, one of whom, an experienced diver, brought up the body of poor Allan Scott. A surgeon whom they had warned was not long in following them, and by him several unsuccessful endeavours were made on the spot to restore the breath which had departed. On seeing the fruitlessness of this, he ordered them to convey the body as fast as possible to the town, where warmth and other remedies might be applied; and the men, for this purpose, took up their melancholy burden.

The church and its session-house stands in the centre of the town, and to the latter building they conveyed the body of Allan, as all decided that it would be exceedingly improper to take it to the old man's house. In the session-house, warmth, friction, and every means was used that the surgeon could suggest or apply for the recovery of the young man; but all was in vain; and at the end of more than an hour, actively employed, all hope was given up, with pain and reluctance, by those around. And now arose a thought of deeper sorrow and anxiety, if deeper there could be, than that excited by the fate of a youth so beloved and respected. Who could tell the tale to him who, all unconscious of his bereavement, sat in his lonely dwelling, waiting for that beloved and dutiful son's return? The task, melancholy as it was, behoved to be discharged; and the surgeon, seeing that the undertaking of this sad duty was expected from him, prepared to execute it. Unwilling to leave the body of the unfortunate youth exposed to the gaze of the crowd now attracted to the place, before departing, he desired all present to leave the apartment. The people at once complied with the request, one only of them remaining, at the wish of the surgeon, beside the corpse. The medical man then slowly and sadly turned towards the old man's abode, where we cannot follow him; for we should consider it as little less than sacrilegious to attempt to describe the effect of the awful tidings which he bore.

Is not this, reader, a melancholy event, and one likely to be long remembered by one who knew the history, and saw the bier-borne body of that unhappy youth? Yet the tale is not done—the catastrophe is not unfolded—the harrowing circumstance which interwove Allan Scott's name and fate with the deepest tendrils of memory is yet, strange as it may appear, to be narrated; and were it not a truth to which many yet can bear witness, we should think it too sad a one for these pages. But it is a truth, and from it a lesson of deep warning may be drawn.

When the surgeon, after being absent for a considerable time, returned to the session-house to make arrangements for bearing the unfortunate Allan's body to the home of his father, he found the person whom he had left behind standing outside the door of the chamber where the body lay. The truth was, the man had begun to feel disagreeably lonely and 'eerie' in the room, and, unconscious

of any bad result being possible from the step, had risen and taken his station outside, locking the door behind him. But a circumstance had occurred while he was in this position which imprinted alarm and anxiety so visibly on his features, that the surgeon, on coming up to him, observed his discomposure at once; and before turning the key in the lock, the medical gentleman inquired if anything had happened. The answer made his own heart flutter with deep emotion. The man said that, while standing alone, a strange and momentary noise had struck upon his ear, coming as if from the apartment within. A suspicion of the truth crossing his mind on the instant, the surgeon opened the door hurriedly, exclaiming: 'Why did you not open it?—why did you not send for me?'

On entering the chamber, the suspicion of the anxious surgeon was verified. The body, which had been left with the face upwards, was found turned upon one side, and blood had issued from the mouth! The exertions which at the time had seemed utterly unavailing, had in reality produced an effect upon the body, evidenced, unhappily, when all had retired from the attempt. The spark of life had actually reanimated for an instant the cold frame, while there was none by to nurse and cherish its glimmering ray into vigorous and enduring flame. The renewed endeavours made no impression. The moment of hope had passed by, unseen and unprofited. What a solemn lesson is this, never, while the shadow of a possibility remains, to cease the endeavour to relight the lamp that has been quenched, for a time only it may be, in the deep waters!

THE BORDER WIDOW.

In the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, when James V. proceeded with an army along the Borders in order to quell the numerous freebooters who kept the country in fear, an incident occurred which forms the subject of traditionary story in Tweeddale. The king, after visiting Polmood and Oliver Castle, on the upper part of the Tweed, crossed the mountain tract on the south, into the vale of the Megget, and there suddenly environed the castle of Henderland.

This solitary tower was at the time inhabited by Piers Cockburn, one of the most noted marauders in this wild district of country. According to tradition, Piers was sitting at dinner when he was surprised by the king, and without ceremony led out and hanged over the gate of his own castle. While the execution was going forward, his unhappy wife is said to have taken refuge in the recesses of the Dow-glen—a dell formed by a mountain torrent called the Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the tower. A place, termed the Lady's Seat, is still shewn, where she is said to have

striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence.

In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburn is still shewn. It is a large stone, broken into three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced; and the following inscription is still legible, though greatly defaced by time: 'Here lyis Perys of Cokburne and hys wyfe Mariory.' Latterly, the tomb has been preserved from obliteration by the good taste of the late proprietor, Mr Murray of Henderland.

On the melancholy incident above related, the following simple and affecting ballad, the *Lament of the Border Widow*, was afterwards written:

'My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But thinkna ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O thinkna ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I 'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I 'll chain my heart for evermair.'

THERE IS NO HURRY!

A TALE OF LIFE-ASSURANCE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.*

I DO not tell you whether the village of Repton, where the two brothers John and Charles Adams originally resided, is near or far from London: it is a pretty village to this day; and when John Adams, some five-and-thirty years ago, stood on the top of Repton Hill, and looked down upon the houses—the little church, whose simple gate was flanked by two noble yew-trees, beneath whose branches he had often sat—the murmuring river, in which he had often fished—the cherry orchards, where the ripe fruit hung like balls of coral; when he looked down upon all these dear domestic sights—for so every native of Repton considered them—John Adams might have been supposed to question if he had acted wisely in selling to his brother Charles the share of the well-cultivated farm, which had been equally divided at their father's death. It extended to the left of the spot on which he was standing, almost within a ring fence; the meadows fresh shorn of their produce, and fragrant with the

* This interesting little story appeared originally in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, for which it was written by the amiable and gifted authoress. It has been issued in the present convenient form, for the purpose of universal distribution by all who are anxious to promote that most desirable practice—the insuring of lives for the benefit of surviving families.

perfume of new hay; the crops full of promise; and the lazy cattle laving themselves in the standing pond of the abundant farm-yard. In a paddock, set apart for his especial use, was the old blind horse his father had bestrode during the last fifteen years of his life: it leant its sightless head upon the gate, half upturned, he fancied, towards where he stood. It is wonderful what small things will sometimes stir up the hearts of strong men, ay, and, what is still more difficult, even of ambitious men. Yet he did not feel at that moment a regret for the fair acres he had parted with; he was full of the importance which the possession of a considerable sum of money gives a young man, who has been fagging almost unsuccessfully in an arduous profession, and one which requires a certain appearance of success to command success—for John Adams even then placed M.D. after his plain name; yet still, despite the absence of sorrow, and the consciousness of increased power, he continued to look at poor old Ball until his eyes swam in tears.

With the presence of his father, which the sight of the old horse had conjured up, came the remembrance of his peculiarities, his habits, his expressions; and he wondered, as they passed in review before him, how he could ever have thought the dear old man testy or tedious. Even his frequent quotations from 'Poor Richard' appeared to him, for the first time, the results of common prudence; and his rude but wise rhyme, when, in the joy of his heart, he told his father he had absolutely received five guineas as one fee from an ancient dame who had three middle-aged daughters (he had not, however, acquainted his father with *that* fact), came more forcibly to his memory than it had ever done to his ear—

> 'For want and age save while you may;
> No morning sun shines all the day.'

He repeated the last line over and over again, as his father had done; but as his 'morning sun' was at that moment shining, it is not matter of astonishment that the remembrance was evanescent, and that it did not make the impression upon him his father had desired long before.

A young, unmarried, handsome physician, with about three thousand pounds in his pocket, and 'good expectations,' might be excused for building 'des châteaux en Espagne.' A very wise old lady once said to me: 'Those who have none on earth, may be forgiven for building them in the air; but those who have them on earth should be content therewith.' Not so, however, was John Adams; he built and built, and then by degrees descended to the realities of his position. What power would not that three thousand pounds give him! He wondered if Dr Lee would turn his back upon him now, when they met in consultation; and Mr Chubb, the county apothecary, would he laugh, and ask him if he could read his own prescriptions? Then he recurred to a dream—for it was so vague at

that time as to be little more—whether it would not be better to abandon altogether country practice, and establish himself in the metropolis—London. A thousand pounds, advantageously spent, with a few introductions, would do a great deal in London, and that was not a third of what he had. And this great idea banished all remembrance of the past, all sense of the present—the young aspirant thought only of the future.

* * * * *

Five years have passed. Dr John Adams was 'settled' in a small 'showy' house in the vicinity of Mayfair; he had, the world said, made an excellent match. He married a very pretty girl, 'highly connected,' and was considered to be possessed of personal property, because, for so young a physician, Dr Adams lived in 'a superior style.' His brother Charles was still residing in the old farmhouse, to which, beyond the mere keeping it in repair, he had done but little, except, indeed, adding a wife to his establishment—a very gentle, loving, yet industrious girl, whose dower was too small to have been her only attraction. Thus both brothers might be said to be fairly launched in life.

It might be imagined that Charles Adams—having determined to reside in his native village, and remain, what his father and grandfather had been, a simple gentleman-farmer, and that rather on a small than a large scale—was altogether without that feeling of ambition which stimulates exertion and elevates the mind. Charles Adams had quite enough of this—which may be said, like fire, to be 'a good servant, but a bad master'—but he made it subservient to the dictates of prudence—and a forethought, the gift, perhaps, that above all others we should most earnestly covet for those whose prosperity we would secure. To save his brother's portion of the freehold from going into the hands of strangers, he incurred a debt; and wisely—while he gave to his land all that was necessary to make it yield its increase—he abridged all other expenses, and was ably seconded in this by his wife, who resolved, until principal and interest were discharged, to live quietly and carefully. Charles contended that every appearance made beyond a man's means was an attempted fraud upon the public; while John shook his head, and answered that it might do very well for Charles to say so, as no one expected the sack that brought the grain to market to be of fine Holland, but that no man in a profession could get on in London without making 'an appearance.' At this Charles shrugged his shoulders, and thanked God he lived at Repton.

The brothers, as years moved rapidly on—engaged as they were by their mutual industry and success in their several fields of action—met but seldom. It was impossible to say which of the two continued the most prosperous. Dr Adams made several lucky hits; and having so obtained a position, was fortunate in having an abundance of patients in an intermediate sort of state—that is,

neither very well nor very ill. Of a really bland and courteous nature, he was kind and attentive to all, and it was certain that such of his patients as were only in moderate circumstances, got well long before those who were rich. His friends attributed this to his humanity as much as to his skill; his enemies said he did not like 'poor patients.' Perhaps there was a mingling of truth in both statements. The money he had received for his portion of the land was spent, certainly, before his receipts equalled his expenditure; and, strangely enough, by the time the farmer had paid off his debt, the doctor was involved, not to a large amount, but enough to render his 'appearance' to a certain degree fictitious. This embarrassment, to do him justice, was not of long continuance; he became the fashion; and before prosperity had turned his head by an influx of wealth, so as to render him careless, he got rid of his debt, and then his wife agreed with him 'that they might live as they pleased.'

It so happened that Charles Adams was present when this observation was made, and it spoke well for both the brothers that their different positions in society had not in the smallest degree cooled their boyhood's affection; not even the money transactions of former times, which so frequently create disunion, had changed them; they met less frequently, but they always met with pleasure, and separated with regret.

'Well!' exclaimed the doctor triumphantly, as he glanced around his splendid rooms, and threw himself into a *chaise longue*—then a new luxury—'well, it is certainly a charming feeling to be entirely out of debt.'

'And yet,' said his wife, 'it would not be wise to confess it in our circle.'

'Why?' inquired Charles.

'Because it would prove that we had been in it,' answered the lady.

'At all events,' said John, 'now I shall not have to reproach myself with every extra expense, and think I ought to pay my debts first; now I may live exactly as I please.'

'I do not think so,' said Charles.

'Not think so!' repeated Mrs Adams in a tone of astonishment.

'Not think so!' exclaimed John. 'Do I not make the money myself?'

'Granted, my dear fellow; to be sure you do,' said Charles.

'Then why should I not spend it as pleases me best? Is there any reason why I should not?'

As if to give the strongest dramatic effect to Charles's opinion, the nurse at that moment opened the drawing-room door, and four little laughing children rushed into the room.

'There—are four reasons against your spending your income exactly as you please; unless, indeed, part of your plan be to provide for them,' answered Charles very seriously.

'I am sure,' observed Mrs Adams with the half-offended air of a weak woman when she hears the truth, 'John need not be told his duty to his children; he has always been a most affectionate father.'

'A father may be fond and foolish,' said Charles, who was peculiarly English in his mode of giving an opinion. 'For my part, I could not kiss my little Mary and Anne when I go to bed at night, if I did not feel I had already formed an accumulating fund for their future support—a support they will need all the more when their parents are taken from them, as they must be in the course of time.'

'They must marry,' said Mrs Adams.

'That is a chance,' replied Charles; 'women hang on hands now-a-days. At all events, by God's blessing, I am resolved that, if they are beauties, they shall never be forced by poverty to accept unworthy matches; if they are plain, they shall have enough to live upon without husbands.'

'That is easy enough for you, Charles,' said the doctor, 'who have had your broad acres to support you, and no necessity for expenditure or show of any kind; who might go from Monday morning till Saturday night in homespun, and never give anything beyond home-brewed and gooseberry wine, with a chance bottle of port, to your visitors; while I—Heaven help me—was obliged to dash in a well-appointed equipage, entertain, and appear to be doing a great deal in my profession, when a guinea would pine in solitude for a week together in my pocket.'

'I do not want to talk with you of the past, John,' said Charles; 'our ideas are more likely to agree now than they were ten or twelve years ago; I will speak of the future and present. You are now out of debt, in the very prime of life, and in the receipt of a splendid income; but do not, let me entreat you, spend it as it comes; lay by something for those children; provide for them either by insurance, or some of the many means that are open to us all. Do not, my dear brother, be betrayed by health, or the temptation for display, to live up to an income the nature of which is so essentially precarious.'

'Really,' murmured Mrs Adams, 'you put one into very low spirits.'

Charles remained silent, waiting his brother's reply.

'My dear Charles,' he said at last, 'there is a great deal of truth in what you say—certainly a great deal; but I cannot change my style of living, strange as it may seem. If I did, I should lose my practice. And then I must educate my children; that is an imperative duty, is it not?'

'Certainly it is; it is a part of the provision I have spoken of, but not the whole—a portion only. If you have the means to do both, it is your duty to do both; and you have the means. Nay,

my dear sister, do not seem angry or annoyed with me; it is for the sake of your children I speak; it is to prevent their ever knowing practically what we do know theoretically—that the world is a hard world; hard and unfeeling to those who need its aid. It is to prevent the possibility of their feeling a reverse.'

Mrs Adams burst into tears, and walked out of the room. Charles was convinced that she would not uphold his opinion.

'Certainly,' said John, 'I intend to provide for my children; but there is no hurry, and'——

'There should be no hesitation in the case,' interrupted Charles; 'every man *intends* to provide for his children. God forbid that I should imagine any man to be sufficiently wicked to say, "I have been the means of bringing this child into existence—I have brought it up in the indulgence of all the luxuries with which I indulged myself; and now I intend to withdraw them all from it, and leave it to fight its own way through the world." No man could look on the face of the innocent child nestling in your bosom and say that; but if you do not appropriate a portion of the means you possess to save that child from the "hereafter," you act as if you had resolved so to cast it on the wild waters of a turbulent world.'

'But, Charles, I intend to do all that you counsel; no wonder poor Lucy could not bear these words, when I, your own and only brother, find them stern and reproachful; no wonder that such should be the case; of course I *intend* to provide for my children.'

'Then DO IT,' said Charles.

'Why, so I will; but cannot in a moment. I have already said there is no hurry. You must give a little time.'

'The time may come, my dear John, when TIME will give you no time. You have been spending over and above your debt—more than, as the father of four children, you have any right to spend. The duty parents owe their children in this respect has preyed more strongly on my mind than usual, as I have been called on lately to witness its effects—to see its misery. One family at Repton, a family of eight children, has been left entirely without provision, by a man who enjoyed a situation of five hundred a year in quarterly payments.'

'That man is, however, guiltless. What could he save out of five hundred a year? How could he live on less?' replied the doctor.

'Live upon four, and insure his life for the benefit of those children. Nay,' continued Charles in the vehemence of his feelings, 'the man who does not provide means of existence for his helpless children, until they are able to provide for themselves, cannot be called a reasonable person; and the legislature ought to oblige such to contribute to a fund to prevent the spread of the worst sort of pauperism—that which comes upon well-born children from the

carelessness or selfishness of their parents. God in his wisdom, and certainly in his mercy, removed the poor broken-hearted widow of the person I alluded to a month after his death; and the infant, whose nourishment from its birth had been mingled with bitterness, followed in a few days. I saw myself seven children crowd round the coffin that was provided by charity; I saw three taken to the workhouse, and the elder four distributed amongst kind-hearted hard-working people, who are trying to inure the young soft hands, accustomed to silken idleness, to the toils of homely industry. I ask you, John Adams, how the husband of that woman, the father of those children, can meet his God, when it is required of him to give an account of his stewardship?'

'It is very true—very shocking indeed,' observed Dr Adams. 'I certainly will do something to secure my wife and children from the possibility of anything like that, although, whatever were to happen to me, I am sure Lucy's family would prevent'——

Charles broke in upon the sentence his brother found it difficult to complete—'And can you expect distant or even near relatives to perform what you, whose duty it is, neglect? Or would you leave those dear ones to the bitterness of dependence, when, by the sacrifice or curtailment of those luxurious habits which, if not closely watched, increase in number, and at last become necessaries, you could leave them in comfort and independence? We all hope for the leisure of a death-bed—awful enough, come as it may—awful, even when beyond its gloom we see the risen Sun of Righteousness in all his glory—awful, though our faith be strong in Him who is our strength; but if the consciousness of having neglected those duties which we were sent on earth to perform be with us then, dark, indeed, will be the valley of the Shadow of Death. I do not want, however, to read a homily, my dear brother, but to impress a truth; and I do hope that you will prevent the possibility of these dear children feeling what they must feel, enduring what they must endure, if you passed into another world without performing your duty towards them, and through them to society, in this.'

Mrs Adams met her brother-in-law that day (people five-and-twenty years ago did dine by day) at dinner with an air of offence. She was, of course, ladylike and quiet, but it was evident she was displeased. Everything at table was perfect, according to its kind. There was no guest present who was not superior in wealth and position to the doctor himself, and each was quite aware of the fact. Those who climb boldly, sometimes take a false step, but at all times make dangerous ones. When Charles looked round upon the splendid plate and stylish servants—when the children were ushered in after dinner, and every tongue was loud in praises of their beauty—an involuntary shudder passed through his heart, and he almost accused himself of selfishness, when he was comforted by the remembrance of the provision made for his own little ones, who

were as pretty, as well educated, and as happy in their cheerful country home.

The next morning he was on his return to Repton, happy in the assurance his brother had given him before they parted, that he would really lay by a large sum for the regular insurance of his life.

'My dear John,' said the doctor's wife, 'when does the new carriage come home? I thought we were to have had it this week. The old chariot looked so dull to-day, just as you were going out, when Dr Fitzlane's new chocolate-colour passed; certainly that chocolate-coloured carriage, picked out with blue, and those blue liveries, are very, very pretty.'

'Well, Lucy, I think them too gay—the liveries I mean—for an M.D.; quieter colours do best: and as to the new carriage, I had not absolutely ordered it. I don't see why I cannot go on with the jobs; and I almost think I shall do so, and appropriate the money I intended for my own carriage to another purpose.'

'What purpose?'

'Why, to effect an insurance on my life. There was a great deal of truth in what Charles said the other day, although he said it coarsely, which is not usual with him; but he felt the subject, and I feel it also; so I think of, as I said, going quietly on with the jobs—at all events till next year—and devoting this money to the insurance.'

It is difficult to believe how any woman, situated as Mrs Adams was, could have objected to a plan so evidently for her advantage and the advantage of her family; but she was one of those who never like to think of the possibility of a reverse of fortune—who thrust care off as long as they can—and who feel more pleasure in being lavish as to the present than in saving for the future.

'I am sure,' she answered in the half-petted, half-peevish tone that evinces a weak mind—'I am sure if anything was to happen to you, I would break my heart at once, and my family of course would provide for the children. I could not bear the idea of reaping any advantage by your death; and really the jobs are so very inferior to what they used to be—and Dr Leeswor, next door but one, has purchased such a handsome chariot—you have at least twice his practice; and—— Why, dear John, you never were in such health; there will be no necessity for this painful insurance. And after you have set up your own carriage, you can begin and lay by, and in a few years there will be plenty for the children; and I shall not have the galling feeling that any living thing would profit by your death. Dear John, pray do not think of this painful insurance; it may do very well for a man like your brother—a man without refinement; but just fancy the mental torture of such a provision!'

Much more Mrs Adams talked; and the doctor, who loved display, and had no desire to see Dr Leeswor, his particular rival, or

even Dr Fitzlane, better appointed than himself, felt strongly inclined towards the new carriage, and thought it would certainly be pleasanter to save than to insure, and resolved to begin immediately *after* the purchase of his new equipage.

When persons are very prosperous, a few ten or twenty pounds do not much signify, but the principle of careless expenditure is hard to curb.

Various things occurred to put off the doctor's plan of laying by. Mrs Adams had an illness that rendered a residence abroad necessary for a winter or two. The eldest boy must go to Eton. As their mamma was not at home, the little girls were sent to school. Bad as Mrs Adams's management was, it was better than no management at all. If the doctor had given up his entertainments, his 'friends' would have said he was going down in the world, and his patients would have imagined him less skilful; besides, notwithstanding his increased expenditure, he found he had ample means, not to lay by, but to spend on without debt or difficulty. Sometimes his promise to his brother would cross his mind, but it was soon dispelled by what he had led himself to believe was the impossibility of attending to it then. When Mrs Adams returned, she complained that the children were too much for her nerves and strength, and her husband's tenderness induced him to yield his favourite plan of bringing up his girls under his own roof. In process of time two little ones were added to the four, and still his means kept pace with his expenses; in short, for ten years he was a favourite with the class of persons who render favouritism fortune. It is impossible, within the compass of a tale, to trace the minutiæ of the brothers' history: the children of both were handsome, intelligent, and, in the world's opinion, well educated. John's eldest daughter was one amongst a thousand for beauty of mind and person; hers was no glaring display of figure or information. She was gentle, tender, and affectionate; of a disposition sensitive, and attuned to all those rare virtues in her sphere which form at once the treasures of domestic life and the ornaments of society. She it was who soothed the nervous irritability of her mother's sick chamber and perpetual peevishness, and graced her father's drawing-room by a presence that was attractive to both old and young, from its sweetness and unpretending modesty; her two younger sisters called forth all her tenderness, from the extreme delicacy of their health; but her brothers were even greater objects of solicitude—handsome, spirited lads—the eldest waiting for a situation, promised, but not given; the second also waiting for a cadetship; while the youngest was still at Eton. These three young men thought it incumbent on them to evince their belief in their father's prosperity by their expenditure, and accordingly they spent much more than the sons of a professional man ought to spend under any circumstances. Of all waitings, the waiting upon patronage is the most tedious and the most

enervating to the waiter. Dr Adams felt it in all its bitterness when his sons' bills came to be paid; but he consoled himself, also, for his dilatoriness with regard to a provision for his daughters—it was impossible to lay by while his children were being educated; but the moment his eldest sons got the appointments they were promised, he would certainly save, or insure, or do something.

People who only *talk* about doing something, generally end by doing nothing. Another year passed: Mrs Adams was still an invalid; the younger girls more delicate than ever; the boys waiting, as before, their promised appointments, and more extravagant than ever; and Miss Adams had made a conquest which even her father thought worthy of her.

The gentleman who had become really attached to this beautiful girl was of a high family, who were sufficiently charmed with the object of his affections to give their full sanction, as far as person and position were concerned; but the prudent father of the would-be bridegroom thought it right to take an early opportunity of waiting upon the doctor, stating his son's prospects, and frankly asking what sum Dr Adams proposed settling on his daughter. Great, indeed, was his astonishment at the reply—'He should not be able to give his daughter anything *immediately*, but at his death.' The doctor, for the first time for many years, felt the bitterness of his false position. He hesitated, degraded by the knowledge that he must sink in the opinion of the man of the world by whom he was addressed; he was irritated at his want of available funds being known; and though well aware that the affections of his darling child were bound up in the son of the very gentlemanly, but most prudent person who sat before him, he was so high and so irritable in his bearing, that the fathers parted, not in anger, but in anything but good feeling.

Sir Augustus Barry was not slow to set before his son the disadvantages of a union where the extravagant habits of Miss Adams had no more stable support than her father's life. He argued that a want of forethought in the parents would be likely to produce a want of forethought in the children; and knowing well what could be done with such means as Dr Adams had had at his command for years, he was not inclined to put a kind construction upon so total a want of the very quality which he considered the best a man could possess; so, after some delay, and much consideration of the matter, he told his son that he really could not consent to his marriage with a penniless bride. And Dr Adams, finding that the old gentleman, with a total want of that delicacy which monied men do not frequently possess, had spoken of what he termed too truly and too strongly his heartless want of forethought, and characterised as a selfishness the indulgence of a love for display and extravagance, when children were to be placed in the world and portioned—insulted the son for the fault of the father, and forbade his daughter to receive him.

Mary Adams endeavoured to bear this as meekly as she had borne the flattery and tenderness which had been lavished on her since her birth. The bitter, bitter knowledge that she was considered by her lover's family as a girl who, with the chance of being penniless, lived like a princess, was inconceivably galling; and though she had dismissed her lover, and knew that her father had insulted him, still she wondered how he could so soon forget her, and never write even a line of farewell. From her mother she did not expect sympathy; she was too tender and too proud to seek it; and her father, more occupied than ever, was seldom in his own house. Her uncle, who had not been in town for some years, at last arrived, and was not less struck by the extreme grace and beauty of his niece, than by the deep melancholy which saddened her voice and weighed down her spirits. He was evidently anxious to mention something which made him joyous and happy; and when the doctor entered the library with him, he said: 'And may not Mary come in also?' Mary did come in; and her gentle presence subdued her uncle's spirits. 'I had meant to tell the intended change in my family only to you, brother John; but it has occurred to me we were all wrong about my niece. They said at home: "Do not invite my cousin; she is too fine, too gay to come to a country wedding; she would not like it:" but I think, surrounded as she is by luxuries, that the fresh air of Repton, the fresh flowers, fresh fields, and fresh smiles of her cousins, would do my niece good, great good; and we shall be quite gay in our own homely way—the gaiety that upsprings from hearts grateful to the Almighty for his goodness. The fact is, that in about three weeks my Mary is to be married to our rector's eldest son. In three weeks. As he is only his father's curate, they could not have afforded to marry for five or six years, if I had not been able to tell down a handsome sum for Mary's fortune. It was a proud thing to be able to make a good child happy by care in time. "Care in time"—that's my stronghold! How glad we were to look back, and think that, while we educated them properly, we denied ourselves to perform our duty to the children God had given to our care! We have not been as gay as our neighbours, whose means were less than ours; we could not be so, seeing we had to provide for five children; but our pleasure has been to elevate and render those children happy and prosperous. Mary will be so happy, dear child—so happy! Only think, John, she will be six years the sooner happy from our care in time!' This was more than his niece could bear. The good father was so full of his daughter's happiness, and the doctor so overwhelmed with self-reproach—never felt so bitterly as at that moment—that neither perceived the deathlike paleness that overspread the less fortunate Mary's face. She got up to leave the room, staggered, and fell at her father's feet.

'We have murdered her between us,' muttered Dr Adams, while

he raised her up; 'murdered her; but I struck the first blow! God forgive me!—God forgive me!'

That night the brothers spent in deep and earnest converse. The certainty of his own prosperity, the self-gratulation that follows a just and careful discharge of duties imposed alike by reason and religion, had not raised Charles above his brother in his own esteem. Pained beyond description at the suffering he had so unconsciously inflicted on his niece—horror-struck at the fact that thousands upon thousands had been lavished, yet nothing done for hereafter, the hereafter that must come—he urged upon John the danger of delay, the uncertainty of life. Circumstances increased his influence. Dr Adams had been made painfully aware that gilding was not gold. The beauty, position, and talents of his beloved child, although fully acknowledged, had failed to establish her in life. 'Look, Charles,' he said, after imparting all to his brother, absolutely weeping over the state of uncomplaining but deep sorrow to which his child was reduced—'if I could command the necessary funds, I would to-morrow insure my life for a sum that would place them beyond the possible reach of necessity of any kind.'

'Do not wait for that,' was the generous reply of Charles Adams; 'I have some unemployed hundreds at this moment. Come with me to-morrow; do not delay a day, no, nor an hour; and take my word for it, you will have reason to bless your resolve. Only imagine what would be the case if God called you to give an account of your stewardship!' But he checked himself; he saw that more was not necessary; and the brothers separated for a few hours, both anxious for the morning. It was impossible to say which of the two hurried over breakfast with the greatest rapidity. The carriage was at the door; and Dr Adams left word with his butler that he was gone into the city on urgent business, and would be back in two hours.

'I don't think,' exclaimed Charles, rubbing his hands gleefully—'I don't think that, if my dear niece were happy, I should ever have been so happy in all my life as I am at this moment.'

'I feel already,' replied John, 'as if a great weight were removed from my heart; and were it not for the debt which I have contracted to you—— Ah, Charles, I little dreamt, when I looked down from the hill over Repton, and thought my store inexhaustible, that I should be obliged to you thus late in life. And yet I protest I hardly know where I could have drawn in; one expense grows so out of another. These boys have been so very extravagant; but I shall soon have the two eldest off; they cannot keep them much longer waiting.'

'Work is better than waiting; but let the lads fight their way; they have had, I suppose, a good education; they ought to have had professions. There is something to me awfully lazy in your

"appointments:" a young man of spirit will appoint himself; but it is the females of a family, brought up as yours have been, who are to be considered. Women's position in society is changed from what it was some years ago: it was expected that they must marry; and so they were left, before their marriage, dependent upon fathers and brothers, as creatures that could do nothing for themselves. Now, poor things, I really don't know why, but girls do not marry off as they used. They become old, and frequently—owing to the expectation of their settling—without the provision necessary for a comfortable old age. This is the parent of those despicable tricks and arts which women resort to to get married, as they have no acknowledged position independent of matrimony. Something ought to be done to prevent this. And when the country steadies a little from the great revolution of past years, I suppose something may be thought of by improved teaching—and systems to enable women to assist themselves, and be recompensed for the assistance they yield others. Now, imagine your dear girls, those younger ones particularly, deprived of you'——

'Here is the patient upon whom I must call *en route*,' interrupted the doctor.

The carriage drew up.

'I wish,' said Charles, 'you had called here on your return. I wanted the insurance to have been your first business to-day.'

'I shall not be five minutes,' was the reply. The servant let down the step, and the doctor bounded up towards the open door. In his progress he trode upon a bit, a mere shred, of orange-peel; it was the mischief of a moment; he slipped, and his temple struck against the sharp column of an iron scraper. Within one hour Dr John Adams had ceased to exist.

What the mental and bodily agony of that one hour was, you can better understand than I can describe. He was fully conscious that he was dying, and he knew all the misery that was to follow.

'Mary—my dear niece,' said Charles Adams as he seated himself by her side; 'my dear, dear niece, can you fix your thoughts, and give me your attention for half an hour, now that all is over, and that the demands of the world press upon us. I want to speak about the future. Your mother bursts into such fits of despair that I can do nothing with her; and your brother is so ungovernable—talks as if he could command the Bank of England—and is so full of his mother's connections and their influence, that I have left him to himself. Can you, my dear Mary, restrain your feelings, and give me your attention?'

Mary Adams looked firmly in her uncle's face, and said: 'I will try. I have been thinking and planning all the morning, but I do not know how to begin being useful. If I once began, I could go

on. The sooner we are out of this huge expensive house the better; if I could get my mother to go with the little girls to the sea-side. Take her away altogether from this home—take her'——

'Where?' inquired Mr Adams. 'She will not accept shelter in my house.'

'I do not know,' answered his niece, relapsing into all the helplessness of first grief; 'indeed I do not know. Her brother-in-law, Sir James Ashbrooke, invited her to the Pleasaunce; but my brother objects to her going there, his uncle has behaved so neglectfully about his appointment.'

'Foolish boy!' muttered Charles; 'this is no time to quarrel about trifles. The fact is, Mary, that the sooner you are all out of this house the better: there are one or two creditors, not for large sums certainly, but still men who will have their money; and if we do not quietly sell off, they will force us. The house might have been disposed of last week by private contract, but your mother would not hear of it, because the person who offered was a medical rival of my poor brother.'

Mary did not hear the concluding observation; her eyes wandered from object to object in the room—the harp—the various things known from childhood. 'Anything you and your mother wish, my dear niece,' said her kind uncle, 'shall be preserved: the family pictures—your harp, your piano—they are all hallowed memorials, and shall be kept sacred.'

Mary burst into tears. 'I do not,' she said 'shrink from considering those instruments the means of my support; but although I know the necessity for so considering, I feel I cannot tell what at quitting the home of my childhood. People are all kind; you, my dear uncle, from whom we expected so little, the kindest of all; but I see, even in these early days of a first sorrow, indications of falling off. My aunt's husband has really behaved very badly about the appointment of my eldest brother; and as to the cadetship for the second—we had such a brief, dry letter from our Indian friends—so many first on the list, and the necessity for waiting, that I do not know how it will end.'

'I wish, my dear, you could prevail on your mother, and sister, and all, to come to Repton,' said Mr Adams. 'If your mother dislikes being in my house, I would find her a cottage near us; I will do all I can. My wife joins me in the determination to think that we have six additional children to look to. We differ from you in our habits, but our hearts and affections are no less true to you all. My Mary and you will be as sisters.'

His niece could bear no more kindness. She had been far more bitterly disappointed than she had confessed even to her uncle; and yet the very bitterness of the disappointment had been the first thing that had driven her father's dying wail from her ears—that cry repeated so often, and so bitterly, in the brief moments left after his

accident—'My children! My children!' He had not sufficient faith to commit them to God's mercy. He knew he had not been a faithful steward; and he could not bring himself, from the depths of his spiritual blindness, to call upon the Fountain that is never dried up to those who would humbly and earnestly partake of its living waters.

It was all a scene as of another world to the young, beautiful, petted, and fêted girl; it had made her forget the disappointment of her love, at least for a time. While her brothers dared the thunder-cloud that burst above their heads, her mother and sisters wept beneath its influence. Mary had looked forth, and, if she did not hope, she thought, and tried to pray. Now, she fell weeping upon her uncle's shoulder: when she could speak, she said: 'Forgive me; in a little time I shall be able to conquer this; at present, I am overwhelmed. I feel as if knowledge and sorrow came together: I seem to have read more of human nature within the last three days than in all my past life.'

'It all depends, Mary, upon the person you meet,' said Mr Adams, 'as upon the book you read. If you choose a foolish book or a bad book, you can expect nothing but vice or foolishness; if you choose a foolish companion, surely you cannot expect kindness or strength.' The kind-hearted man repeated to her all he had before said. 'I cannot,' he added, 'be guilty of injustice to my children; but I can merge all my own luxuries into the one of being a father to the fatherless.'

But to all the plans of Charles Adams objections were raised by his eldest nephew and his mother: the youth could not brook the control of a simple straight-minded country man, whose only claim to be considered a gentleman, in his opinion, arose from his connection with 'his family.' He was also indignant with his maternal uncle for his broken promise, and these feelings were strengthened by his mother's folly. Two opportunities for disposing of the house and its magnificent furniture were missed; and when Mrs Adams complained to her nearest and most influential connections that her brother-in-law refused to make her any allowance unless she consented to live at Repton—expecting that they would be loud in their indignation at his hardness—they advised her by all means to do what he wished, as he was really the only person she had to depend upon. Some were lavish of their sympathy, but sympathy wears out quickly; others invited her to spend a month with them at their country-seat, for change of air; and one hinted how valuable Miss Adams's exquisite musical talent would be now. Mary coloured, and said 'Yes,' with the dignity of proper feeling. But her mother asked the lady what she meant, and a little scene followed, which caused the lady to visit all the families in town of her acquaintance, for the purpose of expressing her sympathy with 'those poor dear Adamses, who were so proud, poor things, that

really there was nothing but starvation and the workhouse before them!' Another of those well-meaning persons—strong-minded and kind-hearted, but without a particle of delicacy—came to poor Mary with all the *prestige* of conferring a favour.

'My dear young lady, it is the commonest thing in the world—very painful, but very common: the families of professional men are frequently left without provision. Such a pity!—because, if they cannot save, they can insure. We all can do that, but they do not do it, and consequently everywhere the families of professional men are found in distress. So, as I said, it is common; and I wanted you to suggest to your mother that, if she would not feel hurt at it, the thing being so common—dear Dr Adams having been so popular, so very popular—that, while every one is talking about him and you all, a very handsome subscription could be got up. I would begin it with a sum large enough to invite still larger. I had a great regard for him—I had indeed.'

Mary felt her heart sink and rise, and her throat swell, so that she could not speak. She had brought herself to the determination of employing her talents for her own support, but she was not prepared to come with her family before the world as paupers. 'We have no claim upon the public,' she said at last. 'I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim. My dear father forwarded no public work—no public object; he gave his advice, and received his payment. If we are not provided for, it is no public fault. Besides, my father's children are able and willing to support themselves. I am sure you mean us kindly, but we have no claim upon public sympathy, and an appeal to it would crush us to the earth. I am very glad you did not speak first to my mother. My uncle Charles would not suffer it, even suppose she wished it.'

This friend also departed to excite new speculations as to the pride and poverty of 'poor dear Dr Adams's family.' In the world, however—the busy, busy London world—it is idle to expect anything to create even a nine days' wonder. When the house and furniture were at last offered for sale, the feeling was somewhat revived; and Mary, whose beauty, exquisite as it was, had so unobtrusive a character as never to have created a foe, was remembered with tears by many. Even the father of her old lover, when he was congratulated by one more worldly-minded than himself on the escape of his son in not marrying a portionless girl, reproved the unfeeling speaker with a wish that he only hoped his son might have as good a wife as Mary Adams would have been.

The bills were taken down, the house purified from the auction-mob—everything changed; a new name occupied the doctor's place in the *Court Guide;* and in three months the family seemed as completely forgotten amongst those of whom they once formed a prominent part, as if they had never existed. When one sphere of life closes against a family, they find room in another. Many kind-

hearted persons in Mrs Adams's first circle would have been rejoiced to be of service to her and hers, but they were exactly the people upon whom she had no claim. Of a high, but poor family, her relatives had little power. What family so situated ever had any influence beyond what they absolutely needed for themselves? With an ill grace, she at last acceded to the kind offer made by Mr Charles Adams, and took possession of the cottage he fixed upon, until something could be done for his brother's children. In a fit of proud despair, the eldest son enlisted into a regiment of dragoons; the second was fortunate enough to obtain a cadetship through a stranger's interference; and his uncle thought it might be possible to get the youngest forward in his father's profession. The expense of the necessary arrangements was severely felt by the prudent and careful country gentleman. The younger girls were too delicate for even the common occupations of daily life; and Mary, instead of receiving the welcome she had been led to expect from her aunt and cousins, felt that every hour she spent at the Grange was an intrusion.

The sudden death of Dr Adams had postponed the intended wedding of Charles Adams's eldest daughter; and although her mother agreed that it was their duty to forward the orphan children, she certainly felt, as most affectionate mothers whose hearts are not very much enlarged would feel, that much of their own savings—much of the produce of her husband's hard labour—labour during a series of years when her sister-in-law and her children were enjoying all the luxuries of life—would now be expended for their support. This, to an all-sacrificing mother, despite her sense of the duty of kindness, was hard to bear. As long as they were not on the spot, she theorised continually, and derived much satisfaction from the sympathising observations of her neighbours, and was proud, very proud, of the praise bestowed upon her husband's benevolence; but when her sister-in-law's expensive habits were in daily array before her (the cottage being close to the Grange); when she knew, to use her own expression, 'that she never put her hand to a single thing;' that she could not live without port wine, when she herself never drank even gooseberry, except on Sundays; never ironed a collar, never dusted the mantel-piece, or ate a shoulder of mutton—roast one day, cold the next, and hashed the third—while each day brought some fresh illustration of her thoughtlessness to the eyes of the wife of the wealthy tiller of the soil, the widow of the physician thought herself in the daily practice of the most rigid self-denial. 'I am sure,' was her constant observation to her all-patient daughter—'I am sure I never thought it would come to this. I had not an idea of going through so much. I wonder your uncle and his wife can permit me to live in the way I do—they ought to consider how I was brought up.' It was in vain Mary represented that they were existing upon charity; that they ought to be most grateful for what they received,

coming as it did from those who, in their days of prosperity, professed nothing, while those who professed all things had done nothing. Mary would so reason, and then retire to her own chamber to weep alone over things more hard to bear.

It is painful to observe what bitterness will creep into the heart and manner of really kind girls where a lover is in the case, or even where a commonplace, dangling-sort-of flirtation is going forward; this depreciating ill-nature, one of the other, is not confined by any means to the fair sex. Young men pick each other to pieces with even more fierceness, but less ingenuity; they deal in a cut-and-hack sort of sarcasm, and do not hesitate to use terms and insinuations of the harshest kind when a lady is in the case. Mary (to distinguish her from her high-bred cousin, she was generally called Mary Charles) was certainly disappointed when her wedding was postponed in consequence of her uncle's death; but a much more painful feeling followed when she saw the admiration her lover, Edwin Lechmere, bestowed upon her beautiful cousin. Mary Charles was herself a beauty—fair, open-eyed, warm-hearted—*the* beauty of Repton; but though feature by feature, inch by inch, she was as handsome as Mary, yet in her cousin was the grace and spirit given only by good society; the manners elevated by a higher mind, and toned down by sorrow; a gentle softness, which a keen observer of human nature told me once no woman ever possessed unless she had deeply loved, and suffered from disappointed affection; in short, she was far more refined, far more fascinating, than her country cousin. Besides, she was unfortunate, and that at once gave her a hold upon the sympathies of the young curate. It did no more; but Mary Charles did not understand these nice distinctions, and nothing could exceed the change of manner she evinced when her cousin and her betrothed were together.

Mary thought her cousin rude and petulant; but the true cause of the change never occurred to her. Accustomed to the high-toned courtesy of well-bred men, which is so little practised in the middle class of English society, it never suggested itself that placing her chair, or opening the door for her to go out, or rising courteously when she came into a room, was more than, as a lady, she had a right to expect; in truth, she did not notice it at all; but she did notice, and feel deeply, her cousin's alternate coldness and snappishness of manner. 'I would not,' thought Mary, 'have behaved so to her if she had been left desolate; but in a little time, when my mother is more content, I will leave Repton, and become independent by my talents.' Never did she think of the power delegated to her by the Almighty without feeling herself raised—ay, higher than she had ever been in the days of her splendour—in the scale of moral usefulness; as every one must feel whose mind is rightly framed. She had not yet known what it was to have her abilities trampled on or insulted; she had never experienced the bitterness

consequent upon having the acquirements—which, in the days of her prosperity, commanded silence and admiration—sneered at or openly ridiculed. She had yet to learn that the Solons, the law-givers of English society, lavish their attentions and praise upon those who learn, not upon those who teach.

Mary had not been six months fatherless, when she was astonished first by a letter, and then by a visit, from her former lover. He came to renew his engagement, and to wed her even then, if she would have him. But Mary's high principle was stronger than he imagined. 'No,' she said; 'you are not independent of your father, and whatever I feel, I have no right to draw you down into poverty. You may fancy now that you could bear it; but a time would come—if not to you, to me—when the utter selfishness of such conduct would goad me to a death of early misery.' The young man appealed to her uncle, who thought her feelings overstrained, but respected her for it nevertheless; and, in the warmth of his admiration, he communicated the circumstance to his wife and daughter.

'Refuse her old lover under present circumstances!' repeated her cousin to herself as she left the room; 'there must be some other reason than that; she could not be so foolish as to reject such an offer at such a time.' Unfortunately, she saw Edwin Lechmere walking by Mary's side under the shadow of some trees. She watched them until the foliage screened them from her sight, and then she shut herself into her own room, and yielded to a long and violent burst of tears. 'It is not enough,' she exclaimed in the bitterness of her feelings, 'that the comforts of my parents' declining years should be abridged by the overwhelming burden to their exertions—another family added to their own; it is not enough that an uncomfortable feeling has grown between my father and mother on this account, and that cold looks and sharp words have come where they never came before, but my peace of mind must be destroyed. Gladly would I have taken a smaller portion, if I could have kept the affections which I see but too plainly my cousin has stolen from me. And my thoughtless aunt to say, only yesterday, that "at all events her husband was no man's enemy but his own." Has not his want of prudent forethought been the ruin of his own children? and will my parents ever recover the anxiety, the pain, the sacrifices, brought on by one man's culpable neglect? Oh, uncle, if you could look from your grave upon the misery you have caused!'—and then, exhausted by her own emotion, the affectionate but jealous girl began to question herself as to what she should do. After what she considered mature deliberation, she made up her mind to upbraid her cousin with treachery; and she put her design into execution that same evening.

It was no easy matter to oblige her cousin to understand what she meant; but at last the declaration that she had refused her old lover because she had placed her affections upon Edwin Lechmere, whom

she was endeavouring to 'entrap,' was not to be mistaken; and the country girl was altogether unprepared for the burst of indignant feeling, mingled with much bitterness, which repelled the untruth. A strong fit of hysterics into which Mary Charles worked herself was terminated by a scene of the most painful kind—her father being upbraided by her mother with 'loving other people's children better than his own,' while the curate himself knelt by the side of his betrothed, assuring her of his unaltered affection. From such a scene Miss Adams hastened with a throbbing brow and a bursting heart. She had no one to counsel or console her; no one to whom she could apply for aid. For the first time since she had experienced her uncle's tenderness, she felt she had been the means of disturbing his domestic peace; the knowledge of the burden she was, and the burden she and hers were considered, weighed her to the earth; and in a paroxysm of anguish she fell on her knees, exclaiming: 'Oh! why are the dependent born into the world? Father, father! why did you leave us, whom you so loved, to such a fate!' And then she reproached herself for having uttered a word reflecting on his memory. One of the every-day occurrences of life—so common, as to be hardly observed—is to find really kind, good-natured people weary of well-doing. 'Oh, really I was worn out with so and so; they are so decidedly unfortunate that it is impossible to help them,' is a general excuse for deserting those whose continuing misfortunes ought to render them greater objects of sympathy.

Mr Charles Adams was, as has been shewn in our little narrative, a kind-hearted man. Estranged as his brother and himself had been for a number of years, he had done much to forward, and still more to protect, his children. At first this was a pleasure; but somehow his 'benevolence,' and 'kindness,' and 'generosity' had been so talked about, so eulogised, and he had been so seriously inconvenienced by the waywardness of his nephews, the thoughtless pride of his sister-in-law, the helplessness of his younger nieces, as to feel seriously oppressed by his responsibility. And now the one who had never given him aught but pleasure, seemed, according to his daughter's representations, to be the cause of increased sorrow—the destroyer of his dear child's happiness. What to do he could not tell. His daughter, wrought upon by her own jealousy, had evinced under its influence so much temper she had never displayed before, that it seemed more than likely the cherished match would be broken off. His high-minded niece saved him any further anxiety as far as she was concerned. She sent for, and convinced him fully and entirely of her total freedom from the base design imputed to her. 'Was it likely,' she said, 'that I should reject the man I love lest I should drag him into poverty, and plunge at once with one I do not care for into the abyss I dread? This is the common-sense view of the case; but there is yet another. Is it to be borne that I would seek to rob your child of her happiness? The supposition is an insult

too gross to be endured. I will leave my mother to-morrow. An old school-fellow, older and more fortunate than myself, wished me to educate her little girl. I had one or two strong objections to living in her house ; but the desire to be independent and away has overcome them.' She then, with many tears, entreated her uncle still to protect her mother ; urged how she had been sorely tried ; and communicated fears, she had reason to believe were too well founded, that her eldest brother, feeling the reverse more than he could bear, had deserted from his regiment.

Charles Adams was deeply moved by the nobleness of his niece, and reproved his daughter more harshly than he had ever done before for the feebleness that created so strong and unjust a passion. This had the contrary effect to what he had hoped for : she did not hesitate to say that her cousin had endeavoured to rob her both of the affection of her lover and her father. The injured cousin left Repton, bowed beneath an accumulation of troubles, not one of which was of her own creating, not one of which she deserved ; and all springing from the unproviding nature of him who, had he been asked the question, would have declared himself ready to sacrifice his own life for the advantage of that daughter, now compelled to work for her own bread. To trace the career of Mary Adams in her new calling would be to repeat what I have said before. The more refined, the more informed the governess, the more she suffers. Being with one whom she had known in better days, made it even more hard to bear ; yet she did her duty, and that is one of the highest privileges a woman can enjoy.

Leaving Mary for a moment, let us return to Repton. Here discord, having once entered, was making sad ravages, and all were suffering from it. It was but too true that the eldest of the Adamses had deserted : his mother, clinging with a parent's fondness to her child, concealed him, and thus offended Charles Adams beyond all reconciliation. The third lad, who was walking the London hospitals, and exerting himself beyond his strength, was everything that a youth could be ; but his declining health was represented to his uncle, by one of those whom his mother's pride had insulted, as a cloak for indolence. In short, before another year had quite passed, the family of the once rich and fashionable Dr Adams had shared the fate of all dependents—worn out the benevolence, or patience, or whatever it really is, of their best friends. Nor was this the only consequence of the physician's neglect of a duty due alike to God and society : his brother had really done so much for the bereaved family, as to give what the world called just grounds to Mrs Charles Adams's repeated complaints, 'that now her husband was ruining his industrious family to keep the lazy widow of his spendthrift brother and her favourite children in idleness. Why could she not live upon the "fine folk" she was always throwing in her face?' Their daughter, too, of whose approaching union the fond father had been

so proud, was now, like her cousin whom she had wronged by her mean suspicions, deserted; the match broken off after much bickering; one quarrel having brought on another, until they separated by mutual consent. Her temper and her health were both materially impaired, and her beauty was converted into hardness and acidity.

Oh how utterly groundless is the idea, that in our social state, where one human being must so much depend upon another, any man, neglecting his positive duties, can be called only 'his own enemy!' What misery had not Dr Adams's neglect entailed, not alone on his immediate family, but on that of his brother! Besides, there were ramifications of distress; he died even more embarrassed than his brother had at first believed, and some trades-people were consequently embarrassed; but the deep misery fell upon his children. Meanwhile, Mrs Dr Adams had left Repton with her younger children, to be the dependents of Mary in London.

It was not until a fatal disease had seized upon her mother, that Mary ventured to appeal again to her uncle's generosity. 'My second brother,' she said, 'has, out of his small means, remitted her five pounds. My eldest brother seems altogether to have disappeared from amongst us: finding that his unhappy presence had occasioned so fatal a separation between his mother and you—a disunion which I saw was the effect of many small causes, rather than one great one—he left us, and we cannot trace him. This has broken my poor mother's heart; he was the cherished one of all her children. My youngest brother has been for the last month an inmate of one of the hospitals which my poor father attended for so many years, and where his word was law. My sister Rosa, she upon whom my poor father poured, if possible, more of his affection than he bestowed upon me—my lovely sister, of whom, even in our poverty, I was so proud—so young, only upon the verge of womanhood—has, you already know, left us. Would to God that it had been for her grave, rather than her destroyer!—a fellow-student of that poor youth, who, if he dreamt of her dishonour, would stagger like a spectre from what will be his death-bed to avenge her. Poverty is one of the surest guides to dishonour; those who have not been tempted know nothing of it. It is one thing to see it, another to feel it. Do not think her altogether base, because she had not the strength of a heroine. I have been obliged to resign my situation to attend my mother, and the only income we have is what I earn by giving lessons on the harp and piano. I give, for two shillings, the same instruction for which my father paid half-a-guinea a lesson; if I did not, I should have no pupils. It is more than a month since my mother left her bed; and my youngest sister, bending beneath increased delicacy of health, is her only attendant. I know her mind to be so tortured, and her body so convulsed by pain, that I have prayed to God to render her fit for Heaven, and take her from her sufferings. Imagine the weight of sorrow that crushed me to

my knees with such a petition as that! I know all you have done, and yet I ask you now, in remembrance of the boyish love that bound you and my father together, to lessen her bodily anguish by the sacrifice of a little more; that she, nursed in the lap of luxury, may not pass from life with starvation as her companion. My brother's gift is expended; and during the last three weeks I have earned but twelve shillings; my pupils are out of town. Do, for a moment, remember what I was, and think how humbled I must be to frame this supplication; but it is a child that petitions for a parent, and I know I have never forfeited your esteem. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, my brother and my mother will meet my poor father face to face. Oh that I could be assured that reproach and bitterness for the past do not pass the portals of the grave! Forgive me this, as you have already forgiven me much. Alas! I know too well that our misfortunes drew misfortunes upon others. I was the unhappy but innocent cause of much sorrow at the Grange; but oh! do not refuse the last request that I will ever make!' The letter was blotted by tears.

Charles Adams was from home when it arrived, and his wife, knowing the handwriting, and having made a resolution never to open a letter 'from that branch of the family,' did not send it after her husband, 'lest it might tease him.' Ten days elapsed before he received it; and when he did, he could not be content with writing, but lost not a moment in hastening to the address. Irritated and disappointed that what he really had done should have been so little appreciated, when every hour of his life he was smarting in one way or other from his exertions—broken-hearted at his daughter's blighted health and happiness—angered by the reckless wildness of one nephew, and what he believed was the idleness of another—and convinced that Rosa's fearful step was owing to the pampering and mismanagement of her foolish mother—Charles Adams satisfied himself that, as he did not hear to the contrary from Mary, all things were going on well, or at least not ill. He thought as little about them as he possibly could, no people in the world being so conveniently forgotten (when they are not importunate) as poor relations; but the letter of his favourite niece spoke strongly to his heart, and in two hours after his return home, he set forth for the London suburb from whence the letter was dated. It so chanced that, to get to that particular end of the town, he was obliged to pass the house his brother had occupied so splendidly for a number of years; the servants had lit the lamps, and were drawing the curtains of the noble dining-room; and a party of ladies were descending from a carriage, which prevented two others from setting down. It looked like old times. 'Some one else,' thought Charles Adams, 'running the same career of wealth and extravagance. God grant it may not lead to the same results!' He paused, and looked up the front of the noble mansion; the drawing-room windows were open,

and two beautiful children were standing on an ottoman placed between the windows, probably to keep them apart. He thought of Mary's childhood, and how she was occupied at that moment, and hastened onward. There are times when life seems one mingled dream, and it is not easy to become dispossessed of the idea when some of its frightful changes are brought almost together under our view.

'Is Miss Adams at home?' inquired her uncle of a woman leaning against the door of a miserable house.

'I don't know; she went to the hospital this morning; but I'm not sure she's in. It's the second pair back; it's easy known, for the sob has not ceased in that room these two nights; some people do take on so'——

Charles Adams did not hear the concluding sentence, but sought the room: the door would not close, and he heard a low sobbing sound from within. He paused; but his step had aroused the mourner. 'Come in, Mary—come in. I know how it is,' said a young voice; 'he is dead. One grave for mother and son—one grave for mother and son! I see your shadow, dark as it is. Have you brought a candle? It is very fearful to be alone with the dead —even one's own mother—in the dark.'

Charles Adams entered the room; but his sudden appearance in the twilight, and evidently not knowing him, overcame the girl, his youngest niece, so much, that she screamed, and fell on her knees by her mother's corpse. He called for lights, and was speedily obeyed, for he put a piece of gold in the woman's hand: she turned it over, and as she hastened from the room, muttered, 'If this had come sooner, she'd not have died of starvation, or burdened the parish for a shroud: it's hard the rich can't look to their own.'

When Mary returned, she was fearfully calm. 'No; her brother was not dead,' she said. 'The young were longer dying than those whom the world had worn out; the young knew so little of the world, they thought it hard to leave it;' and she took off her bonnet, and sat down; and while her uncle explained why he had not written, she looked at him with eyes so fixed and cold, that he paused, hoping she would speak, so painful was their stony expression. But she let him go on, without offering one word of assurance of any kind feeling or remembrance; and when she stooped to adjust a portion of the coarse plaiting of the shroud—that mockery of 'the purple and fine linen of living days'—her uncle saw that her hair, her luxuriant hair, was striped with white.

'There is no need for words now,' she said at last; 'no need. I thought you would have sent; she required but little—but very little; the dust rubbed from the gold she once had would have been riches. But the little she did require she had not, and so she died. But what weighs heaviest upon my mind was her calling so continually on my father, to know why he had deserted her. She attached

no blame latterly to any one, only called day and night upon him. Oh! it was hard to bear—it was very hard to bear!'

'I will send a proper person in the morning, to arrange that she may be placed with my brother,' said Charles.

Mary shrieked almost with the wildness of a maniac. 'No, no; as far from him as possible! Oh! not with him! She was to blame in our days of splendour as much as he was; but she could not see it; and I durst not reason with her. Not with him! She would disturb him in his grave!'

Her uncle shuddered, while the young girl sobbed in the bitter wailing tone their landlady complained of.

'No,' resumed Mary; 'let the parish bury her; even its officers were kind; and if you bury her, or they, it is still a pauper's funeral. I see all these things clearly now. Death, while it closes the eyes of some, opens the eyes of others; it has opened mine.'

But why should I prolong this sad story. It is not the tale of one, but of many. There are dozens, scores, hundreds of instances of the same kind, arising from the same cause, in our broad islands. In the lunatic asylum where that poor girl, even Mary Adams, has found refuge during the past two years, there are many cases of insanity arising from change of circumstances, where a fifty pounds' insurance would have set such maddening distress at defiance. I know that her brother died in the hospital within a few days; and the pale, sunken-eyed girl, whose damp yellow hair and thin white hand are so eagerly kissed by the gentle maniac when she visits her, month by month, is the youngest, and, I believe, the last of her family—at least the last in England. Oh that those who foolishly boast that their actions only affect themselves, would look carefully abroad, and, if they doubt what I have faithfully told, examine into the causes which crowd the world with cases even worse than I have here recorded!

NOTE.—The evil consequences of a neglect or postponement of life assurance, such as are portrayed in the foregoing tale, are very far from being of uncommon occurrence; and as much may arise from ignorance, we have, in another tract, presented every requisite information on the subject.—ED.

ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.*

A TALE OF SELF-DENIAL.

I.

'MR ATKINS, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?'

'Anything worth hearing?' was the responsive question of Mr Atkins; and he laid down the *New Hampshire Patriot*, and peered over his spectacles with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

'Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory.'

'Well, wife, let her go;' and Mr Atkins took up the *Patriot* again.

'But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own 'men-folks,' and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her.'

'But you say she does not assist you any about the house.'

'Well, husband, she *might*.'

'Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory.'

'Father! are you in earnest? May I go to Lowell?' said Abby; and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look of exquisite delight.

'Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing; and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year.'

'I will promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say that I had better stay at home and pick

* Lowell is a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, to which young women, the daughters of farmers and others, resort for employment in the factories. The generally excellent conduct of these 'factory girls,' also their taste and literary abilities, are spoken of by travellers from England as a kind of wonder. Amongst them are contributed a series of papers in prose and verse, which form an annual, entitled the *Lowell Offering*; and it is from one of these interesting publications that the present story, which appears under the signature of 'Lucinda,' is extracted.—ED.

rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday, for that is the day they have set for their return?'

'Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year.'

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass bank by the roadside watching the stage which went daily by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which passed like a bright phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought that, when older, she too would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment whilst she remained at home; for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her 'go-to-meeting dress.' And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses—one of grass green, and another of cherry-red, and another upon the colour of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were: 'Mr Atkins, were you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you were vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation.'

'Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what it is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes; but after she has done so, she may see the folly of it: at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After

she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured.'

'Oh, husband, I have many fears for her,' was the reply of Mrs Atkins, 'she is so very giddy and thoughtless; and the Slater girls are as harebrained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home.'

'I have made a promise,' said Mr Atkins, 'and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers.'

Abby flew round in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

II.

The evening before she left home, her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest, and almost mournful look, he said: 'Abby, do you ever think?' Abby was subdued and almost awed by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath School, when he was endeavouring to impress upon her mind some serious truth.

'Yes, father,' she at length replied, 'I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell.'

'But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I were too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may at some future time severely repent of; and, Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl.'

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience. I will surprise

them, said she to herself; I will shew them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my father shall never ask me if I *think*. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done; but I will begin *now*, and when I return, they shall see that I am a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. Oh how different I will be from what they think I am; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad after all!

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved.

When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, 'No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution.'

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation; she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, 'I can gather them in our own pasture next year;' when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, 'I will do without them *this* summer;' and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought that she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings-bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might

be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror. One sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in 'the year one.' The colour mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had '*just come down*;' and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their sly innuendoes about 'bush-whackers.' Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly shall be devoted to a better purpose.

III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knee. 'Wife,' said he to Mrs Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, 'is it not a year since Abby left home?'

'Why, husband, let me think: I always clean up the house thoroughly just before fast-day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time; and she said, "Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year." Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week.'

'Perhaps she will not come at all,' said Mr Atkins with a gloomy look; 'she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news; and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you her first year in Lowell shall also be her last.'

'Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year.'

'Pa, the stage has stopped here,' said little Charley, and he

bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of 'Abby has come! Abby has come!' In a few moments more she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw-bonnet, with its plain trimming of light-blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress shewed to the best advantage her neat symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

'Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?' said her father as she opened a large new trunk.

'Not *one*, father,' said she, and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. 'But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays. Accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift.'

'You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything.' There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. 'But what did you do with all your money?'

'I thought I had better leave it there,' said Abby, and she placed her bank-book in her father's hand. Mr Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes.

'It is but a little,' said Abby.

'But it was all you could save,' replied her father, 'and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?'

'Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is

but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me,' and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture-book had already effected wonders, and in a few moments he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given 'Sister Abby' a hundred kisses.

'Father,' said Abby as she arose to retire when the tall clock struck eleven, 'may I not some time go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk gown.'

'Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell. You have shewn yourself to be possessed of a virtue, without which no one can expect to gain either respect or confidence—SELF-DENIAL.'

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant is the largest and most powerful of all living quadrupeds, and may be regarded as a remnant of those gigantic races which were common at an earlier period of the earth's history. Specimens have been found upwards of twelve feet high from the sole of the foot to the ridge of the shoulder, above five tons in weight, and capable of carrying enormous burdens. In general figure, the animal seems clumsy and awkward, but this is fully compensated by the litheness and agility of his trunk. His legs are necessarily massive, for the support of such a huge body; but though apparently stiff, they are by no means the unwieldy members which many suppose. He can kneel and rise with facility; can use the fore-feet by way of hand in holding down branches while he strips off the foliage with his trunk; employ his feet in stamping his enemies to death; and has been known to travel even with a heavy load from fifty to seventy miles in twenty-four hours. His feet, which are internally divided into toes, are externally gathered into a round cushioned mass, protected by flattish nails, and are therefore unfitted for walking on roads or rocky ground. Less bulky in the hinder quarters, his strength accumulates in his chest and neck, the latter of which is short and well adapted for the support of the head and trunk, which are his principal organs of action and defence.

Compared with the bulk of his body, the head appears small; but not so when we take into account the weight and size of its appendages. These are pendulous ears, a couple of gigantic tusks in the

male, and the proboscis or trunk, which in large specimens is capable of reaching to a distance of seven or eight feet. In the Indian species* the ears are rather small, but in the African they are so large, that the Boers and Hottentots make use of them as trucks when dried. The tusks, which correspond to the canine teeth of other quadrupeds, appear only in the upper jaw, fully developed in the male, and only partially so in the female. These he employs as his main weapons of defence, as well as in clearing away obstructions from his path, and in grubbing up succulent roots, of which he is particularly fond. The largest pair in the Paris Museum of Natural History is seven feet in length, and about half a foot in diameter at the base; but specimens of much larger dimensions are mentioned by early authors, whose accounts, however, have the disadvantage of being regarded as somewhat apocryphal. The eye of the elephant is small, but brilliant; and though, from the position in the head, it is incapable of backward and upward vision, yet this defect is remedied in a great degree by the acuteness of his hearing. Indeed all his senses are peculiarly keen, and concentrated, as it were, around the proboscis, for the purpose of directing more immediately the motions of that indispensable mechanism.

The trunk is of a tapering form, and composed of several thousand minute muscles, which cross and interlace each other, so as to give it the power of stretching and contracting, of turning itself in every direction, and of feeling and grasping with a delicacy and strength which is altogether astonishing. It encloses the nostrils, and has the power of inflating itself, of drawing in water, or of ejecting it with violence; it also terminates on the upper side in a sort of fleshy finger, and below in a similar protuberance, which answers to the opposing power of the thumb, and thus it can lift the minutest object. 'Endowed,' says an eloquent writer, 'with exquisite sensibility, nearly eight feet in length, and stout in proportion to the massive size of the whole animal, this organ, at the volition of the elephant, will uproot trees or gather grass, raise a piece of artillery or pick up a comfit, kill a man or brush off a fly. It conveys the food to the mouth, and pumps up the enormous draughts of water which, by its recurvature, are turned into and driven down the capacious throat, or showered over the body. Its length supplies the place of a long neck, which would have been incompatible with the support of the large head and weighty tusks of the animal.'

The skin of the elephant, like that of the horse, is extremely

* In systems of natural history, the elephant ranks with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned class of animals, and forms the type of the *Proboscidean* order; that is, those which are furnished with a proboscis or prehensile trunk. There are only two species of the genus *Elephas* namely, the Asiatic and the African; the latter being distinguished from the former by its large pendulous ears, less elevated head, and some minor peculiarities interesting only to professed naturalists. The *Mammoth*, whose remains are found so abundantly in Siberia, is another species which appears to have become extinct within a very recent period.

sensitive; and though in domesticated specimens it appears chapped and callous, yet in a state of nature it is smooth, and sufficiently delicate to feel the attack of the tiniest insect; hence his care in syringing it with his trunk, in varnishing it with dust and saliva, and in fanning himself, as he often does, with a leafy bough. It possesses the same muscular peculiarity as the skin of the horse, and can, by its shuddering motion, remove the smallest object from its surface. The colour is generally of a dusky black, but individuals are occasionally found of a dull brown, or nearly white. Albinos, or rather cream-whites, are, however, extremely rare, and are treated with divine honours by some of the Eastern nations, as in Siam, Ava, and the Burman Empire.

NATURAL HABITS.

In its mode of life the elephant is strictly herbivorous, feeding upon rank grass, young shoots of trees, and succulent roots. His whole conformation is eminently fitted for such subsistence, and points to the tropical valley and fertile river-side as the localities where he can enjoy at all seasons herbage and water in abundance. Though created for the jungle and forest, where heat and moisture are the chief vegetative agents, yet the elephant, by his weight and size, is excluded from the swamp. He bathes in the river and lake only where the bottom is firm and secure, and rolls on the sward or in the forest glade, and not in the marsh, where he would inevitably sink beyond the means of extrication. Confined to the regions of an almost perpetual summer, he grubs up roots with his tusks, pulls down branches with his trunk to browse on their foliage, or feeds on the luxuriant herbage, enjoying greater ease and security than any other quadruped. His great size and strength place him beyond the dread of other animals; and, like all the herbivora, he is of mild disposition, having no occasion to wage war upon others for the satisfaction of his natural cravings.

In India, the head-quarters of the animal are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the Western Ghauts, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are found in herds of about a hundred in number. In Africa, they were, till recently, pretty numerous in Cape Colony; but the progress of civilisation has driven them inland, and they are now to be met with in droves only in the more fertile plains and along the river margins of Caffraria. During the time of the Carthaginians, the north of Africa appears to have been also numerously stocked with elephants; but this district they have long since abandoned; and even in the western regions, which furnished ivory in abundance during the early settlement of

the Portuguese, they have become almost extinct. We know too little of the interior of that great continent, to say in what numbers they may exist in the plains drained by the Tchad, Niger, and other tropical rivers; but there, we presume, they still roam in undiminished numbers. Like most vegetable feeders, they are gregarious; and the herd is generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail, and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. By these means food, friends, and foes appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance.

The elephant has three distinct notes of intercommunication. The first is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good-humour, and all is safe; the second is a growl or groan issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; and the third, which is loud and long, like the roaring of the lion, is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. The members of the herd seldom roam far from each other, and even then the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength, will hardly venture to attack the elephant. Should he do so, the male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy, but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight. In their native forests, therefore, elephants, whether acting singly or in concert, are invincible to all enemies save man. The latter, even in his rudest state, has only to light a fire, and the huge brute flies in the utmost consternation; or he digs a pit and covers it with turf, and the animal falls into it, helpless, and at his mercy; or it may be that he tips his arrow with the vegetable poisons which experience has enabled him to practise, and the fatal substance benumbs and curdles the blood of his victim.

A herd of these gigantic animals browsing in their native forests must be an imposing spectacle: here a group stripping the well-foliaged branches, there another twisting the long grass into bundles; here a set listlessly flapping their ears under the shade, there another toying with each other, 'making unwieldy merriment.' The enjoyment of this primitive scene is, however, somewhat disturbed by the consideration of the ravage and destruction which the herd commits. It is not so much the amount of food which they consume, as the immense quantity they destroy with their feet; hence the dread of the settler on the confines of the forests they frequent—the labour of a season being often destroyed in a single night. Having satisfied

their hunger, the herd either recline under the shade, or more frequently stand dozing with their sides leaning against the trunk of some stately tree. Thirst, however, soon drives them from their indolent repose; and nothing does the elephant enjoy more than to drink and bathe himself in the running stream.

'Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder palm, with waving motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He waves it to and fro.'

Provided with a powerful structure, and enjoying abundance of ease and food, the elephant in general attains to a very old age. The ancients ascribed to him a life of three or four hundred years: but, without laying much stress on their opinion, we have undoubted evidence of even domesticated specimens reaching the great age of one hundred and thirty years. The peculiar provision made for the renewal of his teeth—which are unique in the animal creation—shews that nature intended him for a lengthened existence; for, while in a limited number of years the teeth of other animals wear down and fall out, the elephant's are in a continual state of progression, so that they are as powerful at the age of eighty as they were at eighteen. There is a limit, however, to the duration of all organised being; and in course of years the joints of the elephant become stiff, his skin hard and chapped, his appetite fails, and being unable to follow the herd, he gradually sinks under the weight of years and infirmity. The young elephant, which at its birth is little larger than an ordinary calf, is of slow growth, arriving at maturity in not less than eight or ten years. It is very playful and harmless; and though suckled for a considerable time, is said to receive but a very scanty share of maternal affection. On this head, however, we have few opportunities of judging; we know little of the animal in a truly natural state, and it breeds too seldom in captivity to be observed with accuracy.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

Man, standing in relation of superior to the brute creation, is necessitated to use this power for various purposes. He hunts them for their flesh, for their skins, or for some other substance of

utility; he destroys them because they are obnoxious to his cultivated fields, or dangerous to his personal safety; he subjugates and trains them for the assistance they can yield him; or it may be that he chases them for mere amusement. Thus it is with the elephant. The Kaffir hunts him for his flesh, which to him is a dainty, and for his ivory tusks, which he barters with the European; the settler digs the pit and levels the rifle, to protect his crops and enclosures; the Hindu subjugates the powerful brute for the purposes of burden; and the English officer in India talks of 'bagging' elephants for sport. Whatever be the ultimate object, the pursuit of such a huge and sagacious animal must be attended with no small danger; hence the exciting descriptions with which books of Eastern travel abound. Of these, with which we could fill volumes, we shall select one or two striking examples.

The ordinary modes of capture resorted to by rude nations are poisoned arrows, pitfalls, and cutting the hamstrings of the animal. The two former are accomplished with little risk, but the latter requires great address and ingenuity. It is thus described by Bruce, as practised by the Africans, to whom elephant's flesh is a necessary as well as a luxury: 'Two men, absolutely naked, without any rag or covering at all about them, get on horseback; this precaution is for fear of being laid hold of by the trees or bushes, in making their escape from a very watchful enemy. One of these riders sits upon the back of the horse, sometimes with a saddle, and sometimes without one, with only a switch or short stick in one hand, carefully managing the bridle with the other; behind him sits his companion, who has no other arms but a broadsword, such as is used by the Slavonians, and which is brought from Trieste. His left hand is employed in grasping the sword by the handle; about fourteen inches of the blade being covered with whip-cord. This part he takes in his right hand, without any danger of being hurt by it; and, though the edges of the lower part of the sword are as sharp as a razor, he carries it without a scabbard.

'As soon as the elephant is found feeding, the horseman rides before him, as near his face as possible; or, if he flies, crosses him in all directions, crying out: "I am such a man and such a man; this is my horse, that has such a name; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place, and I am now come to kill you; you are but an ass in comparison of them." This nonsense he verily believes the elephant understands, who, chafed and angry at hearing the noise immediately before him, seeks to seize him with his trunk or proboscis; and, intent upon this, follows the horse everywhere, turning and turning round with him, neglectful of making his escape by running straight forward, in which consists his only safety. After having made him turn once or twice in pursuit of the horse, the horseman rides close up alongside of him, and drops his companion just behind on the offside; and while he engages the

elephant's attention upon the horse, the footman behind gives him a drawn stroke just above the heel, or what in man is called the tendon of Achilles. This is the critical moment; the horseman immediately wheels round, takes his companion up behind him, and rides off at full speed after the rest of the herd, if they have started more than one; and sometimes an expert agageer will kill three out of one herd. If the sword is good, and the man not afraid, the tendon is commonly entirely separated; and if it is not cut through, it is generally so far divided that the animal, with the stress he puts upon it, breaks the remaining part asunder. In either case he remains incapable of advancing a step till the horseman's return; or his companions coming up, pierce him through with javelins and lances; he then falls to the ground, and expires with loss of blood.'

In South Africa, the musket and rifle take the place of the knife, and as in this case the hunter requires to be on his feet, the danger of the chase is greatly increased. The life of the Hottentot elephant-hunter is indeed one of imminent peril, and few practise it for many years without being maimed or crushed to death by the infuriated animals. They are a brave, fearless set of men, encountering every species of risk, and enduring fatigue with a courage that is truly wonderful. Accompanied by a few such spirits, the European resident generally sets out on a hunting expedition—indeed it would be madness in him to enter the bush without such an escort. We have a spirited account of such an adventure in the following personal narrative of Lieutenant Moodie: 'In the year 1821, I had joined the recently formed semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, on the picturesque banks of the Gualana, beyond the Great Fish River. At this place our party (consisting chiefly of the disbanded officers and soldiers of the Royal African Corps) had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. The day previous to my adventure, I had witnessed an elephant-hunt for the first time. On this occasion a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. The balls seemed at first to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from making resistance or escaping, and she fell an easy prey to her assailants.

'On the following day, one of our servants came to inform us that a large troop of elephants was in the neighbourhood of the settlement, and that several of our people were already on their way to attack them. I instantly set off to join the hunters, but, from losing my way in the jungle through which I had to proceed, I could not overtake them until after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle, I was proceeding through an open meadow on the banks of the Gualana, to the spot where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "*Passop!*—Look out!" coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the

crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her or not. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the R.A. corps, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind-feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow;

but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

'On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr Knight of the Cape Regiment, and I, were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the R.A. corps, of the name of M'Clane, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the furious animal, but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly.

'Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before mentioned (my personal antagonist), regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him; and when he attempted to walk, she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr C. Mackenzie of the R.A. corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received a mortal wound also from the same officer.

'Thus ended our elephant-hunt; and I need hardly say that what we witnessed on this occasion of the intrepidity and ferocity of these powerful animals, rendered us more cautious in our dealings with them for the future.'

We might extend our narrative of such adventures almost indefinitely, and the recital would present but little variation. The same mode of life, the same difficulty in getting near the watchful

animals, the same accounts of resentment when they are wounded or infuriated, and the same tale of butchery when neither necessity nor safety requires the sacrifice. In the jungles of Hindustan and Ceylon, similar hunting-matches are sometimes got up by British officers, but the entangled state of the bush, and the danger of encountering the tiger or lion, happily render such 'sport' of comparatively rare occurrence. The African values the elephant only for his tusks and some tidbits of his carcass; the Indian regards him as a powerful auxiliary in labour and war, or as an indispensable adjunct of royal equipage. The former presents himself as a mere destroyer; the latter becomes a guardian and preceptor, and finds himself rewarded in proportion to the pains and kindness he bestows upon his gigantic captive.

CAPTURE OF THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

The object of the hunter in India being to obtain a large and powerful assistant in toil, he accordingly practises more merciful methods of capture. It is obvious, however, that to secure an animal so sagacious and strong, not only great ingenuity, but very forcible means, must be called into operation. The means most commonly employed are the noose, the pitfall, decoy females, and the kraal or keddah. Pliny, speaking of the capture of elephants in his time, says: 'The Indian hunter mounts an individual already tamed; and meeting with a wild one separated from the herd, he pursues it and strikes it until it becomes so exhausted, that he can leap from the one to the other, and thus reduce the animal to obedience.' The animals in Pliny's time must either have been more stupid, or the hunters more expert than they are now, for no such precedure would at present be found effectual. The capture and subjugation of an elephant is a work requiring great skill, caution, and patience; and we presume the Roman naturalist took his ideas from the trained ones accompanying the armies of the Empire, rather than from the wild specimens of the Indian jungle.

The noose or slip-knot is seldom resorted to, unless with very young and small specimens. This mode is something similar to that practised by the American guacho in capturing the wild horse of the Pampas -the slip-knot or *phaum* of the Hindu being the equivalent of the *lasso*. Mounted on well-trained elephants, two or three hunters surround a wild one, and entangle him with their phaums: he strains and struggles, but the tame ones resist his efforts, or he is strapped to a tree, till hunger and exhaustion reduce him to submission. He is then released, and driven off between the tame ones; and in a few months yields his master all but implicit obedience. The pitfall is a less skilful and more dangerous method, in so far as the safety of the animal is concerned. A pit, carefully

concealed with green boughs and turf, is dug in a path, over which the hunter endeavours to force the animal by blazing the herbage behind him. The alarmed elephant blindly hurries forward, and is precipitated into the excavation, where he is allowed to remain till he exhausts his rage, and begins to feel the cravings of hunger. Grass, rice, cane-shoots, and other delicacies are supplied him by degrees; and being well secured with ropes, he is at last encouraged to raise himself from his confinement. This is done by throwing into the pit fagots and bundles of forage, which he places under his feet, till he is brought near to the surface, when forth he steps fettered, but sufficiently subdued to be mounted by a skilful driver.

Decoy females are often used, and in some of the countries bordering Hindustan, are said to be the only means employed in the capture of the large solitary males. Having watched a strayed one till a favourable opportunity occurs, the hunters urge the decoys, or *koomkees*, forward; and so thoroughly conscious are these of their duty, that they approach their victim with all possible wiles and blandishments. The hunters having concealed themselves in the bush, the females begin to browse, gradually nearing the male, yet all the while feigning the utmost indifference. By and by he begins to approach them, and offer his attentions, caressing them with his trunk, and being caressed in return. During the intoxication of his pleasure, the hunters creep cautiously forward, and entangle his legs with thongs; an operation in which they are sometimes assisted by the wily koomkees. Having attached these thongs to well-secured ropes, the decoys are ordered aside, and the victim feeling his position, struggles, roars, and becomes infuriated. Occasionally, in the paroxysms of his rage, he bursts asunder his fetters, and escapes to the forest; but in general he is too well secured, and merely exhausts himself by his fruitless efforts.

In India proper, and in Ceylon, the capture of elephants is generally conducted on a more extensive scale by the kraal or keddah. This is a large enclosure formed of one, two, or three rows of strong posts, into which the animals are driven from the surrounding country, and then secured by means of skilful hunters, and tame elephants trained for the purpose. Books of Eastern travel abound with descriptions of keddah hunts; but instead of gleaning from these, we shall transcribe the narrative of a friend, who several years ago participated in the sport in the district of Kandy. After describing the preliminaries, which seem to have thrown the whole district into a ferment, he thus proceeds with his spirited description: 'With respect to the kraal, it was nothing more than an enclosure about two hundred yards long, and nearly square in form, made with very strong posts, or rather small trees, stuck into the ground, and bound together. The inside was a thick jungle, with large trees in it, and the outside the same, excepting where it was cleared sufficiently to admit of the fence and a path round it. The

entrance was about ten feet wide, with deep holes ready for the stakes to be driven in the moment the poor brutes were entrapped. It was covered over by a few green boughs, and is generally so contrived as to be in a track the elephants are in the habit of following. Kraals are only constructed in parts of the country frequented by elephants, and when it is known that there is a herd in the neighbourhood. As soon as the enclosure is finished, the elephants are surrounded by a crowd of people, who form a circle from the entrance of the kraal, and enclose them within it. This circle of course is very large, and varies according to circumstances; in this instance, when we arrived, the animals were enclosed in a circle of about two miles. Whenever they attempt to break through, they are driven back by the people, who shout and yell with all their might, beat the tom-toms, discharge guns, and at night fires are lighted at every ten or twelve yards' distance round the circle, and this always frightens the elephants. The natives are most anxious to have them destroyed, as they do much mischief, particularly to their paddy-fields; so that at all the kraals the natives in hundreds volunteer their services, which of course are gladly accepted. Government gives a premium of £3 for every elephant captured.

'A very large tree at one end of the enclosure was selected for the spectators, on which, about one-third of the height up, was laid a platform capable of holding thirty or forty people, and formed of small branches fastened together by what is called jungle rope, which is nothing more than the creepers which are twisted round every tree and bush. A very large party of us sat down to an excellent breakfast in the tents; and the yelling appearing to come nearer and nearer, we were advised to make the best of our way to the tree, which we ascended by a steep ladder, and found it very comfortable, as we were completely shaded from the sun by an awning of cocoa-nut leaves. Having gained this commanding point, our patience was tried for several hours; for though the elephants were often so near the entrance that we could see the bushes move, and sometimes their ears flapping, yet they always broke away again, till at last, about three o'clock, eight elephants were driven into the kraal. Then the noise of the people became deafening, and their shouts and yells of triumph drove the poor creatures on; and we had a fine view of them as they came rushing towards us, crushing the jungle in every direction. The posts were immediately put down at the entrance, and the natives stationed themselves all round the fence; and whenever the animals came near it, they were driven back by their howling and waving white sticks at them. It is said that the elephant particularly dislikes white, which is the reason the wands are flourished; but perhaps it is that white is more conspicuous than anything else among the dark green. They were driven back several times, till they had half-exhausted themselves, and were then comparatively quiet in the thickest cover they could find, and all we

saw was an occasional shower of earth that they tossed over their bodies with their trunks.

'Having thus so far succeeded, the next thing was to secure them; and for this purpose the tame elephants were introduced into the kraal. Six very large ones were brought in, just under our tree, and began breaking down the jungle and clearing a space round the large trees, to which it was intended to tie the wild ones. It was really wonderful to see them twining their trunks round some of the smaller trees, and with two or three good shakes laying them flat. They sometimes pushed their head against a tree, so as to bring the whole force of their body upon it, and then down it came; as for the brushwood, part of which was upwards of six feet high, they really mowed it down with their trunks. In about an hour's time the whole was, comparatively speaking, clear, and the poor herd had no longer any hiding-place, but stood all huddled close together in a little thicket about the middle of the kraal. There was one very little thing among them, not much bigger than a large pig, and they seemed to take the greatest care of him, keeping him in the centre of them.

'Each tame elephant had two men on his back, one to guide him, and the other to noose the wild ones, who did not seem to be much afraid of them, as they allowed them to come very near, and then walked rather slowly away. One of the tame ones then followed in the most stealthy and treacherous manner possible; and when he came close enough to the wild one, he began coaxing and tickling him with his trunk, whilst the man with the noose, which is fastened round the tame one's neck, slipped off his back with it, and watched his opportunity to throw it over the hind leg of the other. He soon did this, as apparently the tame one gave the wild elephant a poke with his tusk, which made him lift his leg as if to move on; and in a moment he was a prisoner. While the man was thus employed, it was curious to see the care which the tame elephant took of him, interposing his huge head in such a manner that the wild one could not touch him; and if he should fail of securing the wild elephant, which sometimes happens, the tame one puts out his leg for the man to mount on his back, and sets off in pursuit again, which is sure to be successful in the end.

'When the poor animal was noosed, he set up a dreadful yell, and tried to escape; but that was impossible, for the other tame elephants came up and headed him, whichever way he attempted to go; whilst the one to which he was fastened bent his body the way he wished to take him, and pulled him along with all his strength to the tree to which he was to be tied. When he was dragged close to it, the tame one walked round it two or three times with the rope, till he was quite secure. Another came to his other side, and thus he was wedged so closely between them, that he could not make much resistance; and if he did, he was immediately thrust at with the

tusks of both of them. In this way his legs were all firmly tied to two trees by great cable ropes.

'When the tame ones left him to go in search of the others, he began struggling most furiously, and moaned and bellowed in a very melancholy manner, frequently throwing himself on the ground, and digging his teeth into the earth, while the tears were rolling down his face. Although I came on purpose to see all this, and should have been much disappointed if I had not, still I could not help feeling very sorry to see the noble animal suffering so acutely. My consolation was, that some day he would have the pleasure of doing the same to others; for it really seemed a pleasure to the tame ones. His cries brought back the rest of the herd, who looked at him through the bushes, but did not attempt a rescue, which they often do, but took to their heels whenever they saw the tame ones turn in their direction.

'In this manner they were all secured, excepting the little one, as he could not do much harm, and always kept close to his mother, who was very quiet, and was therefore only tied by three legs. A young elephant is, I think, the drollest-looking creature possible. This one was supposed to be about three months old, and was not above three feet high; but it made more noise than all the rest, and trumpeted and charged in great style.'

DOMESTICATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

Strictly speaking, the elephant cannot be classed with domesticated animals. When tamed and trained, he is no doubt a useful assistant, and is capable of performing duties which no other of the brute creation could approach; still he is not domesticated in the sense in which we apply the term to the horse, the ox, and the dog. These live with us, breed with us, die with us; their progeny partaking of the qualities of the parents, and being subject in course of time to innumerable modifications, as man may desire. Not so with the elephant. The huge, docile brute, adorned with the trappings of Eastern pomp, was but a few months ago the inhabitant of the jungle—the same as his progenitors have been for ages. In captivity the animal breeds but sparingly, grows slowly, and is expensive to maintain; and thus man is nearer his purpose to throw the noose or erect the keddah, when his stock requires to be replenished. Subjugation has effected no change on the form of the elephant, as on that of the horse and ox, either for better or for worse; and though his natural endowments admit of ingenious training, yet is he not domesticated. He is the servant-captive rather than the associate of man.

At what time the elephant was first subjugated, and trained to take part in the court and military equipage of the East, we have no means of knowing. His form appears on the most ancient Hindu

sculptures; he figures in their mythology; and he is spoken of with pride and veneration in their earliest records. In that fertile and luxurious region he had been trained for centuries before the names of Greece and Rome were known, and even long before the people of Western Asia had passed from the primitive or pastoral condition. By the time of Herodotus, who visited Babylon about 500 years before the Christian era, elephants were common at that city; and about a century later, Ctesias witnessed them in the same place 'overthrow palm-trees at the bidding of their drivers.' In the expedition of Cyrus against the Derlakes, the latter were assisted by the Indians with war-elephants, who put to flight the cavalry of their opponent; and from contemporary notices it would seem that about this period the Persians and others were also in the habit of using them in war. It was to Alexander the Great that the western world was first indebted for the elephant: he it was that made the sports of Persia and India familiar to the Greeks and Macedonians. The acquisition of the war-elephant gave new pomp and splendour to his squadrons, and his example was followed by degrees by other nations. In time, the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Romans, all made use of elephants, both to assist in the march by carrying enormous loads of baggage, and to join the ranks, mounted by numbers of spearmen and archers. 'These animals,' says Potter, 'were wont to carry into the battle large towers, in which ten, fifteen, and, as some affirm, thirty soldiers were contained, who annoyed their enemies with missive weapons, themselves being secure and out of danger. Nor were the beasts idle or useless in engagements; for besides that, with their smell, their vast and amazing bulk, and their strange and terrible noise, both horses and soldiers were struck with terror and astonishment, they acted their parts courageously, trampling under foot all opposers, or catching them in their trunks, and tossing them into the air, or delivering them to their riders. Nor was it unusual for them to engage with one another with great fury, which they always doubled after they had received wounds, tearing their adversaries in pieces with their tusks. But in a short time they were wholly laid

aside, their service not being able to compensate the great mischiefs frequently done by them; for though they were endued with great sagacity, and approached nearer to human reason than any other animal, whereby they became more tractable to their governors, and capable of yielding obedience to their instructions, yet, when severely wounded, and pressed upon by their enemies, they became ungovernable, and frequently turned all their rage upon their own party, put them into confusion, committed terrible slaughters, and delivered the victory to their enemies; of which several remarkable instances are recorded in the histories both of Greece and Rome.' For the same reason, but more especially since the introduction of firearms and artillery, the war-elephant has been greatly abandoned even in the East, and is now chiefly used in carrying baggage, in doing other heavy work, and, above all, in adding to the 'pomp and circumstance' of oriental authority.

The present employment of the elephant in India, according to Von Orlich and other recent authors, is exceedingly varied—from the piling of firewood and the drawing of water, to the dragging of artillery and the carriage of royalty. In captivity he is well fed, regularly cleaned, and attended by the *mahouds* or drivers with greater care than they would one of their own species. On entering upon bondage he is never maimed, like the horse, ass, and dog: the only loss he suffers being portions of his tusks, if these should be long and dangerous. An ordinary animal will cost about one thousand rupees (£100); but if large and tractable, he cannot be purchased under four or five thousand. His keep, which consists of grass, roots, rice, sugar-cane, and other vegetables, costs fully forty rupees a month, so that it is only the rich and powerful who can afford the luxury of an elephant stud. When placed under the *howdah* (a covered seat for persons of rank), his back is protected by a thickly-stuffed hair cushion, over which is spread an ornamented covering. The howdah is made to contain two persons, and this is the amount of the travelling elephant's burden. The driver sits on his neck, immediately behind the ears, and guides him with an iron prong; and he is in general so docile, as to kneel for the parties to mount him. His great use, however, is as a beast of burden in a country where there are few or no roads; and since an ordinary elephant will carry as much as five camels, we can readily perceive their value in marching not only with the commanders and sick, but with the tents and furniture. He is equally serviceable as a beast of draught, pulling with ease what it would take ten horses to move; and it is for this reason that the Indian army has recently yoked him to their heavy artillery. Another power which the animal possesses, and one which is unknown to the horse or ox, is that of pushing; and if his forehead be protected by a leathern pad, he will push forward weights which perhaps he could not draw. These and many other duties the elephant performs willingly and accurately;

and, if gently treated and well fed, with a regularity of disposition which seems almost mechanical. Last, but not least, for purposes of splendour he plays an important part in the immense retinues of great persons in India. When Sir Jasper Nicholls, commander-in-chief in one of the wars, arrived at the camp at Ferozepore, eighty elephants swelled his train. He had, in addition, three hundred camels and one hundred and thirty-six draught oxen; and above one thousand servants were present, merely for Sir Jasper's personal service, and to attend to the animals. When the governor-general made his entry, he brought along with him one hundred and thirty elephants and seven hundred camels!

It is in a state of bondage, therefore, and in the discharge of these multifarious duties, that we are now to consider the elephant, and to seek for those instances of docility, affection, memory, sagacity, and other dispositions, the display of which has rendered his history remarkable beyond that of any other animal—the dog and horse alone perhaps excepted.

DOCILITY AND OBEDIENCE.

In point of docility or teachableness, the elephant is inferior to none of the brute creation; and yet he is not so far superior as many naturalists would have us to believe. The dog, the horse, ass, parrot, canary bird, and even the pig, sensual and stupid as it is generally considered, can each be taught to perform many astonishing feats; and if the elephant surpass them, it is only because he is furnished with an instrument of higher capability. Apart altogether from the question of sagacity or mental endowment, which will be considered in another section, he could not be taught to uncork a bottle, unscrew a nut, fan himself with a branch, or lift his master on his back, any more than the horse could, were it not that he possesses the wonderful grasping powers of the trunk, which in this respect is all but equal to the human hand. Indeed it is argued, upon very obvious grounds, that were the horse or dog endowed with an organ of the same aptitude, either would far excel the elephant in docility and performance. Be this as it may, the feats of the latter are not the less attractive, as the following anecdotes and illustrations will shew.

According to Ælian, the elephants of Germanicus were trained to take part in the performances of the Roman theatre. There, among the assembled thousands, they appeared quite at home, lost all dread of the clashing of cymbals, and moved in cadence to the sounds of the notes of the flute. 'Upon one occasion'—we quote the account given in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge—'when a particular exhibition of the docility of these elephants was required, twelve of the most sagacious and well trained were selected, who, marching into the theatre with a regular step, at the voice of their

keeper, moved in harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers over the pavement. In the intervals of the dance, they would beat time to the music, still preserving their proper order. The Romans, with their accustomed luxury, feasted the elephants, after this display, with prodigal magnificence. Splendid couches were placed in the arena, ornamented with paintings, and covered with tapestry. Before the couches, upon tables of ivory and cedar, was spread the banquet of the elephants, in vessels of gold and silver. The preparations being completed, the twelve elephants marched in, six males clad in the robes of men, and six females attired as women. They lay down in order upon their couches, or "*tricliniums* of festival recumbency," and, at a signal, extended their trunks, and ate with most praiseworthy moderation. Not one of them, says Ælian, appeared the least voracious, or manifested any disposition for an unequal share of the food, or an undue proportion of the delicacies. They were as moderate also in their drink, and received the cups which were presented to them with the greatest decorum. According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, or rather parallel ropes, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick. This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope might perhaps be doubted, if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author; but the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority, who agree with Pliny that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision.'

Even in our country the elephant has been taught to take part in the performances of the theatre—in other words, to appear as an actor requisite to the plot of the drama. This took place in the London Adelphi and in the Coburg a number of years ago; and however questionable might have been the taste, there is no doubt that the 'sagacious brute' was the most applauded player of the time. This animal, a female, was marched in procession, knelt down at the waving of the hand, placed the crown on the head of 'the true prince,' uncorked and drank several bottles of wine with decorum, supped with her stage companions around her, and made her obeisance to the audience. Above all, she assisted the escape of some of the *dramatis personæ* from prison, by kneeling upon her hind legs, and thus forming an inclined plane for the safe descent of her friends; and this she did, unmoved by the glare of numerous lights, the sounds of music, and shouts of the admiring spectators. Equally curious with this is the feat mentioned by Arrian, of an elephant that he saw beating a measure with cymbals.

This was performed by having two cymbals attached to its knees, while it held a third in its proboscis, and beat with great exactness the while others danced around it, without deviating from the time indicated. Busbequius, who visited Constantinople about the middle of the sixteenth century, there witnessed an elephant not only dance with elegance and accuracy, but play at ball with great skill, tossing it with his trunk, and catching it again, as easily as a man could with his hands. Nay, if we can credit Ælian, he has seen an elephant 'write Latin characters on a board in a very orderly manner, his keeper only shewing him the figure of each letter.'

Among the most interesting elephants kept in this country, without any reference to profit, was one which was at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, at Chiswick, the gift of a lady in India. This animal was a female, remarkable for the gentleness of its disposition; and from the kindness with which it was treated, and the free range that was allowed it, probably came nearer to an elephant in a state of nature than any other which ever appeared in this country. The house erected for her shelter was of large dimensions, and well ventilated; and she had, besides, the range of a paddock of considerable extent. At the call of her keeper she came out of her house, and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the grass or paths. She would follow him with a pail or watering-pot round the enclosure. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but previously to satisfying her thirst, she would exhibit her ingenuity by emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she did by pressing the bottle against the ground with her foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and gradually twisting out the cork with her trunk, although it was very little above the edge of the neck; then, without altering the position, she turned her trunk round the bottle, so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the contents into the extremity of the proboscis. This she accomplished without spilling a drop, and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of the trunk into her mouth. The affection of this poor animal for her keeper was so great, that she would cry after him whenever he was absent for more than a few hours. She was about twenty-nine years old when she died, early in 1829, of what was understood to be pulmonary consumption.

It is not always, however, for mere amusement or curiosity that the docility of the elephant is exhibited: it would say little for human ingenuity, were not the strength of such a powerful animal brought to bear upon useful and necessary operations. We have seen that in India he is made a beast of carriage and draught, carrying indifferently the howdah and baggage-chest, and dragging the ponderous artillery-car; but besides these, there are many other

minor occupations in which he can be successfully engaged. Thus elephants were at one time employed in the launching of ships, being trained to push in unison with their powerful fronts and heavy bodies. It is told of one that was directed to force a large vessel into the water, but which proved superior to his strength, that, on being upbraided for his laziness, the distressed animal increased his efforts with such vehemence, that he fractured his skull on the spot. In piling wood, drawing water, removing obstructions from the way of an army on march, &c. the elephant is highly serviceable; and if properly directed, will perform his duties with astonishing precision. 'I have seen,' says M. D'Obsonville, 'two occupied in beating down a wall, which their keepers had desired them to do, and encouraged them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts; and doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and by reiterated shocks continued their attacks, still observing and following the effect of the equilibrium with their eyes; then at last making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins.' It is also told of an elephant at Barrackpore, that would swim laden with parcels to the opposite shore of the Ganges, and then unload himself with undeviating accuracy. In the year 1811, a lady, staying with her husband, an officer in the Company's service, at a house near the fort of Travancore, was astonished one morning to observe an elephant, unattended, marching into the courtyard, carrying a box in his trunk, apparently very heavy. He deposited this, and going his way, soon returned with a similar box, which he placed by the side of the other. He continued this operation till he had formed a considerable pile, arranged with undeviating order. The boxes contained the treasure of the rajah of Travancore, who had died in the night, and of whose property the English commander had taken possession, thus removing the more valuable for greater security.

Much of what is called docility in animals arises from mere unreasoning habit, forced upon them by frequent repetition, by food, punishing them when the act is ill executed, and by giving them delicacies when it is well performed. Thus a horse will go to his own stall, and stand in it untied as well as when tied; go to and from the water, place himself between the shafts of the cart, and do other similar acts without any interference; just as an elephant will tie its own legs at night, or kneel when a person of rank passes by. But there are many duties which the latter will learn to perform almost at first sight, the knowledge of which he acquires with an aptitude that would do credit even to human reason. 'I have myself,' says the author of *Twelve Years' Military Adventure*, 'seen the wife of a mahoud (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the

sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled to such a distance as to verge upon the limits of his range (for the animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground), he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it started.'

Perhaps the docility of the elephant could not be better illustrated than by the aptitude and precision which it manifests in the capture of its wild brethren. The female decoys are the very impersonations of duplicity and cunning: they can be taught not only to lavish their false caresses, but to bind the fetters of the captive; nay, they even outstrip their lessons, and seem to rejoice in the capture. Dr Darwin tells us that he was informed by a gentleman of veracity, that in some parts of the East the elephant is taught to walk on a narrow path between two pitfalls, which are covered with turf, and then to go into the woods and induce the wild herd to come that way. The decoy walks slowly onward till near the trap, and then bustles away as if in sport or in fear, passing safely between the pits, while some of those which follow in the wake are inevitably entangled. The same gentleman says also, that it was universally observed that such wild elephants as had escaped the snare, always pursued the traitor with the utmost vehemence; and if they could overtake him, which sometimes happened, they beat him to death.

ATTACHMENT AND GRATITUDE.

The elephant, when carefully tamed, is one of the most gentle, most obedient, and most affectionate of all domestic animals. He is so fond of his keeper that he caresses him, strives to please him, and even to anticipate his commands. His attachment, indeed, sometimes becomes so strong, and his affection so warm and durable, that he has been known to die of sorrow when in a paroxysm of madness he had killed his guide. This disposition, however, is wholly acquired; in a state of nature he has no regard for man, but shuns rather than seeks his presence. Whether this acquired regard be the result of fear, of habitual obedience brought about by a system of rewards and punishments, or of an innate gentleness which insensibly attaches itself to that which daily surrounds it, it would be difficult to decide, though, along with most naturalists, we are inclined to adopt the latter opinion. The animal is naturally

gregarious, and when denied the companionship of its fellows, will, like the horse, dog, &c. expend its sympathies on those creatures with which it is most familiar.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him. The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle and place it between its feet. This he at length became so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when it was present. When the child slept, he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis ; and when it cried, he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus rock it again to sleep. Nor will this instance of sagacious affection appear at all improbable to those who are acquainted with the thorough intimacy which generally subsists between the family of the Indian mahoud and his elephant, which may be said literally to live under the same roof, eat the same bread, and drink the same water.

We have seen how attached the Duke of Devonshire's elephant became to her keeper, crying after him when absent, and even refusing to be comforted. The same affection almost always subsists between the Indian mahoud and his charge. Nor is it at all surprising, seeing that he is ever with it, feeds it, cleans it, adorns and caresses it, with unfailing attention.

The following instances of gratitude are in the highest degree praiseworthy, and might well put to the blush many who lay claim to a higher position in the scale of intelligence. An elephant in Ajmeer, which passed frequently through the bazaar, or market, as he went by a certain herb-woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens. At length he was seized with one of his periodical fits of rage, broke from his fetters, and, running through the market, put the crowd to flight, and among others this woman, who in her haste forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal, gratefully recollecting the spot where his benefactress was wont to sit, laid aside his fury, and, taking up the infant gently in his trunk, placed it safely on a stall before a neighbouring house. Again, there was a soldier at Pondicherry who was accustomed, whenever he received his share of liquor, to carry a certain quantity of it to one of these animals, and by this means a very cordial intimacy was formed between them. Having drunk rather too freely one day, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, the soldier took refuge under the elephant's body, and fell asleep. The guard tried in vain to force him from this asylum, as the animal protected him most strenuously with his trunk. The following morning, the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge animal. The elephant, who, without doubt, perceived the man's embarrassment, caressed him with his trunk, in order to

inspire him with courage, and made him understand that he might now depart in safety.

RESENTMENT AND REVENGE.

Though generally mild, docile, and even affectionate, there are none of the domestic animals half so prone to resent injuries and insults as the elephant. The horse, for example, will endure patiently under the hardest labour, starvation, and the harshest treatment—rarely if ever avenging the brutalities to which he is exposed. Not so with the elephant; for, goad him beyond his accustomed speed, and he becomes furious; overload him, and he throws off his burden; refuse him a promised delicacy, and he punishes the insult; treat him harshly, and he will trample the aggressor to death. The manner in which he resents his insults is, however, frequently as ludicrous as his revenge is fatal.

Every one must have read of the mishaps of the Delhi tailor. This individual was in the habit of giving some little delicacy, such as an apple, to an elephant that daily passed by his shop, and so accustomed had the animal become to this treatment, that it regularly put its trunk in at his window to receive the expected gift. One day, however, the tailor being out of humour, thrust his needle into the beast's proboscis, telling it to be gone, as he had nothing to give it. The creature passed on, apparently unmoved; but on coming to the next dirty pool of water, filled its trunk, and returned to the shop-window, into which it discharged the whole contents, thoroughly drenching poor Snip and the wares by which he was surrounded. Again, a painter was desirous of drawing the elephant kept in the menagerie at Versailles in an uncommon attitude, which was that of holding his trunk raised up in the air, with his mouth open. The painter's boy, in order to keep the animal in this posture, threw fruit into his mouth; but as he had frequently deceived him, and made him an offer only of throwing the fruit, he grew angry; and, as if he had known the painter's intention of drawing him was the cause of the affront that was offered him, instead of revenging himself on the lad, he turned his resentment on his master, and taking up a quantity of water in his trunk, threw it on the paper which the painter was drawing on, and spoilt it.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris was always very careful in requesting the spectators not to give the elephants anything to eat. This conduct particularly displeased the female, who beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his interference by sprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when several persons were collected to view these animals, a bystander offered the female a bit of bread. The sentinel perceived it; but the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition, she, placing herself immediately before

him, discharged in his face a violent stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the sentinel having calmly wiped his face, stood a little to one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon afterwards he found himself under the necessity of repeating his admonition to the spectators; but no sooner was this uttered, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round with her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it till she had twisted it nearly into the form of a corkscrew. It is stated, amongst the traditionary stories of elephant resentment, that Pidcock, to whom the Exeter 'Change menagerie formerly belonged, had for some years a custom of treating himself and his elephant in the evening with a glass of spirits, for which the animal regularly looked. Pidcock invariably gave the elephant the first glass out of the bottle, till one night he exclaimed: 'You have been served first long enough, and it 's my turn now.' The proud beast was offended, refused the glass when he was denied the precedence, and never more would join his master in his revelries.

Innumerable stories of ludicrous resentment might be collected, but we shall close this section with the following abridgments from the *Menageries*: 'Mr Williamson tells an anecdote of an elephant who used to be called the Pangul, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to another character in a very singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back; and a quarter-master of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. In a few days after, as the animal was going from the camp to water, he overtook the quarter-master, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind-tree which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could. Lieutenant Shipp, to try this memory of injuries, gave an elephant a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between some bread. The animal was much irritated by the offence, and about six weeks after, when the unsuspecting joker went to fondle him, he endured the caresses very placidly, but finished the affair by drenching his persecutor with dirty water from head to foot.'

It is not always, however, in this harmless and jocular manner that the elephant displays his resentment, as the following well-authenticated instances will shew: An elephant that was exhibited in France some years ago, seemed to know when it was mocked by any person, and remembered the affront till an opportunity for revenge occurred. A man deceived it, by pretending to throw something into its mouth: the animal gave him such a blow with its trunk as knocked him down, and broke two of his ribs; after which it trampled upon him, broke one of his legs, and bending down on its knees, endeavoured to push its tusks into his body; but they luckily ran into the ground on each side of his thigh, without doing him any injury. In this case the provocation was certainly not

deserving of the punishment; though in many instances the animal is but too justly excited. M. Navarette tells us that at Macassar an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which, out of wantonness, he struck twice against his elephant's head to break. The day following, the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with its trunk, beat it about the driver's head till the man was completely dead. 'This comes,' says our authority, 'of jesting with elephants.'

Some years ago, at Liverpool Zoological Gardens, after delighting groups of young holiday folks by his skilful and docile performances, the elephant gave some offence to one of the deputy-keepers, and was by him chastised with a broomstick. No one was by to see what occurred in the next few minutes; but at the expiration of that time, the unfortunate deputy-keeper was found dead at the feet of the insulted beast, having been killed, in all probability, by a single blow of the animal's trunk. The body presented a most appalling spectacle, the arms and legs being fractured in several places, the skull cloven, and the entire body crushed to pieces by the animal, who, it would appear, in his rage, had repeatedly trampled upon him.

MEMORY AND FORCE OF HABIT.

That the elephant remembers with precision the lessons taught him, that he will resent an injury long after it has been committed, and will recognise an old guide many years after he has been parted from him, are facts that sufficiently prove the possession of a very retentive memory. In this respect, however, he is by no means superior to the horse; but seems to associate his ideas more slowly, and with greater difficulty. Many feats ascribed to his sagacity and memory are eminently the effect of habit—meaning thereby the following of a particular line of conduct which one has been accustomed to, without any special effort of the understanding at the time of its repetition. The following instances, recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, seem to establish this position: 'A female elephant that had escaped to the forest, and had enjoyed her liberty for more than ten years, was at last caught, along with a number of others, in a keddah. After the others had been secured, with the exception of seven or eight young ones, the hunters, who recognised this female, were ordered to call on her by name. She immediately came to the side of the ditch within the enclosure, on which some of the drivers were desired to carry in a plantain-tree, the leaves of which she not only took from their hands with her trunk, but opened her mouth for them to put a leaf into it, which they did, stroking and caressing her, and calling to her by name. One of the trained elephants was now ordered to be brought to her, and the driver to take her by the ear and order her to lie down. At

first she did not like the koomkee to go near her, and retired to a distance, seeming angry; but when the drivers, who were on foot, called to her, she came immediately, and allowed them to stroke and caress her as before; and in a few minutes after, permitted the trained elephants to be familiar. A driver from one of these then fastened a rope round her body, and instantly jumped on her back, which at the moment she did not like, but was soon reconciled to it. A small cord was then put round her neck for the driver to put his feet in, who, seating himself on the neck in the usual manner, drove her about the enclosure in the same manner as any of the tame elephants. After this he ordered her to lie down, which she instantly did; nor did she rise till she was desired. He fed her from his seat, gave her his stick to hold, which she took with her trunk and put into her mouth, kept, and then returned it, as she was directed, and as she had formerly been accustomed to do. In short, she was so obedient, that had there been more wild elephants in the enclosure, she would have been useful in securing them.

'In June 1787, a male elephant, taken the year before, was travelling, in company with some others, towards Chittagong, laden with baggage; and having come upon a tiger's track, which elephants discover readily by the smell, he took fright and ran off to the woods, in spite of all the efforts of his driver. On entering the wood, the driver saved himself by springing from the animal, and clinging to the branch of a tree under which he was passing. When the elephant had got rid of his driver, he soon contrived to shake off his load. As soon as he ran away, a trained female was despatched after him, but could not get up in time to prevent his escape.

'Eighteen months after this, when a herd of elephants had been taken, and had remained several days in the enclosure, till they were enticed into the outlet, there tied, and led out in the usual manner, one of the drivers, viewing a male elephant very attentively, declared he resembled the one which had run away. This excited the curiosity of every one to go and look at him; but when any person came near, the animal struck at him with his trunk, and in every respect appeared as wild and outrageous as any of the other elephants. An old hunter at length coming up and examining him, declared that he was the very elephant that had made his escape.

'Confident of this, he boldly rode up to him on a tame elephant, and ordered him to lie down, pulling him by the ear at the same time. The animal seemed taken by surprise, and instantly obeyed the word of command, uttering at the same time a peculiar shrill squeak through his trunk, as he had formerly been known to do, by which he was immediately recognised by every person who was acquainted with this peculiarity.

'Thus we see that this elephant, for the space of eight or ten days, during which he was in the enclosure, appeared equally wild and fierce with the boldest elephant then taken; but the moment he was

addressed in a commanding tone, the recollection of his former obedience seemed to rush upon him at once, and, without any difficulty, he permitted a driver to be seated on his neck, who in a few days made him as tractable as ever.

'A female elephant belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta being ordered from the upper country to Chotygoné, by chance broke loose from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. The excuses which the keeper made were not admitted. It was supposed that he had sold the elephant: his wife and family therefore were sold for slaves, and he was himself condemned to work upon the roads. About twelve years afterwards, this man was ordered up into the country to assist in catching the wild elephants. The keeper fancied he saw his long-lost elephant in a group that was before them. He was determined to go up to it; nor could the strongest representations of the great danger dissuade him from his purpose. When he approached the creature, she knew him; and giving him three salutes by waving her trunk in the air, knelt down and received him on her back. She afterwards assisted in securing the other elephants, and likewise brought with her three young ones, which she had produced during her absence. The keeper recovered his character, and, as a recompense for his sufferings and intrepidity, had an annuity settled on him for life. This elephant was afterwards in the possession of Governor Hastings.'

These, and several other instances, establish the possession of a very good memory; but not a memory associated with any high degree of reasoning, otherwise the animals would never have allowed themselves to be again entrapped. It is clear that in the above cases habitual obedience was more powerful than reason; the sudden rush of recollection overpowering that faculty, and making them the slaves of that higher intelligence to which all flesh has been declared to be subject.

GENERAL SAGACITY.

According to some, the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, while others consider him inferior to the horse and dog. Taking the brain as the index of intelligence, there is nothing in the proportionate size of that organ which would lead to the former opinion, and therefore we must look to the general conduct of the animal for evidence of the assertion. His docility, obedience, attachment, and memory all certainly point to no mean degree of endowment; but perhaps not more than is evinced by the horse and dog; while his actions are rendered more perfect only through the instrumentality of his trunk. How far he is superior in general sagacity, that is, in reasoning from cause to effect, and in adapting ways and means to an end, the reader will be enabled to decide from the subjoined anecdotes. And here it will be observed, that we distinguish between

docility and sagacity; for although the former should be most apparent where the latter quality predominates, yet may animals, such as even the pig, be taught by force of habit to perform many astonishing feats, when they are avowedly destitute of general intelligence.

The following, given on the authority of the Rev. Robert Caunter, seems to be a purely deliberative act; and that, be it observed, by the animal when in a wild state, and perfectly unacquainted with the devices of human training: 'A small body of sepoys stationed at an outpost—Fort de Galle, in Ceylon—to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set our authorities at defiance. Two of our party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them, in a language which to them needed no interpreter, that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace towards the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan-tree, in order to escape mischief. The conduct of the four-footed besiegers was such as strongly to excite their curiosity, and they therefore watched their proceedings with intense anxiety. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well through the little vistas formed by the separated branches what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished; but four thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, laboured for some time to make an impression; but after a while, his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and exhausted his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An

opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained, sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders. As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of them entered, and when they had taken their fill, they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd, upwards of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those that were still in the building immediately rushed out, and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter, and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle. The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests.'

In general, the elephant makes less use of his strength than his address, often applying the most dexterous methods of accomplishing his ends. 'I was one day,' says Jesse in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, 'feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and he then without difficulty secured it.' M. Phillipe, quoted by Buffon, was an eye-witness to the following equally wonderful facts: He one day went to the river at Goa, near which place a large ship was building, and where an area was filled with beams and planks for the purpose. Some men tied the ends of heavy beams with a rope, which was handed to an elephant, who carried it to his mouth, and after twisting it round his trunk, drew it, without any conductor, to the place where the ship was building. One of the animals sometimes drew beams so large, that more than twenty men would have been necessary to move them. But what surprised M. Phillipe most was, that when other beams obstructed the road, this elephant raised the ends of his own beam, or edged it forwards, as the case might be, that it might clear those which lay in his way. Could the most enlightened man have done more?

At Mahé, on the coast of Malabar, M. Toreesa tells he had an opportunity of admiring the sagacity of an elephant displayed in a

similar manner. Its master had let it for a certain sum per day; and its employment was to carry with its trunk timber for a building out of the river. This business it despatched very dexterously, under the command of a boy; and afterwards laid the pieces one upon another in such exact order, that no man could have done it better. Again, it is remarked by Terry, in his voyage to the East Indies, 'that the elephant performs many actions which would seem almost the effect of human reason. He does everything his master commands. If he is directed to terrify any person, he runs upon him with every appearance of fury, and when he comes near, stops short without doing him the least injury. When the master chooses to affront any one, he tells the elephant, who collects water and mud with his trunk, and squirts it upon the object pointed out to him.' Indeed, the same intelligence regulates him in the performance of his multifarious duties in the East—be these carriage of persons, goods, or baggage, the dragging of artillery, the piling up of wares, or the loading of boats. 'To give an idea of these labours,' says Bingley, 'it is sufficient to remark, that all the tuns, sacks, and bales transported from one place to another in India, are carried by elephants; that they carry burdens on their bodies, their necks, their tusks, and even in their mouths, by giving them the end of a rope, which they hold fast with their teeth; that, uniting sagacity to strength, they never break or injure anything committed to their charge; that from the banks of the rivers they put these bundles into boats, without wetting them, laying them down gently, and arranging them where they ought to be placed; that when disposed in the places where their masters direct, they try with their trunks whether the goods are properly stowed; and if a tun or cask rolls, they go of their own accord in quest of stones to prop and render it firm.'

The general exercise of the mental power, without reference to training, is well illustrated by the following anecdote, related in Cuvier's *Animal Kingdom:* 'At the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, an affair occurred between two elephants, which displays at once the character and mental capability, the passions, cunning, and resources of these curious animals. The British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when, on the approach of the hot season and of the dry hot winds, the water in the neighbourhood of the camps necessary for the supply of so many beings began to fail; the ponds or tanks had dried up, and no more water was left than the immense wells of the country would furnish. The multitude of men and cattle that were unceasingly at the wells, particularly the largest, occasioned no little struggle for the priority in procuring the supply for which each was there to seek, and the consequent confusion on the spot was frequently very considerable. On one occasion, two elephant-drivers, each

with his elephant, the one remarkably large and strong, and the other comparatively small and weak, were at the well together; the small elephant had been provided by his master with a bucket for the occasion, which he carried at the end of his proboscis; but the larger animal, being destitute of this necessary vessel, either spontaneously, or by desire of his keeper, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it from his less powerful fellow-servant. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though it is obvious that he felt it; but great squabbling and abuse ensued between the keepers. At length the weaker animal, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces in a very quiet, unsuspicious manner, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well.

'It may easily be imagined that great inconvenience was immediately experienced, and serious apprehensions quickly followed that the water in the well, on which the existence of so many seemed in a great measure to depend, would be spoiled, or at least injured, by the unwieldy brute thus precipitated into it; and as the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the common level, there did not appear to be any means that could be adopted to get the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him. There were many feet of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on its surface, and experiencing considerable pleasure from his cool retreat, evinced but little inclination even to exert what means he might possess in himself of escape.

'A vast number of fascines had been employed by the army in conducting the siege, and at length it occurred to the elephant-keeper that a sufficient number of these (which may be compared to bundles of wood) might be lowered into the well to make a pile, which might be raised to the top, if the animal could be instructed as to the necessary means of laying them in regular succession under his feet. Permission having been obtained from the engineer-officers to use the fascines, which were at the time put away in several piles of very considerable height, the keeper had to teach the elephant the lesson which, by means of that extraordinary ascendency these men attain over the elephants, joined with the intellectual resources of the animal itself, he was soon enabled to do, and the elephant began quickly to place each fascine, as it was lowered to him, successively under him, until in a little time he was enabled to stand upon them. By this time, however, the cunning brute, enjoying the pleasure of his situation, after the heat and partial privation of water to which he had been lately exposed (they are observed in their natural state to frequent rivers, and to swim very often), was unwilling to work any longer, and all the threats of his keeper could not induce him to place another fascine. The man then opposed cunning to cunning, and began to caress and praise the elephant;

and what he could not effect by threats, he was enabled to do by the repeated promise of plenty of rack. Incited by this, the animal again went to work, raised himself considerably higher, until, by a partial removal of the masonry round the top of the well, he was enabled to step out. The whole affair occupied about fourteen hours.'

Such are the accounts, which our limits will permit us to glean, as illustrative of the disposition and manners of this most powerful and intelligent animal. Making every allowance for the exaggeration of the writers, these records of his docility, obedience, attachment, and sagacity place him in a very favourable light; and though somewhat prone to resentment, the results are seldom fatal, save where the provocation has been unusually great. On the whole, he is a patient and tractable animal, especially useful under a burning sun, and in a country where there are no roads; presuming always that there is an abundant and cheap supply of forage. He can never, however, become so endeared to man as the dog and the horse, for these are fitted by their constitution and habits to become the inhabitants of almost every region, whilst the elephant must ever be confined to the range which nature has originally assigned him. As a domestic animal, he can at best be but the associate of a half-civilised existence; for so soon as man begins to construct roads and invent machines, to cultivate his lands and economise the produce, the elephant becomes not only useless, but positively detrimental. Already he has receded from the interior of India, and is only found wild in the forests of Dshemna, Nepaul, some parts of Ghauts Tarrai, in Ava, and in Ceylon. In Africa, where he is hunted for his spoils, and not tamed, he has disappeared from Cape Colony, from the northern regions of that continent, and from Senegambia; and will in all likelihood be the more eagerly hunted the scarcer he becomes. As portion of our terrestrial fauna, the elephant may linger on for a century or two; but to us he appears rapidly approaching the period of his extinction—a period when he must pass away before adverse conditions, in like manner as his former congeners, the mammoth and mastodon.

NARRATIVE OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

IN the long European struggle arising out of the French revolution, and ending at Waterloo in 1815, there was no single campaign more eventful, and at the same time more instructive to mankind, than the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812. Never, perhaps, was such an amount of the evils and horrors of war concentrated into the same space of time; and never was the saying more strikingly illustrated, that whatever mad pranks kings choose to play, the people must pay the piper. Very few now living can have any recollection of the profound impression made by those events at the time; to nine-tenths of the present generation the campaign of 1812 lies in the dim past, and, if known to them at all, is known only from the dozen sentences devoted to it in our school histories.

It may not therefore be unwholesome to turn back to this page in the annals of war, and trace it a little more at large; especially at a time when the warlike passion which seemed at one time to be dying out, has once more taken possession of civilised nations or their rulers. The terrible struggles of recent years, which have taken place under our own eyes, we are prevented from seeing in their true light by the biassing passions they excite; we shall be able to bring a calmer judgment to bear on a picture of the past.

From the time that Napoleon Bonaparte found himself, first as Consul (1799), and then as Emperor (1804), virtual Dictator of France, and wielding without control her gigantic insurrectionary energies, which no other power seemed able to resist, he began to cherish vast

projects for the aggrandisement of his country and of himself—for his own greatness and that of France he always considered as identical. All the nations of Europe (Europe first, but ultimately the whole earth) were to be brought into one federation, following the lead of France—that is, governing themselves according to the ideas of her ruler. They were to be induced, if possible, to come into this association voluntarily, but those who refused were to be compelled. Like ignorant and wayward children, they were to be chastised and trained to walk in the way they should go. It was all for their good. Napoleon's aim was that they should be all ultimately prosperous and happy; but they must learn to seek their prosperity and happiness in his way, and not in their own. It was on the plea that they were necessary to the carrying out of his grand ideas of universal beneficence, that he justified to himself and his contemporaries his most arbitrary and tyrannical measures; and the worshippers of his genius continue thus to justify, or at least excuse, them to the present day.

The chief obstacle to the execution of Napoleon's plans was Great Britain. Any opposition from the neighbouring continental nations was at once overcome by marching an army into their territories. Britain, surrounded by her ocean-rampart and her fleets, continued to set him at defiance. And not only did she resist his dictation herself, but by forming coalitions and furnishing subsidies, she was constantly stirring up armed resistance among the other nations. Hence the deep-seated enmity of Napoleon to Great Britain, and the desperate efforts he made to crush her. After the rupture of the peace, or rather truce, of Amiens in 1803, he began to make immense preparations for the invasion of England. His great difficulty was to get a fleet sufficiently strong to protect the transport of his army across the Channel from Boulogne, where it was assembled. During the summer of 1805 all was ready for the attempt, and Napoleon wrote to his Minister of Marine that if the fleet would appear and make him master of the Channel for twelve hours, England was no more. But Admiral Villeneuve was unable to elude the vigilance of Nelson; and at last the battle of Trafalgar (October 1805) put an end to the project of invasion.

But if England could not be reached by direct assault, she might be ruined indirectly. Her riches, derived from commerce, were the source of her power. Ruin her commerce, and she could no longer fight herself, or bribe others to fight. Accordingly, when the events of 1805 and 1806 had crushed Austria and Prussia, and put the whole of Germany as well as the Italian peninsula at his feet, he began to develop his famous 'Continental System,' by which all the countries of Europe were to be induced or compelled to exclude British merchandise from their ports. A decree, issued from Berlin in November 1806, declared the whole of the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, and all vessels trading to them to be liable to capture.

It also shut out all British vessels and produce both from France and from all the other countries adhering to her. The British government retaliated by 'Orders in Council,' which virtually prohibited all commerce between the states that embraced the continental system, unless in vessels bound for some British harbour; and Napoleon replied by another decree from Milan (1807), still more rigorous than the first. The Berlin decree was put in force at once in Italy, Holland, and the north of Germany; Prussia and Russia gave their adhesion to the system at the treaty of Tilsit in 1807; and Spain and Austria in 1808. Portugal, summoned to join the commercial league against Great Britain, yielded so far as to close her ports against British ships, but refused to confiscate the property of British residents: for this she was invaded (1807), and the reigning family deposed. In short, no government was to be allowed to exist that would not co-operate with Napoleon in the object dearest to his heart —to crush perfidious Albion, that enemy of the human race which alone stood between Europe and the glorious future that he was preparing for it. This is the key to the whole policy of Napoleon at this time. It accounts for his most wanton and apparently impolitic aggressions. It was because his brother Louis, whom he had made king of Holland, was reluctant to carry out with rigour the continental system against England, that he was obliged to leave his kingdom (1810), which was then annexed to France.

The continental system produced far more commercial distress on the continent than it did in England. It was impossible, even by the most stringent measures, to exclude English goods; a contraband traffic was organised, by which immense quantities were still introduced, but at greatly enhanced prices; and Napoleon himself soon found it useful to convert the evasion of his own decree into a source of revenue, by granting licences, for large sums, for the sale of British goods on the continent.

The hardships of the continental system were felt in Russia no less than in the rest of Europe. It was to enable him to carry out his schemes fully, that Napoleon had been so eager to court the alliance of Alexander, emperor of Russia. At the treaty of Tilsit, (1807), and at a subsequent interview at Erfurt (1808), the two monarchs divided the sway of Europe between them. Alexander gratified Napoleon by joining the league against British commerce, and allowed him to dispose of the Spanish peninsula and the other states of Western Europe at his pleasure; while Napoleon gave his assent to the ambitious designs of Russia against Sweden and Turkey, and agreed to forego his intention of restoring the kingdom of Poland. But the cordial understanding between the two potentates was of short duration. Alexander, who was no less ambitious and aggressive than Napoleon, but whose ambition and aggressiveness were more stealthy and better cloaked, soon began to be jealous and alarmed at the rapid strides of his brother despot. The

marriage of the French emperor with an Austrian princess (1810) was a cause of difference between them. Shortly after this, Napoleon, finding that the continental system was laxly carried out in the north of Germany, without more ado, annexed the kingdom of Holland, the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, the duchy of Oldenburg, and other small states in that quarter, to the French territories; thus bringing the boundaries of France to the Baltic, where Russia claimed the right to dominate. Alexander immediately replied to this by issuing a ukase, which, while pretending merely to regulate the affairs of commerce, virtually renounced the continental system. This was to wound Napoleon in his most sensitive point, and an open rupture became inevitable. Both felt this, and the following year (1811) was spent in seeking alliances and in arming for the coming struggle.

When it became known that Napoleon had resolved on the invasion of Russia, his own friends were filled with consternation. Fouché, one of his prime adherents, in an able and eloquent address, reminded him that he was already the absolute master of the finest empire the world had ever seen, and that all the lessons of history went to demonstrate the impossibility of attaining universal monarchy. The French empire had arrived at that point when its ruler should rather think of securing and consolidating his present acquisitions, than of achieving farther conquests, since, whatever his empire might acquire in extent, it was sure to lose in solidity. Fouché stated the extent of the country which Napoleon was about to invade, and the distance which each fresh victory must remove him from his resources, annoyed as his communications were sure to be by hosts of Cossacks and Tartars. These and other admonitions were listened to with impatience. Napoleon, obstinate and imperative, despised counsel; and on this, as on many other occasions, carried his point, or silenced his advisers, by bombast and charlatanry. 'Don't disquiet yourself,' said he in reply to Fouché; 'but consider the Russian war as a wise measure, demanded by the true interests of France and the general security. Am I to blame because the great degree of power I have already attained forces me to assume the dictatorship of the world? My destiny is not yet accomplished—my present situation is but a sketch of a picture which I must finish. There must be one universal European code—one court of appeal. The same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws must have currency through Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world —*it is I who assure you of it.*'

Advices from other counsellors were equally in vain. With the army he should be able to raise, nothing could be more easy than to bring Russia to terms. Alarmed for the consequences of plunging into so distant a war, his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, remonstrated with him on the undertaking. He conjured his kinsman to abstain from

tempting Providence; he entreated him not to defy heaven and earth —the wrath of man and the fury of the elements—at the same time; and expressed his apprehension that he must sink under the weight of the enmity which he daily incurred. The only answer which Bonaparte vouchsafed was in keeping with his character. He led the cardinal to a window, and opening the casement, and pointing upwards, asked him 'if he saw yonder star.' 'No, sire,' answered the astonished cardinal. 'But *I* see it,' answered Bonaparte; and turned from his relative, as if he had fully confuted his arguments.*

Thus, refusing all counsel, Napoleon may be said to have rushed on his fate. At this period he was engaged in a war with Spain; yet such was his power, that he found little difficulty in raising fresh armies; and in 1812, just before the campaign of Russia, he is understood to have had altogether—in France, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere—eight hundred thousand men in arms, independently of allies. To raise so many soldiers in France, he made forcible draughts on the whole male population between eighteen and sixty years of age. Men were everywhere torn from their families to serve in the army; leaving mothers, wives, and children in distress and destitution, and causing a large part of the common business of the country to be conducted by women. To aggravate the exhaustion of the nation, there was at this time a dearth of food, which caused a widespread suffering through the country. Everything tended to prove the madness of the Russian expedition, yet nothing occasioned its interruption. Accustomed to submit, and to believe in the continued good-fortune of their emperor, deranged also on the subject of military 'glory,' the French generally entered into this new war with high hopes, or at least offered no obstacle to its commencement and progress.

Reckless as he was, Napoleon was by no means blind to the difficulties of his project. Before his armies could reach the interior of Russia, where battles were likely to be fought, they would require to march eighteen hundred miles, through different states, and across large tracts of country, possessing little or no food for men or horses. As he had gained, by open force or secret intimidation, the aid of Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, and Austria, over which his forces would necessarily advance, he had nothing to fear from any attack by the way. His chief difficulty lay in procuring and transporting supplies of provisions for his army over such a wide and almost unknown territory. Another serious obstacle to his progress was the number of rivers. Between Paris and Moscow there are various large rivers issuing into the Baltic or Mediterranean seas, and therefore flowing at right angles with the proposed line of march of the French army. The Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula could be crossed by bridges; but the Niemen, the Beresina, the Dnieper, and some others,

* Scott's *Life of Napoleon.*

would require to be forded by men, horses, and wagons, and probably under the fire of an ever-vigilant and indignant enemy. Altogether, the enterprise was gigantic and hazardous. There had been nothing like it in modern history.

Napoleon's tactics as a general consisted in effecting sudden and overpowering movements; an enormous force being brought to bear on a centre of operations. On this principle he now acted. Gathering together that part of the army which France was to furnish, it was despatched in an easterly direction into Germany, where it was to unite with the levies drawn from Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Poland, and the other countries over which he exerted a control. From different directions, this immense force, under able generals, drew towards a central point on the Oder, whence all were to combine in a united attack on the Russian frontier.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

On the 9th of May 1812, Napoleon departed from Paris, to superintend the war in person. His march through France and part of Germany to Dresden was a continued triumph. Whole nations quitted their homes to throng his path; rich and poor, nobles and plebeians, friends and enemies, all hurried to have a passing view of the great man, almost looked upon by them as a supernatural being. Kings and princes forsook their capitals to do him homage. The adulation was universal. On the 29th he departed from Dresden, taking his route through Poland; and from this time he acted as a presiding genius over the various divisions of his army, which was now hurrying on to the Vistula.

The scarcity in France, and the length of the way, caused much reliance for provisions on the countries in this quarter. But great as was Napoleon's power, he failed in his calculations in this respect. Many of his arrangements for provisioning the army fell short of what was necessary; and the subsistence of his forces—man and beast—was made to depend in a great measure on plunder. If he did not sanction robbery as a principle, he winked at it as a practice. He felt that a compromise was necessary, in order to maintain his position. 'Ever since 1805,' observes Segur, 'there was a sort of mutual understanding—on his part, to wink at the plundering practices of his soldiers; on theirs, to suffer his ambition.' In one sense, therefore, Bonaparte, in all his pomp and pride, was but the chief of a band of robbers. Like all robberies, however, this toleration of rapine recoiled on its author. The injustice and inhumanity of indiscriminate theft, accompanied as it often was by the murder of the unhappy victims, was a short-sighted policy. Aware of the merciless disposition of the French army, every one fled at its approach, with all they could carry along

with them; and frequently what could not be transported to a place of security was destroyed. It was only by making a sudden onslaught, that the marauding soldiery had any chance of securing a prey.

Between the Oder and the Vistula, the army began operations, laying hold of everything useful that fell in their way: wagons, cattle, and provisions of all sorts were swept off; everything was taken—even to such of the inhabitants as were necessary to conduct these convoys. There was everywhere, however, a great want of forage. The crops of rye, yet green, were cut to feed the horses; and so insufficient was this resource, that often the thatch was stripped from the houses. Laying the country thus waste before them, the army reached the banks of the Niemen, on the verge of the Russian empire. Let us here take a glance at the composition of this mighty force.

The army consisted of several divisions which generally moved at one or two days' distance from each other, on different points. On the extreme right were 34,000 Austrians, commanded by Prince Schwarzenberg; on the left was Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, at the head of 75,200 Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles; by the side of these was Eugène de Beauharnais (viceroy of Italy, and stepson of Napoleon), with 75,000 Bavarians, Italians, and French; next, the emperor, with 220,000 men, commanded by Murat, king of Naples, and Marshals Davout, Oudinot, and Ney; and, finally, in front of Tilsit, was Marshal Macdonald, with 32,500 Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles. These, with some others not enumerated, amounted to 480,000 men actually present; besides which, many thousands were collected and kept in reserve. Of this large force, 400,000 were infantry, or soldiers on foot, and 80,000 cavalry. Along with this enormous force, there were thousands of wagons carrying provisions, thousands laden with gunpowder, shot, and shells, and thousands designed to accommodate the sick and wounded. The artillery consisted of 1372 pieces of cannon. For drawing the wagons of various kinds and the cannon, about 100,000 horses were employed; and to supply food for these poor animals, thus brought into a service of danger and fatigue, independently of those used by the 80,000 cavalry, a most extensive system of foraging was required.

Here, then, were nearly half a million of men, accoutred with every appliance of war, and elated with hopes of victory, plunder, and triumph. The idea of defeat was never for an instant entertained. The army of Napoleon believed itself to be invincible. It is lamentable to think, that of the half-million thus brought together to do the work of one man, none as yet knew what was the real cause of the war. It was only understood generally that the attack was to be on Russia; but of the grounds of dispute with that nation none knew or cared. The emperor had no doubt his own reasons

for what he did. It is important, therefore, to observe, that the Russian campaign was a thing entirely of Napoleon's contrivance, with a view to his own selfish purposes. Satisfied with his preparations, and ready, as he believed, to stoop on his prey, he at length deigned to declare himself. On the 22d of June he issued the following proclamation:

'Soldiers—The second Polish war has begun. The first terminated at Friedland and at Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia vowed an eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She now breaks her vows, and refuses to give any explanation of her strange conduct, until the French eagles have repassed the Rhine, and left our allies at her mercy.

'Russia is hurried away by a fatality! Her destinies will be fulfilled. Does she think us degenerated? Are we no more the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz? She places us between dishonour and war. Our choice cannot be difficult. Let us, then, march forward. Let us cross the Niemen, and carry the war into her country. The second Polish war will be as glorious to the French arms as the first has been; but the peace we shall conclude will carry its own guarantee, and will terminate the fatal influence which Russia has, for fifty years past, exercised in Europe.'

This bombastic proclamation was quite satisfactory to a body of men who wanted no substantial reason for fighting. Every one pronounced it a miracle of eloquence, and proudly contemplated the 'glory' they were to achieve. Such glory! The glory of murdering, despoiling, and, if possible, enslaving a people who had done them no harm, and wanted only to be let alone.

By means of pontoons—a kind of floating platforms placed on the river—the Niemen was passed by the foremost divisions of the French army; and no sooner did the Emperor Alexander learn that this act of aggression had been committed, than he issued the following proclamation, breathing, it will be observed, a very different spirit from that of his boastful antagonist:

'*Vilno, June* 25, 1812.—We had long observed, on the part of the emperor of the French, the most hostile proceedings towards Russia, but we had always hoped to avert them by conciliatory and pacific measures. At length, experiencing a continued renewal of direct and evident aggression, notwithstanding our earnest desire to maintain tranquillity, we were compelled to complete and assemble our armies. But even then we flattered ourselves that a reconciliation might be produced while we remained on the frontiers of our empire; and without violating our principle of peace, we prepared to act only in our own defence. All these conciliatory and pacific measures could not preserve the tranquillity which we desired. The emperor of the French, by suddenly attacking our army at Kovno, has been the first to declare war. As nothing, therefore, could inspire him with those friendly sentiments which possessed our

bosom, we have no choice but to oppose our force to those of the enemy, invoking the aid of the Almighty, the witness and defender of the truth. It is unnecessary for me to recall to the minds of the generals, the officers, or the soldiers, their duty and their bravery. The blood of the valiant Slavonians flows in their veins. Warriors! you defend your religion, your country, and your liberty! I am with you. God is against the aggressor. ALEXANDER.'

The war had now commenced; but strangely enough, except at the outset at Kovno, no army appeared to fight against. As division after division entered Russia, and pressed forward, nearly on the same line of march, the Russians fell back, giving no decided interruption to their progress. The French could not restrain their astonishment at the rapidity with which they were allowed to proceed. The season being the middle of summer, there was no interruption from the weather; and the only thing that incommoded the men was the excessive heat, with the great clouds of dust which filled the atmosphere.

It was from no lack of force or courage that the Russians receded, leaving a clear entrance into their country. The army collected by Alexander amounted to 300,000 men, divided into two corps, respectively commanded by General Barclay de Tolly* and the Prince Bagration. At first, the emperor of Russia designed to hazard a battle with the enemy; but those better acquainted with the French system of war, strenuously advised him to present a passive resistance, being well assured that Napoleon's ambition would lead him into savage countries, which, during the rigour of winter, would become the grave of his armies. Acting on this prudent advice, Alexander risked no encounter of great moment, but kept continually retreating, so as to leave the French entire masters of the country through which they passed. In retiring, however, every means was adopted to cut up and discourage the invaders. Bands of Cossacks —a wild kind of cavalry, brought from the extreme limits of the empire—hovered near the line of march, and slew all the straggling and foraging parties they could light upon. Houses, villages, and towns likely to afford shelter were so effectually destroyed, that frequently it would have been difficult to say where they stood. The crops of grain were likewise cut and carried away, or destroyed, and the stacks of hay were universally burned. Nor were these devastations committed against the will of the unhappy inhabitants. The Russians—nobles, priests, and serfs, all classes—for the time laid aside their mutual jealousies, and united in a warm attachment to the emperor, and so bitter a hatred of the French, that they voluntarily ruined themselves to defeat the iniquitous invasion of their country. By Napoleon, as well as by many others, it was believed that the Russian serfs, in the hope of freedom, would have hailed

* General Barclay was a Scotsman by extraction, and a German by birth.

and succoured the French as liberators; but these enslaved classes did not, by their conduct, warrant this presumption. Brought up with two leading ideas—veneration of God and the emperor—they shrunk everywhere from the profane violators of their country, and entertained a thorough distrust and horror of all Napoleon's professions.

Besides setting fire to their hamlets, the peasantry, says Scott, 'proclaimed the punishment of death to all of their own order who, from avarice or fear, should be tempted to supply the enemy with provisions; and they inflicted it without mercy on such as incurred the penalty. It is an admitted fact, that when the French, in order to induce their refractory prisoners to labour in their service, branded some of them on the hand with the letter N, as a sign that they were the serfs of Napoleon, one peasant laid his hand on a log of wood, and struck it off with an axe which he held in the other, in order to free himself from the supposed thraldom.' While such stubborn independence from the peasantry dismayed the French invaders, they were not less astonished with the patriotic ardour of the nobles, who everywhere deserted their mansions, and left them a prey to the invading army. At a village which a band of the French one day reached, they found the seigneur, or feudal proprietor, surrounded by a number of men armed with scythes, poles, and other rude weapons, as if resolved to make a stand. A few shots from the invading force speedily dispersed this miserable group; the chief alone evincing firmness on this trying occasion. Awaiting the approach of the French soldiers, armed with a poniard, he menaced all who summoned him to surrender. 'How can I survive the dishonour of my country?' cried he in uncontrollable and frantic indignation. 'Our altars are no more! Our empire is disgraced! Take my life; it is odious to me!' Some of the soldiers tried to calm his fury, and endeavoured to wrench the poniard from his hand; but this only exasperated him the more. The result may be anticipated.

By incessant marching, the van of the army, with Bonaparte at its head, reached and took possession of Vitebsk, on the Dwina, after a brief engagement. This was on the 28th of July. Vitebsk, like every other place, was deserted by nearly all the inhabitants, and every useful article removed. Having reached this point, with only one large town—Smolensk, or Smolensko—between him and Moscow, Napoleon confidently believed that Alexander would send to propose terms of peace; but no letter arrived; and every day added to the difficulties of his position. Already, by desertion, fatigue, famine, and wounds, the French army had lost nearly a third of its numbers. In the progress of the march, the soldiers first experienced the loss of wine, then spirits, beer, water, and bread. For several days at a time, the only food that could be got was roots; and on arriving at Vitebsk, the principal fare of whole divisions of men

consisted of a nauseous kind of broth made of rye. The consequence was, an extensive prevalence of dysentery and typhus fever; and as there were no hospitals or comfort of any kind, thousands daily dropped down and died. For upwards of a hundred miles the line of march was marked not less by devastation, than by bodies of men and horses scattered about in all directions. The sufferings of the foot-soldiers were also undermining discipline. Many of the less zealous in the cause had begun to grumble with the aimless object of the enterprise, and to desert in considerable bodies. Instead, however, of returning, they went off on predatory excursions on their own account, murdering and robbing all the natives who fell into their hands, and living a life of dissipation as long as the means of indulgence were within their reach. Ultimately, all these marauders were cut down without mercy by the Cossacks, or by armed bands of the enraged peasantry.

To bring in supplies from points at a distance from the line of march, troops scoured the country, seizing without mercy everything which could be of use. The hearts of the more compassionate officers were often pained with the affecting spectacle which these incursions presented. What constituted the whole fortune of families —carts and horses, provender, clothing, and food—were relentlessly seized. In entering towns which were suddenly and unexpectedly environed, there was a universal pillage. Describing the entrance of a division into one of the towns, Labaume says: 'As we advanced towards the centre of the town, we observed, in every street, crowds of soldiers robbing the houses, altogether regardless of the cries of the wretched inhabitants, or the tears of the mothers, who, on bended knees, begged for their own lives and those of their children. This insatiable rage for plunder was justified by some who, famishing, only sought for provisions; but others, under this pretence, rifled the dwellings of their contents, and even robbed the women and children of the clothes with which they were covered.'

The increasing difficulties of the march induced the more cautious advisers of Napoleon to counsel either his fortifying and remaining in Vitebsk till the succeeding spring, or his returning to Vilno or Warsaw. But these counsels, though often renewed and discussed, were uniformly repelled. Haunted with the image of captive Moscow, or at least of Smolensk, Bonaparte was determined to proceed; and there was the greater urgency for this movement, as there could not, at Vitebsk, be gathered together on any occasion more than twenty-four hours' provisions. To return to Poland would have been a confession of defeat, and that was not for an instant to be thought of. Impelled onward, therefore, by necessity, as well as by restlessness of mind, it was resolved to leave Vitebsk; and the army, forming a junction on the 10th of August, marched on Smolensk.

MARCH TO SMOLENSK AND MOSCOW.

After leaving Vitebsk, the engagements were more frequent and fierce. The Russians had partly changed their tactics. The object was now to wear out and keep the invaders in check; so that, by detaining them on the way, they would find it impossible to retreat before the approach of winter. At Smolensk, a large fortified city on the Dnieper, a Russian army, under Barclay de Tolly, made a stand, in order to cover the removal of the inhabitants with all transportable stores. The prospect of fighting here a distinct battle, on a large scale, delighted Napoleon; for all his successes had arisen from generalship in great battles. 'Now I have them!' said he, on coming in sight of the Russian army. A bombardment of the city ensued, and the Russian forces were attacked with all the usual energy of the French commanders. After a desperate struggle (August 18), Smolensk was taken, the Russians retiring, according to their ordinary practice; yet the victory, when achieved, proved utterly worthless. On the evening of the day of battle, thick columns of smoke were seen to rise from different quarters, and presently torrents of flame were distinctly observed, spreading with incredible rapidity in various directions. The whole city was speedily on fire, and, in the middle of a fine summer's night, presented to the bewildered gaze of the French army the spectacle of a vast volcano.

Next day the French entered Smolensk, everywhere marching over scattered ruins and dead bodies. Palaces yet burning, shewed walls half destroyed by the flames; and strewn amidst the fallen wreck, were the blackened carcasses of the unfortunate inhabitants whom the fire had overtaken. The few houses that remained were completely filled by the rapacious soldiery; while at the door stood the miserable proprietor, without an asylum, deploring the death of his children and the loss of his fortune. Amidst the universal havoc, some of the churches had escaped destruction, and in these were crowded hundreds of unhappy victims, who had escaped the conflagration. In the great cathedral, venerated by the Russians, might be seen whole families, aged men and children, prostrated before the altars, and appealing to Heaven for the succour which man had denied. The solemnity of these spectacles of misery was, in the meanwhile, broken by the loud shouts of the victors and the clanging sounds of military music. 'The affair of Smolensk,' as it is called by historians, cost the Russians 12,000 soldiers, and the French 4000. The approaches to the city were heaped with dead bodies, and the wounded, left on the ground for want of hospitals, presented the most harrowing spectacle.

The destruction of Smolensk by the Russians dismayed and perplexed Napoleon. He had confidently expected that this fine large city would have afforded quarters and provisions to his troops,

on which he could have fallen back, if necessary, from Moscow. He now perceived the enormous magnitude of his enterprise. It was not alone a war against the emperor of Russia; it was a war against the whole nation—a complication of wars. He had not only to fight against soldiers, but against the people; and, what was worse, a wilderness, remote, barren, infinite. To aggravate his difficulties, Murat, Ney, and other generals, on whom were his main dependence, loudly murmured against the undertaking. He overruled their objections, and, pointing to Moscow as the goal of peace and security, issued orders to proceed still onward on the march.

The army accordingly, after a stay of only four days at Smolensk, set out for Moscow, a distance of 279 miles, which was expected to be traversed in fifteen days. Difficulties of an appalling kind now presented themselves at every step. Much of the way lay through marshes and forests; and almost every day there was an obscure battle, which thinned the ranks and dispirited the soldiers. Not all the blandishments of Napoleon, nor a profuse distribution of decorations—small bits of ribbon, usually much prized by the French—could compensate the privations which were endured.

No engagement of any moment took place till the 7th of September, when was fought the battle of the Borodino, or Moskwa, as it was indifferently called. In this famous encounter, in which the Russians were commanded by Kutusoff, the French were the victors, and had the way cleared for them to Moscow. It was, however, a dear-bought triumph. The slaughter had been immense. The loss of the French amounted to 12,000 killed and 38,000 wounded; that of the Russians was 15,000 killed and 32,000 wounded. The French, it is said, fired on this occasion 90,000 cannon, and each soldier used 100 cartridges. 'As we passed over the ground which the Russians had occupied,' says Labaume in his account of the campaign, 'we were able to judge of the immense loss that they had sustained. On many places the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. The fire of our howitzers had been so destructive, that mountains of dead bodies were scattered over the plain; and the few places that were not encumbered with the slain, were covered with broken lances, muskets, helmets, and cuirasses, or with grape-shot and bullets, as numerous as hailstones after a violent storm. The most horrid spectacle, however, was the interior of the ravines: almost all the wounded who were able to drag themselves along, had taken refuge in these hollows to avoid the shot. These miserable wretches—heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with piercing cries—eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments. We had no means of relieving them, and could only deplore the calamities inseparable from a war so atrocious.' Segur heightens this melancholy picture. In speaking of the sufferings of the Russians, he mentions 'that

one of these poor fellows lived for several days in the carcass of a horse, which had been gutted by a shell, and the inside of which he gnawed. Some were seen straightening a broken leg, by tying a branch of a tree tightly against it, then supporting themselves with another branch, and walking in this manner to the next village.'

The town of Mojaisk was next captured; but, like all the other towns, it contained neither inhabitants nor provisions, and being of wood, it was left in flames, amidst which hundreds of the wounded, and those too feeble to fly, were consumed. Mental torture, with bodily infirmity, now almost drove Napoleon to despair; and in this state of inquietude he took the road to Moscow with the collected wreck of his army.

As the French approached the capital of the Russian empire, the inhabitants in this part of the country, as elsewhere, fled before them, leaving nothing but a desert of scorched fields and smoking houses. The determined resolution with which this devastation continued to be effected greatly appalled Bonaparte; but he still consoled himself with the reflection that Moscow would offer a compensation for all privations. On reaching Moscow, as he believed, the whole object of the expedition would be accomplished: the Russian citizens would submit to the French emperor; he would dictate to them his laws, and offer them his protection; after the first shock of the entrance of the foreign army into the city, trade and commerce would assume their accustomed routine; the inhabitants would walk in the streets peacefully; the merchants would re-open their shops, and, except that Moscow would be in the possession of the French instead of the Russian emperor, all would be as it was. Such were the hopes of Napoleon; hopes doomed, however, to be miserably disappointed.

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of September when the advanced guards of the French army, reaching the top of the last eminence which lay between them and Moscow, caught their first glimpse of the famous city, termed by native poets 'Moscow with the golden cupolas.' The picture was one of enchantment. There, in the midst of a fertile plain, through which the waters of the Moskwa were seen meandering, rose a thousand towers and steeples crowned with golden balls—a thousand domes flashing and blazing in the light of the sun. Ravished by these glistening colours, the eye, on looking at the city more narrowly, discerned its myriads of houses of all materials—wood, brick, stone; of all styles of architecture—Gothic, modern, and nondescript; and of all proportions—from the mansion of the grandee to the hut of the artisan. It was the boasted capital of a barbarous empire; luxury and wretchedness, gold and filth, quaint magnificence and miry poverty, all huddled together, with the brilliant points exposed to the sun's rays. As the French soldiers gazed on the spectacle,

their hearts swelled proudly, and as the cry of 'Moscow! Moscow!' rolled along the ranks, many were already anticipating the time when, in their old age, they would look back upon the present as the most honourable moment in their lives, and be able to say to a new generation: 'I was also in the army of Moscow.' Napoleon himself partook of the general enthusiasm. Surveying the scene beneath him, he exclaimed: 'There at last is the famous city!' His next exclamation, however, betrayed the anxiety under which he had been labouring: 'It was high time!'

As is usual on such occasions, Napoleon expected the arrival of a deputation of the principal men of the city, to surrender it into his hands. He waited till evening, the whole of his forces in the meantime coming up, and the scouts of Murat advancing to the suburbs of the city, and even mingling with the Cossacks in the rear of the retreating Russian army. Still no deputation arrived, and Napoleon now became anxious. Was it that the inhabitants of Moscow were ignorant of the formality which it was necessary for a capital to go through when it surrendered? Or was it that the nobles were removing with their effects? Rumours began to reach him that the city was deserted. Some of the scouts had penetrated into the streets, and found all silent, as if the population were either gone or asleep. Several Frenchmen too, who had been resident in Moscow, came out of their hiding-places, and, joining their countrymen, made the same report. Napoleon could scarcely at first credit it: it was so contrary to all his experience of war or human nature, that an entire city should be abandoned by its population, because it was about to fall into the hands of an enemy. That a few of the most influential inhabitants should do so, was nothing wonderful; but that all—merchants, tradesmen, artificers, who had little to lose by the change of masters—should voluntarily incur ruin by leaving their habitations, and fleeing into the country beyond, was a circumstance utterly unprecedented. The disagreeable truth, however, soon became too plain to be longer disbelieved. The city had been deserted: none were left in it except a few thousands of prowling vagabonds, the refuse of the population, who remained behind to plunder, along with a few French and foreign residents, whom the retreating Russians could not carry away.

To understand how this had been brought about, it is necessary to look back a little. The Emperor Alexander, on being forced to retreat before the French, had retired into the heart of his empire, to superintend in person the preparations which it was necessary to make there, leaving, as we have seen, his generals to oppose the French on their march. He proceeded to Moscow, a city rarely visited by the Russian czars, and, in consequence of its wealth, and the number of nobles who resided in it, somewhat jealous of the consequences which might result from such visits of an autocratic master. The excess of the danger, however, removed every feeling

of mutual suspicion between the emperor and his subjects; and when Alexander reached the ancient city, he was received with bursts of enthusiasm, and with offers of money and other supplies, such as he could not have expected. One merchant alone put down his name for 50,000 roubles, which was equal to two-thirds of his fortune, and paid the sum next day. A fever of patriotism seized all ranks; and before Alexander left Moscow, he was convinced that its population would do their duty.

After the emperor's departure, the inhabitants of Moscow watched with intense interest the approach of the French. While Napoleon was yet at a great distance, and long before the battle of the Moskwa had been fought, many left the city; the rest were encouraged and stimulated by the proclamations of the governor-general, Count Rostopchine, who held out hopes that the French would be defeated ere they reached Moscow, and forced to retreat. At the same time he made preparations for evacuating the city and leaving it a desert, in case his predictions should fail.

Whether the still more desperate resolution to burn the city was originated or sanctioned by Rostopchine, remains doubtful. He himself, while afterwards living in Paris, published a refutation of the charge (*La Vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou;* Paris, 1823), in which he affirms that the desperate deed was due in part to the fervid patriotism of a few of the inhabitants, and in part to the violence and negligence of the French. One thing is certain, that he had prepared the means of destruction for his own country palace near the city, and at the last moment applied the torch with his own hand. This example of devotion was perhaps sufficient for the frenzied inhabitants, without any formal order or preparation by the governor. Be that as it may, the dreadful sacrifice was made.

About a fortnight before the arrival of the French, the general emigration had commenced. The archives of the city and the public treasure were removed by the orders of Rostopchine; the merchants next began to shift their property; and at last the whole country for miles round was covered by crowds of fugitives, turning to take a last look of their beloved Moscow. The news of the battle of the Moskwa completed the evacuation of the city. The wretched citizens who had remained to the last in their houses, were now obliged to take to flight, urged equally by the stern measures of Rostopchine, and their fear of the French. A stream of fugitives—men, women, and children—poured out at the gate of Kolomna, carrying with them whatever they esteemed dearest. Men might be seen harnessed to carts, dragging their wives, their children, their aged parents, or the little remains of their property. None apparently remained in the city except the foreign residents, some soldiers and officers of police, and a few thousands of abandoned wretches, the dregs of the population, a great proportion of whom were released from the various prisons for the occasion. To this savage horde, rushing about the streets with

ferocious joy, and delighted with the universal turmoil, and the prospect of pillage which it afforded them, was intrusted, it is said, the task of setting fire to the city on the arrival of the French. Such was the condition of Moscow when the French entered it. The army, the nobles, and the merchants gone—Rostopchine and the whole population gone: none left to negotiate the surrender, nor to welcome the conqueror, but a few Frenchmen in hiding, and a squalid crew of criminals and bacchanals hallooing in the deserted streets. To Napoleon, the disappointment must have been no doubt severe. He concealed his feelings, however, and only shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed: 'Ah, the Russians little know as yet the effect which the taking of their capital will produce upon them!'

Napoleon entered the city after dark on the 14th of September; and stopping at one of the houses in the suburbs, took up his residence for the night, while the army quartered all around. Rumours of the intended conflagration reached him, and he could take no rest. Every moment he was sending out to learn the state of things in the city. At length, about two in the morning, he was informed that a fire had broken out. 'A fire-balloon,' says Segur, 'had settled in the palace of Prince Trubetskoi, and consumed it: this was the signal. Fire had immediately been set to the Exchange; Russian police-officers had been seen stirring it up with tarred lances. Here, howitzer shells, perfidiously placed, had discharged themselves in the stoves of several houses, and wounded the military who crowded round them. Retiring to other quarters, which were still standing, they sought fresh retreats; but when they were on the point of entering houses closely shut up and uninhabited, they heard faint explosions within; these were succeeded by a light smoke, which immediately became thick and black, then reddish, and lastly the colour of fire, and presently the whole edifice was involved in flames.' So it continued during the night; and at daybreak, when Napoleon hastened into the streets, black smoke was seen issuing from under the iron roofs of hundreds of houses in all quarters of the city. Giving instructions to the soldiers to use their exertions to suppress the fire, he entered the Kremlin, the central part of Moscow, and the site of the ancient palace of the czars. Here, after inspecting the various wonders of the place, he employed himself in writing proposals of peace to the Emperor Alexander; thus carrying into effect the proudest aim of a conqueror—that of dictating terms to a rival in his own capital. In this case, however, the honour was an empty one; the capital was deserted; and at the moment he was writing his letter, flames were blazing around.

During daylight of the 15th, the conflagration still continued; the houses which had been set on fire during the night were consumed to ashes. It appeared, however, that the efforts made by the French to subdue the fire were producing effect, and hopes were entertained that the progress of the destructive element might be arrested. The

approach of night put an end to these hopes. The incendiaries, who had concealed themselves during the day, rushed out of their hiding-places, armed with torches, and recommenced their horrible work. Many of them were cut down by the French, reeling in a state of drunkenness through the streets, or in the act of setting fire to houses. Their numbers, however, increased, and defied the vigilance of the soldiery. Although masters of Moscow, the French troops could not find safe quarters in it. Fearful of being burned alive in the houses, if they remained within the city, they were obliged to bivouac without its gates. Meanwhile, Napoleon continued in the Kremlin, issuing his orders in quick succession. The palace had several times been threatened with the fate of others of the great buildings, the wind carrying the flames and showers of sparks in that direction. Fears began to be entertained that one of the burning brands which flew over the palace might alight on one of the powder-wagons which stood in the courtyard, or on some secret store of combustibles designedly concealed. One such brand, descending with true aim, might heave emperor and his army into the air in one murderous explosion. The noise, the heat, the glare of the flames awoke Napoleon from a short sleep. He paced the apartments hurriedly, ever and anon going to the windows to watch the progress of the conflagration. 'Short and incoherent exclamations,' says Segur, 'burst from his labouring bosom. "What a tremendous spectacle! It is their own work! So many palaces! What extraordinary resolution! What men! These are Scythians indeed!"'

At last the cry arose: 'The Kremlin is on fire!' The intelligence was true. Twice the flames had reached the building, and twice they had been extinguished; but the third time, an incendiary had set fire to a tower, where the labours of the soldiers were unavailing. Napoleon was forced to flee. Leaving the Kremlin, he set out for Peterskoe, a residence of the Russian czar, about three miles distant, on the road to St Petersburg. It was with great difficulty that he effected his escape. 'We were encircled,' says Segur, 'by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the citadel, and frustrated the first attempts that were made to depart. After some search we discovered a postern-gate leading between the rocks to the Moskwa. It was by this narrow passage that Napoleon, his officers, and guard, escaped from the Kremlin. But what had they gained by this movement? They had approached nearer to the fire, and could neither retreat nor remain where they were. And how were they to advance? How force a passage through the waves of this ocean of flame? There was no time to be lost. The roaring of the flames around us became every moment more violent. A single narrow winding street appeared to be the only outlet. The emperor rushed on foot, and without hesitation, into this narrow passage. He advanced amid the crackling of the flames, the crash of floors, and

the fall of burning timbers, and of the red-hot iron roofs which tumbled around him. The flames, which with impetuous roar consumed the edifices between which we were proceeding, spreading beyond the walls, were blown about by the wind, and formed an arch over our heads. We walked on a ground of fire, beneath a fiery sky, and between two walls of fire. The intense heat burned our eyes, which we were nevertheless obliged to keep open, and fixed on the danger. A consuming atmosphere, glowing ashes, detached flames, parched our throats, and rendered our respiration short and dry; and we were already almost suffocated with the smoke.' At length the emperor and his attendants were extricated from the labyrinth of burning edifices, and were able to make their way to Petersköe.

This was on the evening of the 16th. The conflagration, however, raged till the 20th, when it ended, having lasted in all six days. During these six days, says Dr Lyall, in his *History of Moscow*, 'innumerable palaces, crowds of noble mansions, and thousands of houses, bazaars, shops, and warehouses, containing the wealth and luxuries of the world, the depositories of science, of literature, and taste, the cabinets and galleries, were destroyed. The total loss by fire and the war in the city and government of Moscow was estimated at 321,000,000 roubles'—about £50,000,000 sterling. On the 20th, Napoleon returned to Moscow, and again took up his residence in the Kremlin, which, owing to the exertions of the troops after his departure, had escaped with little damage. The description given by eye-witnesses of the appearance of the city and its suburbs, now that the fire was over, is horrible in the extreme. Strict orders had at first been issued to refrain from pillage; but these had been at last withdrawn, and thousands of persons of all descriptions—French and Russians, officers and privates, men of respectable character and the lowest dregs of the population, the refuse of the Russian jails—had for several days been going about through the streets, breaking open shops, and ransacking houses, in quest of such goods or movables as had escaped the fire. There had been no order or regularity; all had been excess and brutal indulgence. On the road from Petersköe to Moscow, the most strange and disgusting scenes met the eyes of the emperor—large blazing bonfires, in which the fuel consisted of mahogany furniture and gilded doors; around these, officers and soldiers, splashed and bedaubed with mud and dirt, lying on silken couches, or sitting in fine arm-chairs, their feet resting on Siberian furs, Cashmere shawls, or Persian gold cloth; gold and silver plates in their hands, from which they were ravenously eating huge pieces of half-broiled horse-flesh. Round every one of these little groups were gathered crowds of Russian citizens, trying in some cases to recover part of their own property, in others to pillage their neighbours, but many of them tempted merely by the fires which the French had kindled,

and the horse-flesh which they were eating. Entering the suburbs of the city, the scenes which offended the eye and the other senses were still more painfully disgusting. Everywhere heaps of ashes, and fragments of stone and iron, blocked up the path; and the air was filled with an indescribable stench, rising from such a smouldering chaos of lime, bricks, wood, dead bodies, and all the heterogeneous mass of materials which the imagination can conceive to be lodged in a great city. In the gardens, of which there are a great number in the suburbs of Moscow, wretched and gaunt-looking Russians, of both sexes—some with scarcely a rag to cover them, others clad in furs and rich pelisses—were seen scraping the soil with their nails, in search of roots or herbs; or fighting with each other for the thigh-bone of a horse which had been left behind by the French. On the banks of the river, crowds were devouring handfuls of raw and sour corn, which they had fished up from the water, out of a large quantity which had been sunk by the orders of Rostopchine. Penetrating farther into the city, the spectator was met by still more striking disorder: soldiers were seated on bales of rich merchandise, on mountains of sugar and coffee, and surrounded by barrels of luscious wines and costly liqueurs, which they were dealing out in exchange for bread, meat, or gold. Round these auctioneers reeled crowds of intoxicated purchasers; and not far off, half-covered by heaps of ashes, might be seen the corpses of poor wretches, most of them Russians, who, in a similar state of intoxication, had fallen victims to the fire.

The return of Napoleon put a stop to many of these scenes of disorder. The indiscriminate pillage was ordered to cease; regiments were appointed in turn to collect the property which remained; the churches and other public buildings were evacuated by the cavalry, who had taken shelter in them; the principal streets were cleared; and directions were issued to secure the Russian stragglers, who still loitered in the town and its suburbs. It was too late, however, to put this last order into execution, as most of the Russians, on learning the emperor's return, had abandoned Moscow, and fled into the country. Nor was it possible to repair the losses caused by the indiscriminate pillage of the last six days. Quantities of provisions, which, if judiciously taken care of, would have proved a welcome addition to the army stores, had been irretrievably squandered by the thoughtless soldiers who had obtained possession of them. But the uproar and confusion caused by the fire were such, that even the best-disciplined army could not have been kept in check, or obliged to obey orders.

If the desertion of Moscow by its inhabitants was a circumstance for which Napoleon was totally unprepared, the burning of the city, we may well conceive, was a still greater astonishment to him. Here he was in the centre of Russia, in the city of Moscow, in the palace of the czars: this had long been the goal of his hopes; and

yet all his anticipations of the consequences of such an event were disappointed. He was still as far as ever from the conquest of Russia; and should the inhabitants continue to manifest the same spirit of resistance which had prompted them to set fire to their capital rather than submit, he might march from town to town, and yet approach no nearer the end of his expedition. Besides, a Russian winter was coming on; and how would he be able to make good his quarters in the midst of an inhospitable population, willing to destroy their stores of provisions, rather than contribute them to the support of the invader? Perplexed with these anxieties, Napoleon still cherished the hope that the czar would submit and come to terms: accordingly, he waited at Moscow in expectation of Alexander's reply to the letter which he had despatched on the 15th. The French emperor, however, had miscalculated the firmness of his rival; had, like the rest of Europe up to this moment, given him credit for less strength of character than he possessed. 'No pusillanimous dejection!' was Alexander's address to his subjects when he learned the destruction of Moscow; 'let us vow redoubled courage and perseverance! The enemy is in deserted Moscow as in a tomb, without means of domination, or even of existence. He entered Russia with 300,000 men, of all countries, without union, or any national or religious bond: he has lost half of them by the sword, famine, and desertion. He has but the wreck of this army in Moscow. He is in the heart of Russia, and not a single Russian at his feet. Meanwhile, our forces are increasing, and enclosing him. He is in the midst of a mighty population—encompassed by armies which are waiting for and keeping him in check. To escape famine, he will soon be obliged to direct his flight through the close ranks of our brave soldiers. Shall we then recede when all Europe is looking on and encouraging us?'

In the meantime, while Napoleon was waiting in Moscow, Murat and part of his army were in pursuit of the Russian general Kutusoff. Several engagements took place between the wary Russian and the chivalrous king of Naples; decisive, however, of nothing, except the obstinacy of the Russians. Napoleon became daily more weary of this protracted warfare, more sensible of the dangers of his position, more anxious to bring the czar to sue for peace. His plans were undecided. At one time it seemed to be his intention to remain at Moscow through the winter; and, in conformity with this design, or possibly merely as a feint to deceive the Russians, an intendant and municipal magistracy were appointed for the city; a theatre was erected amid the ruins; first-rate actors were sent for from Paris; and an Italian singer commenced giving entertainments in the Kremlin. At another time, Napoleon would, in one of his vaunting moods, propose to his assembled generals to march to St Petersburg—a project which a few words of common sense from any of their number were sufficient to put aside. The only other

course which could be adopted in the circumstances, was one from which Napoleon revolted, and which no one durst yet openly propose to him—it was to retreat. The necessity of deciding upon something became more and more evident. What quantity of provisions had been saved from the pillage of Moscow was soon exhausted; and the army, quartered through the city, was dependent on the success of parties of cavalry sent to procure forage in the district around. Soon all the stock in the neighbourhood of the city was eaten up, and it became necessary for these parties to extend their foraging expeditions to a greater distance, where, in addition to other difficulties, they had to contend, while pursuing their labour of pillage, with the enraged peasantry and with bands of roving Cossacks. 'Our cattle,' says Labaume, 'perished for want of forage. Our real miseries were disguised by an apparent abundance. We had neither bread nor meat; yet our tables were covered with sweetmeats, syrups, and dainties. Coffee, and every kind of wine, served in crystal or china vases, convinced us that luxury might be nearly allied to poverty. The extent and the nature of our wants rendered money of little value to us, and this gave rise to an exchange, rather than a sale of commodities. Those who had cloth offered it for wine; and he who had a pelisse could procure plenty of sugar and coffee.' In addition to their present sufferings, the French were haunted by the dread of the Russian winter, of whose horrors they had heard, but could as yet form only a vague and undefined conception. In the meetings between Murat's soldiers and the Russians, during occasional moments of truce, the latter would tell them that the winter was at hand; that indeed it should have, in the natural course of things, already commenced: that within a fortnight their nails would drop off, and their arms fall out of their benumbed and half-dead fingers; that their graves would be the snows of Russia.

Still Napoleon would not decide upon a retreat; still he hoped that the czar would yield. His calculations were founded on the conviction that the occupation of Moscow, even in its deserted state, was too great a blow for the nation to survive. 'Millions of money,' he said, 'have no doubt slipped through our hands in consequence of the burning of Moscow; but how many millions is Russia losing! Her commerce is ruined for a century to come. The nation is thrown back fifty years: this of itself is an important result. When the first moment of enthusiasm is past, this reflection will fill them with consternation.' The soldiers, for the moment, caught the tone of the emperor, and endeavoured to please him, by assuming, as well as they could, the outward appearance of a conquering and still high-spirited army. Poor fellows!—with hungry stomachs, with tattered uniforms, with their toes projecting through their torn shoes—they would do their best to furbish themselves up, so as to appear clean and smart at a review; and at the sight, in front of their ranks, of the fat little man—in obedience to whose views or whims it was

that they had left their homes eight hundred leagues away, and come hither to live on horse-flesh, and blow their fellow-men out of the world—they would still make the air ring with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur.'

All Napoleon's efforts to induce the czar to sue for peace failed; a letter which he had despatched to Kutusoff on the 6th October, had produced no result. The alternative now pressed upon him—to retreat out of Russia, or to winter in Moscow. There were not wanting among his officers men who advised the latter course. Let them make themselves as comfortable as possible, they said, in the city; let them make every effort to procure provisions, by sweeping the neighbouring country; to lessen the consumption of forage, and increase the supply of food, let all the spare horses be salted down and barreled. With these preparations, they would be able to defy the Russian winter, and wait patiently for the arrival of spring. Strange picture!—an army shut up for a winter in a ruined and smoke-blackened city, amusing themselves with balls, operas, and theatricals, and living meanwhile on salted horse-flesh! Napoleon, however, could not bring himself to entertain the idea of wintering in Moscow; his thoughts were in Paris, from which he had, for some time, received no communication—the despatches having been intercepted in passing through such an extent of hostile territory. What might not happen in Europe during his absence! Might not some revolution occur, which would be taken advantage of for his ruin by his foreign allies or his discontented subjects? And on his return to Paris might he not find himself no longer an emperor?

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

With feelings of the deepest humiliation, yet maintaining his accustomed bravado and pretension, Napoleon determined on retreating from Moscow; and a battle fought between Kutusoff and Murat in the environs of the city, shewed him that there was no time to lose. The order to march was issued to the French troops on the 18th of October—a month and four days after their triumphant entry into the capital. 'Let us march upon Kaluga,' he said; 'and woe be to those I meet by the way!' On the 19th the army quitted Moscow, on its way to Kaluga. It consisted of 100,000 fighting men, with a number of sick; for, anxious to give his retreat as little the appearance of a confession of defeat as possible, Napoleon had caused all the hospitals to be evacuated, and only such of the sick as could not be shifted, amounting to about 1200 men, to be left in Moscow. Following the army, there was a long procession of attendants and baggage-bearers, resembling the hordes which we read of in ancient history as accompanying barbarian armies on their return from successful invasions. 'It consisted,' says Segur, 'of three or four files of infinite length, in which there was

a mixture, a confusion of chaises, ammunition-wagons, handsome carriages, and vehicles of every kind. Here, trophies of Russian, Turkish, and Persian colours, and the gigantic cross of Ivan the Great; there, long-bearded Russian peasants, carrying or driving along our booty, of which they constituted a part; others dragging even wheelbarrows, filled with whatever they could remove. The fools were not likely to proceed in this manner till the conclusion of the first day; but their senseless avidity made them think nothing of battles, and a march of eight hundred leagues. Among these army-followers were men of all nations, without uniform and without arms, and servants swearing in every language, and urging, by dint of shouts and blows, the progress of elegant carriages, drawn by pigmy horses harnessed with ropes. They were filled with provisions, or with the booty saved from the flames. They carried also Frenchwomen, with their children, formerly happy inhabitants of Moscow, but who had now fled from the hatred of the Muscovites.'

And now began that retreat which will ever remain one of the most dreadful chapters in the bloody annals of war. On the 22d of October the emperor had fixed his quarters at Borovsk. Here, though the distance was ten leagues from Moscow, was distinctly heard the sound of the tremendous explosion in which, by Napoleon's orders, left to be executed by the rearguard of his army, the Kremlin was blown up. Next day took place the terrible battle of Malo-Jaroslavitz, fought between the advanced portion of the French forces under Prince Eugène, and a Russian army under Doctoroff. The French were victorious; but this battle had been one of the most desperate ever fought; and on the 25th, when Napoleon entered the town where it took place, and from which it derives its name, the scene which presented itself shocked even his accustomed eye. The lines of the streets could no longer be distinguished, on account of the number of corpses heaped up in them, many of them with their heads crushed by the wheels of the cannon which had passed over them. These, and the smoking ruins, and the blood-stained walls, and the moanings of poor wounded wretches crawling along, and the doleful sound of the funeral march accompanying the burial of the slain officers, testified how obstinate the engagement had been. The victory of Malo-Jaroslavitz only shewed Napoleon the desperate position he was in, and made him more eager to retreat. He was particularly anxious to reach Smolensk before the winter should have set in with severity: here he hoped to find plenty of everything of which the army stood in need, and the retreat beyond that point would be easier. There were three routes to Smolensk, each of which was attended with its peculiar difficulties. Napoleon chose that by Mojaisk, and the field of his former bloody battle of Borodino.

On the 28th of October the army reached Mojaisk, leaving a track of ruin and devastation behind it, and fronting a desert

equally horrible. 'The fields,' says Labaume, 'trampled down by thousands of horses, seemed as though they had never been cultivated. The forests, cleared by the long continuance of the troops, partook likewise of the general desolation. But most horrible was the multitude of dead bodies, which, deprived of burial for fifty-two days, scarcely retained the human form. As we traversed the fields of Borodino, my consternation was inexpressible when I found the forty thousand men who had perished there yet lying exposed. The whole plain was entirely covered with them. None of the bodies were more than half-buried. In one place were to be seen garments yet red with blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and birds of prey; in another were broken arms, drums, trumpets, and helmets. Continuing our march through the plain, we heard at a distance a feeble voice appealing to us for succour. Touched by his plaintive cries, some soldiers approached the spot, and, to their astonishment, saw a French soldier stretched on the ground, with both his legs broken. "I was wounded," said he, "on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony I endured, and, on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries, or afford me relief. For two months I daily dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots, and some morsels of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I laid myself down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, seeing you at a distance, I summoned all my strength, and happily crawled sufficiently near your route to make my voice heard."' The poor wretch was placed in a carriage, and carried along with the army.

From Mojaisk the army retreated to Gshatsk, and thence to Viazma, the emperor marching some distance in advance, and Prince Eugène and Marshal Davout bringing up the rear. The sufferings of the men, especially those in the divisions of Prince Eugène and Davout, were increased during this march by the severity of the weather, which, although the sky still continued clear, had become piercingly cold, and foreboded the coming on of the snow-season. Starvation, cold, and the attacks of the Russians, especially the Cossacks, who hovered on the retreat like birds of prey, thinned the army so much, that when the rear reached Viazma, it became necessary to reorganise it, adding the broken regiments together, so as to form new ones. Smolensk was now the goal of all hopes. The order of march from Viazma to Smolensk was as follows: Napoleon left Viazma on the 1st of November; Prince Eugène and Davout, who were a day or two behind, left it on the 4th, fighting their way through the Russians, who by this time had arrived at the town, and were occupying the roads in its neighbourhood; and, by the directions of Napoleon, Marshal Ney remained last of all, to bear the brunt of the enemy's attacks, and protect the rest of the army during their retreat. Ney was also instructed to retreat as slowly

as possible, in order to afford time for the rest not only to arrive at Smolensk, but also to repose in that town for a few days after their fatigues. Thus it will be seen that the post of danger and honour belonged to Ney. The rest of the army had to contend with famine and cold; but he had to contend, in addition, with the pursuing Russians—to retreat step by step, and in as dilatory a manner as possible.

The march from Viazma to Smolensk was a terrible one for the whole army, but especially for the rear divisions. On the 6th of November, while the most advanced were still two or three days' march from the long-wished-for Smolensk, the winter came on. It came on suddenly, like a true Russian winter. The clear blue sky disappeared; the sun, the luminary of Napoleon's fancied destiny, was no longer seen; thick cold fogs descended, rolling and whirling, from the heavens; bitter sleety blasts swept along the earth; and at length the snow came down in large flakes, darkening the atmosphere, and enclosing the bewildered traveller as he walked. The whole aspect of nature was changed: objects around altered their appearance, at first from the effect of the ghastly fogs which preceded the storm, and afterwards from the effects of the snow, which covered the earth, the trees, the hills, and undulations of the ground with its white mantle. Driven into chasms and hollows, it accumulated there in wreaths, cheating many poor shivering wretches, who, stumbling in, were engulfed in the snow, and made no efforts to rise again. Many perished in these snow-pits. Leaving these to their fate, the others pushed on through the drifting storm. Soon their garments, after being wet through, began to freeze and stiffen on their bodies; their limbs became benumbed and powerless; their very breath was congealed as it issued from their mouths, and hung in icicles from their beards. On and on they staggered, as if by a mechanical effort of perseverance, growing weaker and weaker at every step. At last, when sense and feeling were almost extinct, a stone, a piece of slippery ice, a branch of a tree, would trip them up, and, falling to the ground, they would lie there, unable to rise, and in a few minutes they would be covered with a little snow tumulus. To one turning his head to look back, the road, covered with these white hillocks, seemed like a churchyard in a snowy day. All order was at an end among the survivors. Muskets were dropped among the snow, or fell from the frozen fingers which carried them; soldiers left their ranks, officers their companies; and all wandered on, caring for nothing, and thinking of nothing, but self. Some would straggle off into by-paths, hoping to reach some shelter. These uniformly fell into the hands of the Cossacks, who either killed them at once, or stripped them naked, and left them to perish in the snow. Night at last came, to vary and increase the horrors of the day. Halting to bivouac, the first care of all was to kindle a fire. Wagons, and everything which could be used as fuel, were

broken up; and after a flame had been with difficulty kindled, crowds would gather round it, thawing their garments and limbs, and eating their repast of raw and bloody horse-flesh. Hundreds, falling asleep by the enormous fires which they had kindled, never awoke. Such as survived the night, had again to undergo the miseries of the day —to stagger on through the snow, to rush eagerly upon a fallen horse to secure part of its flesh, to see their companions fall at every step, to hear the croaking of crows overhead, and the howling of dogs devouring the corpses behind them—and thus for day after night, for night after day, until Smolensk could be reached.

Some of course suffered less during this retreat than others; Napoleon's own division suffered less than that of Prince Eugène; and Prince Eugène's, again, less than that of Ney. Ney's conduct during the retreat was heroic. Instructed to protract his march as long as possible, to afford the rest of the army time to recruit at Smolensk, he obeyed his orders by literally fighting for ten whole days between Viazma and Smolensk. It was on the 9th of November when Napoleon reached the latter town—his long-looked-for haven of safety. Alas! Smolensk was by no means the termination of their misfortunes! Napoleon had calculated on finding there fifteen days' provisions and forage for an army of a hundred thousand men; instead of which he found a quantity of flour, rice, and spirits, not sufficient for fifty thousand, and no meat of any kind. The operations of the Cossacks, and the activity of several Russian generals whom he had left in his rear on his advance to Moscow, occasioned this defalcation. In the distribution, too, of what provisions there were, fresh sufferings arose. Those who reached Smolensk first being a host of stragglers, without order and without officers, received no supplies till they were reorganised, or till the regular troops came up; and many died in the interval, besieging the doors of the magazines where the flour was lodged. When the regular troops did arrive, only a few could obtain baked bread. To the rest were distributed rye-flour, vegetables, and spirits, for which they fought and scrambled in the streets. Refusing to carry the supplies to their regiments, the wretched men would tear open the sacks at the doors of the magazines, snatch a few pounds of flour, and as much spirits as they could obtain, and then rush away to gorge themselves in some secret place. Next day the dead bodies of many of these unfortunate wretches were found in the streets and in the houses. As it was the 14th of November before all the army reached Smolensk, those who came last, and who stood most in need of refreshment, fared worst. The brave Ney and his men were regaled with what the others had left.

On the 19th of October, when the French army left Moscow, it consisted of 100,000 fighting men, an immense cavalcade of unarmed stragglers, together with an enormous train of artillery and baggage. When the whole wreck of the troops was collected at Smolensk, it

appeared that there remained only 36,000 fighting men, with stragglers, baggage, and artillery reduced in proportion. In other words, nearly two-thirds of the army had perished in twenty-five days. What a carnage! And what a prospect for the survivors, who had still so many dangers before them!

The next stage of the retreat was from Smolensk to Orcha, a distance of five days' march. Napoleon again marched first, quitting Smolensk on the 14th of November. Prince Eugène and Davout were to follow at a day's interval. Ney was instructed, as before, to bring up the rear, leaving Smolensk on the 16th or 17th. The whole country between the two towns was occupied by Russian armies under Kutusoff, Milaradowitch, and others; and through these the various divisions of the retreating army had successively to fight their way. It is impossible for any but a military pen to do justice to the retreat from Smolensk to Orcha, or to describe the desperate battles that were fought within so short a space of time. Suffice it to say, that again Ney was the hero of the march. When the rest, escaping from their own difficulties, had arrived at Orcha, they waited anxiously for the marshal's appearance; but after several days, during which no intelligence was received of him, they gave him up for lost. At length, on the evening of the 20th, he reached Orcha with his brave little band. When Napoleon, who was a league or two in advance, heard that the marshal had made his appearance, he leaped and shouted for joy, and cried out that he had saved his eagles, and that he would sooner have suffered any other loss than that of such a man. Leaving Smolensk on the 17th, he had been obliged to pursue a new route, to avoid being cut off; and after three days of incessant fighting, during which every manœuvre which the most extraordinary military genius could suggest was put in practice, he had been able to save his army. One anecdote of his march will shew the terrible condition to which the poor fugitives were reduced. At the gates of Smolensk, says Segur, 'a mother had abandoned her little son, only five years old. In spite of his cries and tears, she had driven him away from her sledge, which was too heavily laden. She herself cried out, with a distracted air, "that *he* had never seen France—that *he* would not regret it: as for *her*, *she* knew France; *she* was resolved to see France once more." Twice did Ney himself replace the unfortunate child in the arms of his mother: twice did she cast him off into the frozen snow. This solitary crime, amidst a thousand instances of the most sublime and devoted tenderness, they did not leave unpunished. The unnatural mother was abandoned to the same snow from which her infant was snatched, and intrusted to another mother. This little orphan was exhibited in their ranks; and he survived all the horrors of the retreat.'

On the 25th of November, the whole army, reduced now to about twenty-eight thousand fighting men and forty thousand stragglers,

still encumbered with a quantity of baggage, were assembled on the banks of the Beresina, which they had to cross. The passage of this river was one of the most disastrous points in the retreat. The bridge at Borissov had been destroyed; a Russian army under Tchitchakoff occupied the opposite bank of the river, and the passage appeared impracticable. So desperate seemed the state of affairs, that Murat advised Napoleon to leave the army to its fate, and make his own way to Paris. Napoleon, however, refused to listen to such a proposal, and occupied himself for two days in making such preparations as should enable him to cross the river, and at the same time deceive the enemy as to the exact spot at which he intended to cross it. 'What a frightful picture,' says Labaume, 'did such a multitude of men present! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses, and sheep-skins half-burnt, and muttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this fatal river. Germans, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese, and French were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with each other in their different languages; finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, mingling with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.' The passage of the river commenced on the 27th, two wooden bridges having been by that time hastily constructed. A considerable part of the army crossed safely during the forenoon and afternoon of that day; among the rest Napoleon, with a division of about six thousand men, whom he marched immediately to Zembin, leaving the remainder to follow. Unfortunately, many of the stragglers preferred remaining on the left bank till the morning of the 28th, loath to quit the fires which they had kindled. The delay proved calamitous. The Russian armies in pursuit had come up before daylight; and, in order to afford time for the stragglers and baggage to cross, the soldiers who remained on the left side had to interpose themselves between them and the Russians. A terrible carnage ensued: one whole division of the French was obliged to surrender, and the rest were exposed to an incessant fire. Meanwhile the crowd was crushing along both bridges in the wildest confusion—men, women, children, horses, baggage—all struggling to be first. A heavy snow was falling; the weather was bitterly cold; large pieces of ice were floating down the river, and dashing against the frail woodwork; and the Russian bullets and cannon-balls were sweeping overhead. The scene became every moment more horrible. Here might be seen strong men, brutal in their selfishness, driving carriages through the crowd, crushing to death those who stood in their way; there, poor weak wretches, sitting composedly on the bank, gazing at the water;

and farther on, persons who had been thrown off the bridge into the water, trying to climb up again, or grasping, in their agony, floating fragments of ice. One of the bridges at length broke down. The crowd still pushing on from behind, scores were thrown into the water, and carried down by the stream. The rest rushed, pell-mell, to the other bridge. Nothing now was to be heard but groans, curses, and screams from victims trampled to death under the feet of their companions. So it continued during the whole night of the 28th, the Russian artillery never slacking their murderous fire. When morning dawned, many thousands still remained waiting to cross. Before this time, however, the Russians had approached so near that, to save those who had crossed, it became necessary to burn the bridge. This was accordingly done at about half-past eight o'clock; and all who had not passed were abandoned to the Russians. The fatal passage of the Beresina cost the army an immense number of its men; about twenty thousand armed men and thirty thousand stragglers alone escaping to the other side.

The miseries of the fugitives, however, were not yet over. The dreadful winter, the want of food, the goading attacks of the Cossacks, who hovered on the skirt of the army, continued to thin the ranks of the wretched caravan, and to strew its route with corpses. On the 5th of December the army reached Smorgoni, on the banks of the Vilno. Here Napoleon left it in a private manner, taking with him a small body-guard, and travelling as fast as possible, by means of sledges, in the direction of Poland and France. At his departure, the retreating army was left in the command of Murat, who was to conduct it homeward. No sooner, however, was it known that Napoleon had left the army to its fate, than there arose universal disorganisation and anarchy. Generals, inferior officers, and common soldiers were all seized with the instinct of self-preservation, and refused to obey orders. What little remains there were of generous or soldierly feeling in the army, were now entirely lost: hunger, cold, and despair had reduced the heroes of the Grand Army to a horde of savages.

From Smorgoni to Vilno, a distance of three days' march, was the next stage of the retreat: arrived at Vilno, a large and wealthy city, it was hoped that all their sufferings would be at an end. But, as if the Russian winter had resolved to drag back and detain its victims, these three days' march were through an atmosphere of icy frost. We shall let Segur describe these last days and nights of the retreat. 'On the 6th of December,' he says, 'the very day after Napoleon's departure, the sky exhibited a dreadful appearance. You might see icy particles floating in the air; the birds fell from it quite stiff and frozen. We flitted along in this empire of death like unhappy spirits. The dull and monotonous sound of our steps, the cracking of the snow, and the feeble groans of the dying, were the only interruptions to the vast and doleful silence. Such of our

soldiers as had hitherto been the most persevering, here lost heart entirely. Whenever they stopped for a moment from exhaustion, the winter, laying his heavy and icy hand upon them, was ready to seize upon his prey. In vain did these poor unfortunates, feeling themselves benumbed, raise themselves, and, already deprived of the power of speech, and plunged in a stupor, proceed a few steps like automatons; their blood freezing in their veins like water in the current of rivulets, congealed their heart, and then flew back to their head: these dying men then staggered as if they had been intoxicated. From their eyes, which were reddened and inflamed by the continual aspect of the snow, by the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouac, there flowed real tears of blood; their bosom heaved with heavy sighs; they looked at heaven, at us, and at the earth, with an eye dismayed, fixed, and wild; it expressed their farewell, and perhaps their reproaches, to the barbarous nature which had tortured them. They were not long before they fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands; their heads still wavered for a few minutes alternately to the right and left, and from their open mouth some agonising sounds escaped; at last it fell, in its turn, upon the snow, which it reddened immediately with livid blood, and their sufferings were at an end. Their comrades passed by them without moving a step out of their way, for fear of prolonging their journey, or even turning their head; for their beards and their hair were stiffened with the ice, and every movement was a pain.

'Such were the last *days* of the Grand Army. Its last *nights* were still more dreadful: those whom they surprised marching together, far from every habitation, halted on the borders of the woods; there they lighted their fires, before which they remained during the whole night, erect and motionless, like spectres. They seemed as if they could never have enough of the heat; they kept so close to it as to burn their clothes, as well as the frozen parts of their bodies, which the fire decomposed. The most dreadful pain then compelled them to stretch themselves, and the next day they attempted in vain to rise. In the meantime, such as the winter had almost wholly spared, and who still retained some portion of courage, prepared their melancholy meal. It consisted, ever since they had left Smolensk, of some slices of horse-flesh broiled, and some rye-meal diluted into a *bouillie* with snow-water, or kneaded into muffins, which they seasoned, for want of salt, with the powder of their cartridges. The sight of these fires was constantly attracting fresh spectres, who were driven back by the first comers. They then laid themselves down among the snow behind their more fortunate comrades, and there expired.'

On the 9th of December the fugitives reached Vilno. After crossing the Beresina, they had been joined by about twenty-five thousand recruits, so that at Smorgoni their numbers amounted

in all to about seventy-five thousand men. Of these, about one-half perished during the three days' march; only forty thousand reaching Vilno. Here no arrangements had been made for receiving or accommodating them; and a universal pillage ensued, many dying in the streets before food could be procured. From Vilno, the wreck of the army pushed on in broken bands to Kovno, the last town on the Russian frontier. The greater number of them arrived here on the 12th of December, and crossed the Niemen next day. Out of four hundred thousand men, in the prime of health and strength, who had crossed the Niemen on their advance into Russia, not more than twenty-five thousand now recrossed it on their return; and these were covered with rags, with hollow eyes and hunger-bitten faces. Plunging into the forests of Russian Poland, these poor wretches made their way to their several homes as well as they could, pursued for miles by the remorseless Cossacks. Many perished by the sword and by famine; and finally, only a mere handful reached France. Prince Eugène, after making every research to gather together the remains of his division, could muster only about eight hundred wounded, the miserable wreck of forty-eight thousand warriors.

Thus the Grand Army, which was to have subdued Russia, was annihilated, and its boastful chief a fugitive towards France. On the evening of the 10th of December, the sledges which bore Napoleon and a few attendants from the scene of danger reached Warsaw; and hence, wrapped in furs, after a brief stay, they pursued their way as secretly as possible through Germany and France to Paris. His sudden and unexpected appearance in Paris on the 19th of December caused general surprise; and it was only by concealing for a time the result of the campaign, and issuing false intelligence respecting the movements and state of the army, that he was able to prevent the discontent which was likely to arise. Ultimately, all became known; but while Europe was filled with horror for so much suffering, France was distracted and amused with the prospect of new campaigns and victories which would efface the recollection of its losses.

From the most careful calculations that can be made, it would appear that upwards of 650,000 men, French and Russians, invaders and defenders, perished in this most disastrous campaign. All estimates of the loss of life and also of property must, however, fall short of the truth. Many thousands of Russians perished obscurely, murdered in defence of their homes; thousands died of fatigue, hunger, and other privations. Innumerable villages, towns, and cities were sacked, burnt, and destroyed; and many years of dire suffering elapsed before the general distress was allayed, or the marks of disaster obliterated.

THE ANCIENT MARINER, AND OTHER POEMS, BY COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she :
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear !
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven by a storm towards the South Pole.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head ;
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And, lo ! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?' With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good-luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!'

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: alas!
That ever this should be;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root :
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood ;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried : 'A sail ! a sail !'

At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call ;
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

And horror follows; for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun—the spectre woman and her death-mate, and no other, on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks men's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death, and Life-in-Death, have diced for the ship's crew; she, the latter, winneth the ancient Mariner.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,*
As is the ribbed sea-sand!

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

* For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Author.*

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away:
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward, and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm;

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

By grace of the Holy Mother the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;

To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
Be calm, thou wedding-guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one; 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross!
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he: 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance, for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind!

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—
Yet she sailèd softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God,
Or let me sleep alway!

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were,
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Alas! what saw I there?

And appear in their own forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood!

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight;
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sunk
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;

Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good;
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The hermit of the wood

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk—
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith,' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped; and see these sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,'
The pilot made reply—
'I am afeared.' 'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;

The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The devil knows how to row!'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit crossed his brow;
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the hermit to shrieve him, and the penance of life falls on him:

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land :
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

And ever and anon throughout his future life, an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are :
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell,
To thee, thou wedding-guest :
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

NOTE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a native of Devonshire, being born on the 21st of October 1772, at Ottery St Mary, of which his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, London, and distinguishd himself as a scholar. Being of an imaginative and irregular turn of mind, he was ill adapted to the ordinary struggles of life, and in youth encountered various misfortunes. About the beginning of the present century, he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth ; and at Stowey, near the residence of the latter, he wrote his *Ancient Mariner*, and various other pieces ; in which may be seen the richness of his imagination and depth of his poetical and metaphysical temperament. The versification of the *Ancient Mariner* is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural ; yet the poem is full of vivid and original sentiment, and it possesses touches of exquisite tenderness. 'There is nothing else like it,' says a critic ; 'it is a poem by itself ; between it and other compositions there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' This lamented poet died at Highgate in 1834. In the present tract, we offer a few of his earliest pieces, trusting to make them favourably known in quarters from which they have hitherto been excluded. May every reader be able to say with the author : 'Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward ; it has soothed my affliction ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared my solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;

And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

[FROM THE UNFINISHED POEM OF CHRISTABEL.]

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

PICTURE OF A DUNGEON.

[FROM THE TRAGEDY OF REMORSE.]

AND this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

THE SIGH.

When Youth his fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled;
Then, Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.

And when, as tossed on waves of woe,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguished sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power impressed
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee!

And though, in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were;
Thy image may not banished be—
Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME, AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore;
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight,
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray;
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of love.
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing like a bride, from hope's trim bower
She leaped, awakened by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam;
Aid, lovely sorceress, aid thy poet's dream
With fairy wand; oh, bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with learning's meed not unbestowed:
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.
Oh, dear deceit! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
When first the lark high-soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn;
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps,
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance, soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;

And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note.

Spirits of love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair;
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle-trees,
Or with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
Oh, heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music voyaging the breeze!
Spirits, to you the infant maid was given,
Formed by the wondrous alchemy of heaven.
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's bright nectar dips
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips!
Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile:
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy, still those mazy notes prolong.
Sweet as the angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
Awake the softened echoes of heaven's halls.
Oh! (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem,
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam;
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love, I'd be the evening gale:
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
Or soar aloft, to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:
So tossed by storms along life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted, views that cloudless day,

When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While hope with kisses nursed the infant love.
Dear native brook! like peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay;
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray;
Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears;
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy—
No more your skylarks, melting from the sight,
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight;
No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between;
Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve.
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze;
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR [1795].

I.

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II.

Hither from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexèd dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell;
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailèd monarch's troublous cry:
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay?
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
Fly, mailèd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants, screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!

The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Ave Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storiedst thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake:
'Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffered insult scared,
Maskèd Hate and envying Scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, "full of gifts and lies!"
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black heaven, oh, speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe

Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The past to thee, to thee the future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise.'

* * * *

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

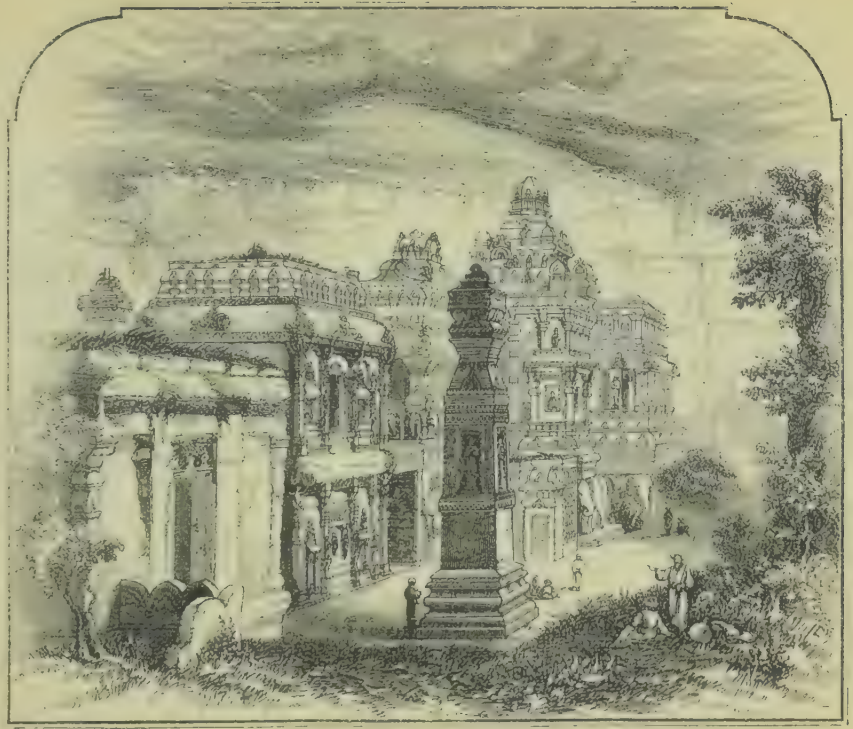
VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee!

* * * *

IX.

Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the seraphim.



TEMPLE CALLED KAILASA, AT ELLORA.—From Fergusson's *Handbook of Architecture.*

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. VIII.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1870

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GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732. He was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of Augustine Washington, a gentleman of large property, the descendant of John Washington, an Englishman who had emigrated to America during the government of Oliver Cromwell. The name of Washington's mother was Mary Ball. Her husband dying suddenly in the year 1743, the charge of educating a large family, consisting of two surviving sons of her husband by his former wife and five surviving children of her own, devolved upon her. George Washington was eleven years of age at the time of his father's death.

Although cut off in the prime of life, Augustine Washington left all his children well provided for. Lawrence, the eldest, was left an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, besides shares in ironworks

in Maryland and Virginia; Augustine, who was next oldest, inherited an estate in Westmoreland: George inherited the house and lands in Stafford County, where his father resided at the time of his death; his three younger brothers had each a plantation of six or seven hundred acres assigned him; and provision was otherwise made for the sister. By the will of her husband, Mrs Washington was intrusted with the sole management of the property of her six children, until they should respectively come of age. Being a woman of singular prudence and strength of character, she fulfilled this important charge with great success. She lived to see her illustrious son at the height of his greatness.

The means of education were at that time very limited in the American colonies. Wealthy persons, who wished their sons to receive a liberal education, were under the necessity of sending them home to the mother-country for that purpose; but most of the planters were satisfied with the plain elementary education which their sons could obtain at the nearest school. Sometimes a man of superior qualifications would settle down as a schoolmaster in Virginia; but the majority of the schoolmasters pretended to nothing more than being qualified to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping. It was under a person of this kind that George Washington acquired all the school education that he ever received; and he appears to have left school altogether before arriving at the age of sixteen. From all that can be learned of this early period of his life, he seems to have been characterised by great docility and rectitude of disposition. His schoolfellows, it is said, used to refer all their disputes to his judgment. As a boy, he was exceedingly fond of such athletic exercises as leaping, wrestling, throwing the hammer, swimming, &c.; and his military propensity developed itself in the delight which he took in arranging his schoolfellows in companies, making them parade like soldiers, attack imaginary forts, and fight mimic battles. The best insight, however, which we obtain into Washington's character and pursuits when a boy, is derived from fragments of his juvenile copy-books and manuscripts which have been preserved. They are all written in a neat and careful hand, with great attention to method and arrangement. The greater number contain exercises in arithmetic and practical geometry, especially land-surveying; and the diagrams which are drawn to illustrate the geometrical exercises are remarkable for their accuracy and beauty. The earliest of the manuscripts is a folio one, entitled 'Forms of Writing,' containing copies of bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, written out with care, the prominent words in large and varied characters, in imitation of a clerk's hand. These 'Forms of Writing' are followed by quotations in verse, more remarkable, his biographer tells us, for the soundness of the sentiments which they express, than for their poetical merit; and these quota-

tions, again, are followed by 'Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation.' The rules are a hundred and ten in number, and appear to have been either copied entire out of one book, or collected out of several. We may quote two or three as specimens. Rule 2: 'In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.' Rule 12: 'Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.' Rule 29: 'Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.' Rule 40: 'Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.' Rule 57: 'Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.'

The methodical habits which we see so clearly manifested in these juvenile copy-books, were Washington's characteristics through life.

Grammar, or the study of languages, was no part of Washington's education when a boy. His early letters are sometimes faulty in point of grammar and expression, and it was only by practice in writing and conversation that he acquired the accurate and distinct style which he afterwards wrote. When considerably advanced in life, he made an attempt to learn French, but appears to have succeeded but poorly.

When Washington was fourteen years of age, a proposal was made with his own consent, which, if carried into effect, would have opened up for him a very different career from that which he was destined to follow. Observing his liking for adventure and active exercise, his brother Lawrence exerted his interest to procure for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. The warrant was procured, and the boy was pleased with a prospect which was at that time as promising as one in his circumstances could desire; but as nothing could overcome Mrs Washington's reluctance to let her son go to sea, the project was at length abandoned: George Washington remained at school, and some other boy obtained the midshipman's berth.

After leaving school, at the age of sixteen, Washington resided some time with his brother Lawrence on his estate of Mount Vernon; so called in honour of Admiral Vernon, who was a friend of Lawrence Washington, and under whose command George was to have served. Lawrence Washington had married Miss Fairfax, the daughter of his near neighbour, William Fairfax, a person of wealth and political station in the colony, and a distant relative of Lord Fairfax—a nobleman of literary tastes and somewhat eccentric habits, who had left England and come to reside in Virginia, where he was the proprietor of a vast tract of country lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and stretching across the Alleghany Mountains. At the time of George Washington's

residence with his brother at Mount Vernon, Lord Fairfax was on a visit at the house of William Fairfax, the father-in-law of Lawrence; and between the two families a constant intercourse was kept up. As young Washington was continually employed in his favourite pursuit of land-surveying, putting his art in practice on his brother's estate, it occurred to Lord Fairfax to engage him in surveying his own vast property. Various circumstances were rendering such a survey absolutely necessary. Settlers were squatting down on the most fertile spots on the extremity of his lordship's lands, without leave being asked or given; and to put a stop to such proceedings, it was essential that the boundaries of the lands should be defined, and the remoter districts accurately divided into lots. Our young surveyor was intrusted with this very responsible office; and accordingly, in the month of March 1748, he set out on his surveying expedition to the valleys of the Alleghanies, accompanied by George Fairfax, the son of William Fairfax. The tour lasted two months, and from the entries in Washington's journal, the labour appears to have been pretty arduous. On the 15th of March he writes: 'Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room, and I, not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, covered with vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did.'

For three years Washington pursued the profession of land-surveyor in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon, making occasional journeys as far as the Alleghanies. As he had received a commission as public surveyor, which gave his surveys authority, and as there were very few of the profession at that time in Virginia, his practice was extensive and lucrative. In writing to a friend, describing the hardships and exposures which he had to undergo in his surveying tours to the west, he says: 'Nothing could make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles.' In another letter written during the same period to a friend, whom he addresses as 'dear Robin,' and who appears to have been his confidant, he says: 'My place of residence at present is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax's), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion.' Several other letters of the same period are written in the same desponding tone;

but the name of this 'troublesome' Lowland beauty, who was Washington's first love, has unfortunately perished.

About the year 1751, the French and the Indians were making themselves very disagreeable neighbours to the British colonists in Virginia; the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by the depredations which they committed. To defend themselves against these, as well as to be prepared for the war which seemed likely at no distant period to break out between France and Great Britain, it was resolved to organise the colonial militia, divide the province into districts, and appoint an adjutant-general, with the military rank of major, to superintend each district. Washington, who was now in his twentieth year, was appointed one of these officers, probably by the interest of his friends the Fairfaxes. The office, besides bringing him in a hundred and fifty pounds a year, afforded him opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with military affairs. He entered with ardour into its duties, taking lessons from the ablest military men he could meet with, submitting himself to the drill, and reading numerous books on the military art.

Shortly after Washington's appointment to the rank of major in the militia, his brother Lawrence, whose health had been long declining, was advised to make a voyage to Barbadoes, and reside a few months there for the benefit of the climate; and as it was necessary that he should not go unattended, George accompanied him. While in Barbadoes, Washington was attacked by small-pox, but recovered after a short illness. As his brother was not deriving any benefit from the climate, he resolved to go to Bermuda in the spring, and in the meantime Washington was to return to Virginia. From Bermuda, Lawrence was to write to him to rejoin him along with his wife. This arrangement, however, was never carried into effect; for though, in the spring, Lawrence did proceed to Bermuda, he found himself so much worse, that he saw it to be necessary to return to Virginia; and on the 26th of July 1752 he died at Mount Vernon, leaving a wife and an infant daughter. By his will, the property of Mount Vernon was bequeathed to his daughter; but in case of her death without issue, it was to devolve on Washington, with the reservation of a life-interest in favour of his wife. Washington was also appointed one of the executors.

Immediately on his return from Barbadoes, Major Washington had resumed his military duties with great zeal and perseverance; and when, on the appointment of Mr Dinwiddie as governor of Virginia, the whole colony was mapped out into four grand military divisions, so high was Major Washington's character, that the northern division was allotted to him. His duties were to 'visit the several counties, in order to train and instruct the militia officers, review the companies on parade, inspect the arms and accoutrements, and establish a uniform system of manœuvres and discipline.'

WAR WITH THE FRENCH ON THE FRONTIER.

Every day fresh accounts were received of the encroachments which the French were making on the British territory beyond the Alleghanies. These accounts had reached the government at home, and the British cabinet had sent out instructions to Governor Dinwiddie to build two forts on the Ohio, for the purpose of driving off the intruders, and asserting the British claim to the disputed territory. As a preliminary step, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner, in the name of his Britannic majesty, to confer with the commander of the intruding French troops, and demand his reason for invading the British territory, and also with a view to collect accurate information respecting the numbers and force of the invaders, their intended movements, and the extent to which they had gained the confidence and alliance of the Indians. Major Washington was selected as a person well qualified for this important mission, although yet only in his twenty-second year. Accompanied by seven others, two of whom were to act as his interpreters, one with the French, the other with the Indians, he performed a difficult and dangerous journey of 560 miles, in the depth of winter, through a region of forest, swamp, and wilderness, which had not yet been penetrated by civilisation; and after an absence of nearly three months, returned to Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia government, having fully accomplished the main objects of his expedition. The three principal objects which Governor Dinwiddie contemplated by the mission were, the ascertaining of a suitable site for a British fort, a conference with the Indian tribes, with a view to secure their assistance against the French, and a visit to the French fort itself. Major Washington attended to them all. Proceeding to the French fort, he had several interviews with the commandant; but as nothing satisfactory resulted from these conferences, he took his departure, after having stayed long enough to obtain all the intelligence he wished to carry back to Governor Dinwiddie. Immediately on his return to Williamsburg, his journal of the expedition was published, and being regarded as an important official document, as affairs then stood between France and Great Britain, it was copied into almost all the newspapers both in the colony and in the mother-country.

Governor Dinwiddie commenced his military preparations with great alacrity. He summoned an early meeting of the legislature, to adopt such proceedings as might appear proper in the emergency; and not content with this, he wrote to the governors of the other provinces, to rouse their flagging zeal. The colonists, however, shewed no signs of sympathy with the bustling activity of the governor. They were in no hurry, they said, to precipitate themselves

into a war with which they had no concern. What business had the governor of Virginia with the encroachments of the French on the Ohio? Was it even certain that they were encroaching on the king's lands? What claim had the king of Great Britain to these lands, any more than the king of France? Or, if the lands did belong to the king of Great Britain, why did he not send out his own soldiers to beat back the French, instead of leaving it to be done by the colonists, to whom it did not matter a pin's point whether the French kept possession of the lands or not? Such murmurs gave the governor great vexation. It is true that, after a long discussion, the legislature of Virginia voted ten thousand pounds for the defence of the colony; but the manner in which the vote was made was very displeasing to the loyal governor. 'I am sorry,' he wrote to the Earl of Holdernesse, 'to find the colonists very much in a republican way of thinking.'

A respectable militia force was nevertheless raised. An Englishman, Colonel Fry, was appointed to the first command, and Washington was named his second, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. While the governor and Colonel Fry were engaged in trying to recruit the army by appeals to the colonists, and by holding out bounties in land to such as would enlist, Colonel Washington, with three small companies, was sent to occupy an outpost in the very line in which the French were advancing. It was destined that the first battle in the war should be fought by him. Hearing that the French had succeeded in obtaining possession of the British fort at the Ohio fork, and that a party was approaching in the direction of his post, he deemed it advisable to advance himself into the wilderness; and on the 27th of May 1754, meeting a party of fifty French soldiers under the command of M. de Junonville, an action ensued, in which Junonville and ten of his men were killed, and twenty taken prisoners. Only one of Washington's men was killed, and two or three wounded. As war had not yet been formally declared, the importance of this skirmish was greatly magnified both in France and Great Britain, and Washington did not escape blame. In France, the death of Junonville was pronounced to be nothing else than a murder in cold blood; and it was even made the subject of a heroic poem, in which Washington did not appear to advantage. Nor does the transaction appear to have been regarded with more favour in England, if we may believe the following passage in Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of George the Second*, written not long after the event. 'In the express which Major Washington despatched on his preceding little victory,' says Walpole, 'he concluded with these words: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." On hearing of this, the king said sensibly: "He would not say so if he had been used to hear many." However,' adds Walpole, 'this brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade.' A gentleman once asked Washington

whether he ever used the expression attributed to him. 'If I said so,' replied Washington, 'it was when I was young.'

Colonel Fry dying when on his way to join the army, the command devolved on Washington; for although Colonel Innes, a Scotchman, was appointed, he never assumed the office. Washington was involved in great difficulties, owing to the complaints of the officers and men, whom an ill-timed parsimony deprived of part of their pay. Doing his best, however, to preserve order among his men, amounting now to upwards of 300 militia, and about 150 regulars under Captain Mackay, he continued the campaign. Fearing that a French force would advance from Fort Duquesne and overpower him, he withdrew to the Great Meadows, nearer the inhabited parts of the colony. Here, his men being fatigued by the labour of transporting the guns and baggage, and there being a scarcity of provisions, he resolved to intrench himself, and wait for reinforcements. Accordingly, a fort was built, called Fort Necessity. Unexpectedly, the fort was besieged by a French force amounting to nearly 900 men; and after some resistance, Washington was obliged to capitulate on honourable terms, and retreat to Wills's Creek. So skilful, however, was his conduct on this occasion, that he and his little army received the thanks of the House of Burgesses.

Governor Dinwiddie had now conceived some scheme for organising the militia on what he considered a better footing; but as this scheme had the effect of reducing Washington to the rank of a captain, and not only so, but of making him inferior in that rank to captains bearing the king's commission, he resigned his command, and retired from the army. 'If you think me capable of holding a commission which has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it,' was the answer he gave to Governor Sharpe of Maryland, who had solicited him to remain in the army, 'you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself.' He therefore passed the winter of 1754–5 in retirement. In the spring of 1755, however, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of soldiers from Great Britain, and Washington was prevailed on to join him as aide-de-camp, retaining his former rank. 'I may be allowed,' he said, 'to claim some merit, if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field is the laudable desire of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans.'

The unfortunate issue of Braddock's expedition is well known. Having, by means of the vigorous exertions of Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster-general of the provinces, been provided with 150 wagons, and the number of horses requisite to transport his cannon and baggage—a piece of gratuitous labour on Franklin's part, which Braddock, in his letter to the English ministry, complaining of the inactivity of the colonial authorities, speaks of as being 'the only instance of address and integrity he had seen in the provinces'—

he marched westward to attack Fort Duquesne, and finally, as he thought, expel the French from the British territory. The march was rough and difficult, and Braddock consulted Washington as to the best mode of proceeding. 'I urged him,' says Washington, 'in the warmest terms I was able, to push forward, if he even did it with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery and baggage to follow with the rear division by slow and easy marches.' This advice prevailed; the army was divided into two, General Braddock leading the advanced division of 1200 men, and Colonel Dunbar bringing up the rest more leisurely. During the march, Washington was seized with a violent fever, which detained him several days. When he rejoined General Braddock on the evening of the 8th of July, the troops were on the banks of the Monongahela, within fifteen miles of Fort Duquesne. In approaching the fort, it was necessary to cross the river twice, and march part of the way on the south side. 'Early on the morning of the 9th,' writes Mr Sparks, 'all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern bank of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.' They had just crossed the river a second time, and were ascending a wooded acclivity on their way to the fort, when suddenly they were attacked and thrown into confusion by two heavy discharges of which they were concealed, the British firing upon each other in musketry from an unseen enemy. Alarmed and bewildered, the troops did not know what to do; they fired at random into the woods, and huddled together in disorderly masses, shrinking from the deadly discharges which were poured in from the right and the left simultaneously. For three hours this unequal combat continued, the Indians and French taking deliberate aim from the ravines in their confusion and desperation. The carnage was terrible: more than half the men were either killed or wounded. Out of eighty-six officers, six were killed and thirty-seven wounded; and General Braddock himself received a wound which proved mortal. During the battle, Washington exposed himself with the most reckless bravery, riding about in every direction, and giving the general's orders—a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. 'By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,' he wrote in a letter to his brother after the battle, 'I have been protected beyond all human

probability or expectations; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.'

The failure of this expedition was the subject of universal conversation for a long time afterwards, and many were the reproaches cast out against the memory of the ill-fated Braddock. Washington was the only person engaged in the affair who derived honour from it. It was proved that he had given General Braddock advice which had been neglected; in particular, that he had insisted on the necessity of sending out Indian scouts to precede the army; and it was entirely owing to his bravery and presence of mind that the remains of the army were enabled to cross the river and effect a retreat. Wherever, therefore, the unfortunate battle of the Monongahela was spoken of, Washington's name was mentioned with honour. In the meantime, having no permanent commission in the army, he had retired to Mount Vernon, which, by the death of his late brother's child, had now become his own property. Here he employed himself assiduously in fulfilling his duties as adjutant-general of the district. The attention of the whole colony, however, was turned to him, and he was not allowed long to live in retirement. Such was the military ardour which had been excited in all classes by General Braddock's defeat, that the language of war and patriotism was even heard from the pulpit. The clergy preached sermons stimulating the martial spirit of their congregations; and one sermon preached at that time became memorable afterwards. It was in a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Davies before a volunteer company, that a reference was made to Washington, which made a deep impression then, and was often quoted afterwards as prophetic. Speaking of the courage displayed by the Virginia troops, the preacher used these words: 'As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.' This was but the common feeling of the colony; and it was in accordance with this feeling that, the legislature having made a grant of £40,000 to be employed in fresh military preparations, Washington was requested to assume the chief command of the Virginia forces. Before accepting this command, he made several stipulations; 'among others, that he should possess a voice in choosing his officers, and that there should be a better system of military regulations, more promptness in paying the troops, and a thorough reform inducing activity and method in all the departments for procuring supplies.'

Elected in the autumn of 1755, Washington continued in his command nearly three years. It is unnecessary, and it would be tedious, to give a detailed account of all that he was engaged in during that period. Suffice it to say, that the qualities he was

required to exercise during that time were those for which he was all his life remarkable—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method. As the tardiness and inactivity of the colonial authorities in all matters connected with the military service, obliged him to confine his operations to such as were merely defensive, he had not so many opportunities of signalising himself as a successful general in the field. The skill, however, which he thus acquired in conducting a defensive war, was of vast consequence to him afterwards. He kept his command till the close of the campaign of 1758, when, the great object of the war having been accomplished by the re-occupation of the Ohio, he resigned his commission, and again retired to Mount Vernon, carrying with him the good wishes of the army, and the esteem of the whole colony.

PRIVATE AND POLITICAL LIFE FROM 1759 TO 1775.

In 1755, Washington, while on a visit to New York, had a second slight attack of the tender passion. The object this time was a Miss Mary Phillips, the sister of the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Forced at length to leave New York, without making any declaration of his affections, Miss Phillips married Captain Morris, one of Washington's associates in Braddock's expedition. It was not till 1758, when he had reached his twenty-seventh year, that Washington fairly yielded to female charms. This time the object was Mrs Martha Custis, a beautiful, accomplished, and very wealthy young widow, with two children, between whom and herself her late husband's property was equally divided. To this lady Washington was married, on the 6th of January 1759.

The next fifteen years of Washington's life were spent in fulfilling the duties of private life, which were not small, considering that they included the managing of an extensive property, and in attending to those other duties of a public nature which devolved upon him, in consequence of his election as a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

Washington's estate, like every other property in Virginia, was cultivated by negro slaves; and, according to the feelings of the time and place, he does not appear to have considered that the keeping of men in a state of degrading bondage was any way criminal or improper—a circumstance which one has cause to regret in estimating the benevolence and conscientiousness of his character. In his diary for 1760, the following passages respecting his rural occupations occur: '*February* 5.—Visited my plantations, and found, to my great surprise, Stephens constant at work. Passing by my carpenters that were hewing, I found that four of them—viz., George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet yesterday from ten o'clock. Sat down, therefore,

and observed Tom and Mike, in a less space than thirty minutes, clear the bushes from about a poplar stock, line it ten feet long, and hew each his side twelve inches deep. Then letting them proceed their own way, they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock off in two places, putting it on the blocks for hewing it square, and lining it. From this time till they had finished the stock entirely, required twenty minutes more, so that in the space of one hour and a quarter they each of them, from the stump, finished twenty feet of hewing. From hence it appears very clear, that, allowing they work only from sun to sun, and require two hours at breakfast, they ought to yield each his one hundred and twenty-five feet while the days are at their present length, and more in proportion as they increase. While this was doing, George and Billy sawed thirty feet of plank; so that it appears that, making the same allowance as before (but not for the time required in piling the stock), they ought to saw one hundred and eighty feet of plank. It is to be observed, that this hewing and sawing, likewise, were of poplar; what may be the difference, therefore, between the working of this wood and others, some future observations must make known.' *March* 26.—'Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention.' *March* 18.—'The lightning, which had been attended with a good deal of rain, had struck my quarter, and about ten negroes in it; some very badly injured, but with letting blood, they recovered.'

Several interesting details of his ordinary habits as a planter are given by his biographer, Mr Sparks. Tobacco was the staple product of his plantations: the greater part of his produce he sent to the London market; but he occasionally consigned smaller quantities to correspondents in Liverpool and Bristol. It was then the practice of the Virginia planters to import directly from London all the articles which they required for common use; and accordingly, 'twice a year, Washington forwarded lists of such articles to his agent, comprising not only the necessaries and conveniences for household purposes—ploughs, hoes, spades, scythes, and other implements of agriculture; saddles, bridles, and harness for his horses—but likewise every article of wearing apparel for himself and the different members of his family, specifying the names of each, and the ages of Mrs Washington's two children, as well as the size, description, and quality of the various articles. In an order sent to his tailor in London, he describes himself as "six feet high, and proportionably made; if anything, rather slender for a person of that height;" and adds, that his limbs were long. In exact measure, his height was six feet three inches. He required the agent through whom he sent these orders to send him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers and mechanics from whom purchases had been made. So particular was he in

these concerns, that for many years he recorded with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way he kept a perfect oversight of the business, ascertained the prices, could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him even in the smallest matter, of which, when discovered, he did not fail to remind his correspondents the next time he wrote.'

Washington, while thus intent on agricultural pursuits, did not withdraw himself from general society. 'He was a frequent visitor at Annapolis, the seat of government in Maryland, renowned as the resort of the polite, wealthy, and fashionable. At Mount Vernon, he returned the civilities he had received, and practised on a large and generous scale the hospitality for which the southern planters have ever been distinguished. When he was at home, a day seldom passed without the company of friends or strangers at his house.' During his occasional visits to Williamsburg and Annapolis, he frequently attended the theatre; and at home, his principal amusement was the chase. He used, at the proper season, to 'go out three or four times a week with horses, dogs, and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours or visitors at Mount Vernon.'

As a landed proprietor, Washington had to take part in many kinds of local business. His neighbours used frequently to ask his assistance in settling disputes, or advising them in matters of importance, and his sagacity and judgment in such affairs gave him a strong and extensive influence. Being a vestryman of Truro parish, in which he resided, parochial affairs occupied much of his attention. The clergyman of the parish used to tell the following story of him in his capacity as vestryman. The church being old and ruinous, it was resolved to build a new one, and several meetings of the parishioners were held to determine on the site. At length the parishioners divided into two parties, one insisting that the new church should be built on the site of the old one, the other insisting on its being built in a more central situation. The conservatives appeared to have the majority; and when, at a final meeting, Mr George Mason, a friend and neighbour of Washington, and an influential man in the colony, made an eloquent speech about not deserting a spot hallowed by so many venerable associations, and in which the bones of their fathers were buried, such was the effect, that it seemed the resolution to adhere to the old site would be carried without a dissenting voice. At this critical moment Washington rose up, and taking from his pocket a plan of Truro parish, in which were marked the two disputed sites, and the positions of the houses of all the parishioners, spread it out before them, bidding them forget Mr Mason's eloquent speech, and attend to the difference of the

distances they would have to travel in going to church, as exhibited by the map. The result was, that the new site was agreed on.

Washington was punctual in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is related that when he took his seat, the speaker, in compliance with a vote of the house, rose up to return him the thanks of the colony for his distinguished military services, and did so in such complimentary terms, that when Washington rose to acknowledge the honour, he blushed, trembled, stammered, and was unable to utter a single syllable. 'Sit down, Mr Washington,' said the speaker; 'your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses any power of language that I possess.' Washington made it a point of conscience to be present at almost every sitting. He spoke very seldom, but attended carefully to all the proceedings; and when he did speak, it was with a thorough understanding of the matter in hand, and strictly to the point. 'It is not known,' says his biographer, 'that he ever made a set speech, or entered into a stormy debate.' He was one of those who derive their influence in public assemblies, not from their eloquence, but from their sagacity and the soundness of their judgment. It was owing to this, perhaps, that Washington's name was not so often mentioned as those of other colonists in the early stage of the dispute between the colonies and the mother-country. It has even been argued from the same circumstance, that Washington's sentiments did not at first agree with those of the leaders of the American revolution. But the fact is, that, from the very beginning, he belonged to the party of Henry, Randolph, and Lee, although, like them, he long believed it possible that the rupture between England and the colonies might be healed. He spoke in terms of decided hostility to the Stamp Act, calling it an 'unconstitutional method of taxation, and a direful attack on the liberties of the colonies.'

The struggle was approaching its crisis. In March 1773, Lord Dunmore, who had succeeded Lord Botecourt as governor of Virginia, prorogued the unmanageable House of Burgesses. A few days after the session of 1774 had commenced, the intelligence reached the colony of the act which the English parliament had passed, shutting up the port of Boston. The excitement was immense, and on the 24th of May, the House of Burgesses passed an order appointing the 1st of June (the day on which the act of the English parliament relative to the port of Boston was to take effect) to be observed as 'a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity' which seemed impending over the colony. In consequence of this order, the house was next day dissolved by Lord Dunmore. A large number of the members immediately met in the Raleigh tavern, constituted themselves into an association, and threw out a public recommendation to enter into a correspondence with the other provinces, for the purpose of convening a general congress of deputies from all the

thirteen British colonies in America. This idea of a general congress had been suggested by Franklin the previous year.

On the 1st of August 1774, deputies from the various counties of Virginia met at Williamsburg, and constituted themselves a convention. This convention named the following seven persons as representatives of the colony of Virginia in the congress about to be held —Peyton Randolph, Richard Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

On the 5th of September these seven persons met at Philadelphia with the deputies appointed by eleven of the other colonies; namely, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Such was the celebrated first continental congress, which now assumed the direction of affairs. Their proceedings consisted principally in drawing up humble petitions to the king, stating the grievances of the colonies, and letters to the people of Great Britain, appealing to their sense of justice.

The precise part acted by each member of congress cannot be ascertained, as the details of the proceedings were not published; but it is certain that Washington was regarded as one of the leading men in it, and that his opinion on all points was received with the utmost deference. The celebrated orator, Patrick Henry, was asked about this time 'whom he thought the greatest man in congress.' 'If you speak of eloquence,' was his reply, 'Mr Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.'

The second congress met on the 10th of May 1775. The members were nearly the same as in the first, only we observe the new name of Benjamin Franklin as one of the deputies from Pennsylvania. The petition which the first congress had addressed to King George had produced no effect; and the disposition of the British parliament appeared more hostile than before to the liberties of the colonists. In these circumstances, the congress assumed a decided tone. It was unanimously voted 'that the colonies be immediately put in a state of defence:' the army then engaged in besieging the British troops in Boston was adopted by congress as a continental army; and on the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief; the members of congress pledging themselves individually to stand by him with their lives and fortunes.

WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

At the time of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington was forty-three years of age. His life, during the next eight years, is identified with the history of the war between Great Britain and

the American States. We can narrate only the leading particulars of the history of this important period.

Washington's first care, after being appointed to the command, was to form and systematise the army, which was miserably weak and ill provided with the necessaries of war. The task was no easy one, as he had to contend against the wishes of the soldiers themselves, against the mutual jealousies of the officers, and against the irresolution of congress. Nevertheless, he succeeded to a certain extent. 'He arranged the army into six brigades of six regiments each, in such a manner that the troops from the same colony should be brought together as far as practicable, and act under a commander from that colony. Of the whole he made three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or twelve regiments. The great work of creating a regular military system was to be executed mainly by the commander-in-chief. Congress might approve, sanction, and aid; but it was his task to combine, organise, establish, and sustain. To this end he kept up an unremitted correspondence with congress during the whole war. His letters were read to the house in full session, and almost every important resolution respecting the army was adopted on his suggestion or recommendation, and emanated from his mind. Besides his unceasing intercourse with congress, he was obliged to correspond with the heads of the provincial governments, and afterwards with the governors and legislatures of the states; with conventions, committees, and civil magistrates.'

The first year of Washington's command was spent not so much in actual warfare, as in making these arrangements. At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was nine thousand six hundred and fifty. More than a thousand of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of re-enlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. 'Search the volumes of history through,' said Washington, 'and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together without powder, and then to have one army disbanded, and another to be raised within the same distance of a reinforced enemy.' The advanced season of the year, however, rendered it impossible for the British troops to avail themselves of the advantage which these circumstances gave them.

Washington, when he accepted the command, had expected to be able to reside a part of every year at Mount Vernon. As, however, he found it impossible to do so, it was Mrs Washington's custom to join him in the camp every winter, returning to Mount Vernon at the opening of the campaign in spring. But though absent from his estates, Washington did not neglect his private affairs. In the midst of his pressing and multifarious business as

commander-in-chief, he kept up a regular correspondence with Mr Lund Washington, to whom he had committed the management of his property during his absence. Twice or thrice a month Mr Lund Washington sent him a detailed account of whatever had happened, or whatever was going on, at Mount Vernon; and all these letters were answered by Washington in the most punctual manner.

In the end of 1775, General Howe, who had been sent out to supersede General Gage in the command of the British forces, was fitting out an expedition which was imagined at first to be against New York, but which was, in reality, destined for North Carolina. Washington, on his side, was eager for an attack on Boston, but was overruled by a council of his officers; and it was agreed to attempt the occupation of Dorchester Heights. Accordingly, on the 4th of March 1776, the Americans took possession of the heights; and this was followed by the evacuation of Boston by the British on the 17th. On this occasion the thanks of congress were conveyed to Washington in a letter signed by the president, and a gold medal was struck in his honour. After leaving Boston, General Howe and his army hovered about the coast in their fleet, meditating, as it appeared, an attack on New York. When they did land at Sandy Hook, on the 28th of June, such was the state of Washington's army, that he was unprepared to offer any effective resistance; and accordingly, after the British had got possession of Long Island, he was obliged to evacuate New York, and fall back behind the Delaware. The defeat at Long Island made Washington more anxious than ever for a complete reorganisation of his army. 'I am fully confirmed,' he wrote to the president of congress, 'in the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army; I mean one to exist during the war.' In consequence of these representations, congress turned its attention earnestly to the state of the army: most of Washington's recommendations were adopted; and in the month of December he was invested with powers which made him, in fact, a military dictator.

Meanwhile, the famous declaration of independence had been passed, by which the name of *colonies* was abolished for ever, and the thirteen provinces constituted into the United States of America. This act was entirely in accordance with the wishes of General Washington, who, with all the leading men in the colonies, had long foreseen the impossibility of any reconciliation with the mother-country. A short time after the declaration of independence was

passed, Lord Howe, the brother of the British general, arrived from Great Britain as a commissioner from the king, bearing certain terms from the British government. The terms were such as might have had some effect if they had been offered sooner; but now they came too late.

Lord Howe's mission having proved fruitless, the war was continued. The campaign of the year 1777 did not open till the month of June. During the winter, Washington had been employed in making those preparations which his increased authority now enabled him to effect. The months of June and July were spent in insignificant skirmishing between the two armies. The month of July, however, was signalised by an event of some importance —namely, the arrival from France of the Marquis de Lafayette, with the chivalrous design of fighting on the side of the Americans.

In the end of 1777, the American army was twice defeated—at the Brandywine on the 11th of September, and at Germantown, in Pennsylvania, on the 4th of October. The British entered Philadelphia, and Washington retired into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. The winter was one of severe trial to the patience and patriotism of Washington. A volume of spurious letters, said to be his, had been published in London; and now they were reprinted at New York by some of his enemies, and widely circulated. But a more serious trial, and one more likely to produce fatal results, was a cabal against him formed by several of his own officers, assisted by a small party in congress. The leaders in this cabal were General Conway, General Gates, and General Mifflin, and the object they seemed to have in view was the removal of Washington from the supreme command. At first they did succeed in making some impression upon the public mind unfavourable to Washington, but at length the good sense of the majority of congress prevailed, and the cabal was crushed.

After a trying winter, during which all Washington's promptitude and skill were required to prevent his troops from breaking out into mutiny, owing to the want of supplies, the war was resumed in the spring of 1778. Upon the whole, the issue of this campaign was favourable to the Americans. The British were obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, and retreat towards the coast; and although the battle of Monmouth was a drawn one, its results to the Americans were nearly as good as a victory. But the event of the year 1778, which caused the most universal joy in America, was the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and France, by which the French king recognised the independence of the states. This treaty was concluded in May; and in July following, a French fleet, consisting of twelve ships-of-the-line and four frigates, arrived on the American coast, to assist the States against the British. The rest of the year was spent rather in mutual menaces than in actual

warfare, and in December the army went into winter-quarters on the west of the Hudson. During the winter, a scheme was projected in congress for invading Canada; but in consequence of Washington's representations and remonstrances, it was thrown aside.

The year 1779 was marked by few events of consequence, although the general tenor of the war was in favour of the Americans. The only two circumstances which need be noticed are the expedition against certain Indian tribes which had gone over to the side of the British, and the storming of Stony Point on the 15th of July. In both these enterprises the Americans were successful. In the want of more interesting particulars connected with this period of Washington's life, we shall imitate his biographer's example, and introduce the following letter which he wrote to his friend Dr Cochrane, inviting him to dinner. It will give an idea of Washington's mode of life in the camp, and of his manner when he meant to be playful. The date is 16th August 1779.

'DEAR DOCTOR—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and Mrs Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

'Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak-pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question whether, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear doctor, yours.'

In April 1780, Lafayette returned from a visit to France, bringing intelligence that the French government had fitted out an armament, both of sea and land forces, to assist the Americans, and that its arrival might shortly be expected. Accordingly, on the 10th of July, the French fleet arrived at Rhode Island. It consisted of eight ships-of-the-line and two frigates, commanded by the Chevalier de

Fernay, and having on board five thousand troops, commanded by the Count de Rochambeau. A conference was immediately held between Washington and Rochambeau, and a plan of co-operation agreed upon. Nothing of consequence, however, was done during the remainder of the year—the only incident of note being the capture and execution of the unfortunate Major André. It may be proper, for the sake of most of our readers, to give a brief account of this melancholy transaction. One of the commanders of the American army under Washington was General Arnold, who had distinguished himself greatly by his courage and his military talents during the war, and who was at this time invested with the command of West Point and other forts in the highlands. A vain and extravagant man, he had contracted debts far beyond his means of payment; and to extricate himself from these embarrassments, he had fallen upon the desperate resource of treachery. Eighteen months before the period we are now arrived at, he had commenced a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, communicating intelligence respecting the plans and movements of the American army. The correspondence was at first anonymous; but at length Arnold threw off his disguise, and Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the advantage to be derived from the treason, employed Major André, a young, brave, and accomplished British officer, to carry on the communication with Arnold. For some time letters passed between Arnold and André, under the assumed names of *Gustavus* and *John Anderson*, and written in such a manner as to be unintelligible to any party not in the secret. When, however, Arnold was invested with the command of West Point, he made proposals for delivering the fort up to the enemy, and it became necessary that André should have a personal interview with him, to make the final arrangements. An interview was accordingly arranged. The British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, with André on board, ascended the Hudson to within a few miles of King's Ferry: André went on shore in the night-time, and met Arnold, who had come thither on purpose. Not being able to finish their business that night, Arnold persuaded André, contrary to his intention, to go within the American lines, and lie concealed during the day at the house of a person of the name of Smith. Leaving him here, Arnold returned in the morning to West Point. In the evening, André having exchanged his regimentals for an ordinary dress, and been provided with a written pass from Arnold, left Smith's house, crossed the river, and took the direction of New York, not being able, as he wished, to return to the *Vulture*. Next day he was stopped on the road by three militiamen, who searched him, and found papers concealed in his boots. They immediately conveyed him to the nearest American post, the commander of which, on examining the papers found on André's person, perceived them to be in Arnold's handwriting. Stupidly enough, he wrote to Arnold, telling him of the

capture of a person calling himself John Anderson, and carrying very strange papers; and the consequence was, that Arnold had time to escape to the British camp. Meanwhile, intelligence of the affair had been conveyed to Washington. The unfortunate André himself wrote to Washington, telling his real name and rank, and explaining the manner in which he had been brought within the American lines. 'Against my stipulation,' he says, 'my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by the refusal to reconduct me back next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.'

André having been conveyed to the head-quarters of the army at Tappan, a board of officers was summoned by Washington to consider his case. The conclusion they came to was, that André ought to be regarded as a spy, and, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death. Washington approved of this decision. Great exertions were made by General Clinton, and by many others, to procure a remission of the sentence in a case so peculiar; but all considerations of private or personal feeling were overcome by the sense of public duty; and harsh as the death of Major André might appear, Washington felt himself bound not to interfere. The only possible way in which André could have been saved, was one which General Clinton could not, consistently with the honour of his country, adopt—namely, the surrender of the traitor Arnold. Meanwhile, the young and unfortunate officer met his fate nobly. On the 1st of October, the day before his death, he wrote as follows to Washington:

'SIR—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.'

Even this request could not be complied with, and next day Major André was hanged as a spy. André was a young man of amiable manners and disposition, and his fate was universally lamented both in America and England; and in reading the history of his ignominious death, one is inclined to feel that his life might, with no stretch of humanity or justice, have been spared. It seems at least clear that André was seduced into the position of a spy, and was animated by no dishonourable intention. At the time of his melancholy death, his mother and three sisters were alive in England. Provision was very properly made for them, in testimony of public sympathy with them, and public admiration for the brave and manly conduct of their lost relative; and after the conclusion of the war, Major André's ashes were disinterred, brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

The years 1781 and 1782 passed away like those which preceded them, no decisive battles being fought or great victories obtained on either side, but the general tenor of events, both in America and Europe, being favourable to the cause of American independence. The latter year, however, was marked by a very singular incident in the life of Washington. During the whole war, the sluggishness and timidity of congress, and its dilatory method of passing measures the most essential to the public good, had been the subject of great complaint in the army, and at length the feeling of discontent gave rise to sentiments of an anti-republican nature. Judging from the specimen of republican government which they had in the proceedings of congress, the soldiers and officers began to think that affairs would never be well managed, until some one man of ability were placed at the head of the government, if not with the title of king, at least with some other corresponding title. So strong had this conviction become in the army, that at length a number of the officers met, and deputed a veteran colonel to express their sentiments to Washington himself. A long and skilfully written letter was prepared, in which, after describing the wretched condition of the country, and especially of the army, the writer adds this important paragraph: 'This must have shewn to all, and to military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army have been able to make by being placed under a proper head. Therefore, I have little doubt that when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so confounded the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a

constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate ; but if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages.'

This was an important moment in the history of the United States. It has been remarked, that there are two classes of persons who play an important part in revolutions—lawyers and military men. The lawyers usually make themselves conspicuous *during* the revolution ; but the military men at last obtain the ascendency, and restore society to order. It was by the power of the army that Cromwell and Napoleon were placed in the supreme civil command, and, in the present case, it was from the army that the proposal originated to make Washington king. Washington, however, declined the proposal, not, probably, from any mere scruple about injuring his fair name with posterity by appearing ambitious, but simply because, in the circumstances of the United States at that time, he may have seen that his accepting the offer would be attended not by good, but by ruinous consequences. The following is the answer which he returned to the letter containing the proposal :

'NEWBURG, *22d May* 1782.

'SIR—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

'I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to such an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, to do justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do ; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, sir, &c. GEORGE WASHINGTON.'

In May 1782, Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New York, having been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Clinton in the command of the

British army. It was apparent, from the tone of his first letters to Washington, that the British government was inclined to make concessions; and in August he gave formal notice that negotiations for a general peace had commenced at Paris, and 'that the independence of the United States would be conceded as a preliminary step.' By Washington's advice, however, the army was kept entire until the spring of 1783, when the news arrived that the treaty recognising the independence of the states had been actually signed. Nor was this a task of small difficulty; for so large were the arrears of pay due to the officers and men, that it required all the prudence and authority of Washington to prevent the troops from rising in rebellion against the congress which had employed them.

The proclamation of the final cessation of hostilities was made to the American army on the 19th of April 1783, 'exactly eight years from the day on which the first blood was shed in this memorable contest at Lexington.' Eight years' war had converted what had been a few flourishing colonies of Great Britain into a new and independent state, likely to become ere long one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth. The war had not been one of daring achievements and brilliant exploits. If viewed in this light, the war of American independence would seem but paltry and insignificant compared with other struggles recorded in history. We do not see in it any of those glorious victories of hundreds over thousands, those flashing acts of individual heroism, or those daring stratagems of military genius, which characterise other wars of similar importance. It was a cool, cautious, defensive war, in which patience and perseverance were the qualities most essential. Nor was Washington a Cæsar or a Napoleon. It would be absurd to name him as a military genius along with these two. But he was gifted with those great moral qualities which the circumstances of the American people required; and if he gained no victories of the first class, and astonished the world by no feats of warlike skill, it is still not the less true, that if the British colonies had not possessed such a man, they would in all probability have failed in the struggle, and remained British colonies still. Let the truth, indeed, be spoken. It was not the bulk of the American people, as represented in congress, who achieved the independence of their country. That congress, by its perverse wrangling and incapability; that people, by their slowness in furnishing supplies, would have ruined all, but for the intrepidity, the patience, and the powers of management of George Washington. Although not what might be called an amiable man, or a man of refined sentiment, few have ever appeared of so well balanced a character, and uniting the same power of command over men's minds with the same self-denial and want of personal ambition; and probably none but a man of his rigid methodical habits would have been able to preserve order in the American army. Some of Washington's orderly-books during the period of his

holding command, contain striking proofs of his strictness as a disciplinarian, and of his watchfulness of everything going on among the troops likely to injure the cause for which they were contending. To complete our idea of Washington as commander-in-chief, we shall select one or two of these entries in the orderly-book.

'*November* 5, 1775.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada.'

'*August* 3, 1776.—That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue-duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, and on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice heretofore little known in an American army—is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavour to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.'

'*September* 20.—Any soldier or officer who, upon the approach or attack of the enemy's forces by land or water, shall presume to turn his back and flee, shall be instantly shot down; and all good officers are hereby authorised and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and cowardly part, nor share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat.'

'*November* 22, 1777.—The commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hides. The commissary of hides is to furnish the hides, and the major-general of the day is to judge of the essays and assign the reward to the best artist.'

What were Washington's thoughts and feelings at the restoration of peace, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter

which he wrote to Lafayette in April 1783 : 'We are now an independent people, and have yet to learn political tactics. We are placed among the nations of the earth, and have a character to establish ; but how we shall acquit ourselves, time must discover. The probability is (at least I fear it), that local or state politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive plan of government which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate ; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art.'

Part of the summer of 1783 was spent by Washington in a tour through the northern states ; and it was during this tour that he struck out a plan of great importance, which has since been carried into effect—a water-communication between the Hudson and the great lakes. Returning from this tour he attended the congress then sitting at Princetown, where he was received with the highest honours. On the 18th of October the army was disbanded by congress ; on the 2d of November Washington issued his farewell address to it ; on the 4th of December he dined with his officers at New York, now evacuated by the British troops ; and on the 23d of the same month he resigned his commission into the hands of congress. 'Having now,' he said in the conclusion of his address, 'finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action ; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.' Next day he left Annapolis, and proceeded to Mount Vernon, which he had only visited twice during more than eight years.

RETIREMENT INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

Washington was now once more a private citizen, devoting himself to those agricultural pursuits in which he took so much delight. Arrived at the age of fifty-two, he again 'trod the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction.' 'Envious of none,' he wrote to a friend, 'I am determined to be pleased with all ; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I shall move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.'

For three years Washington pursued this equable course of life, finding his delight in farming, planting, and gardening. Mount Vernon had been celebrated for its hospitality even before Washington had risen to the high station which he had recently occupied ; and now, when visitors were constantly pouring in upon him, Europeans and Americans, noblemen and commoners, old friends and new acquaintances, authors and ordinary men, authoresses and ordinary women, the hospitality had to be resumed on a more extensive scale, and Mrs Washington's powers of household arrangement were

sufficiently tested. During these three years of private life, Mr Sparks informs us, Washington's 'habits were uniform, and nearly the same as they had been previous to the war. He rose before the sun, and employed himself in his study, writing letters or reading till the hour of breakfast; when breakfast was over, his horse was ready at the door, and he rode to his farms, and gave directions for the day to the managers and labourers. Horses were likewise prepared for his guests whenever they chose to accompany him, or to amuse themselves by excursions into the country. Returning from his fields, and despatching such business as happened to be on hand, he went again to his study, and continued there till three o'clock, when he was summoned to dinner. The remainder of the day and the evening were devoted to company, or to recreation in the family circle. At ten he retired to rest. From these habits he seldom deviated, unless compelled to do so by particular circumstances.'

The even tenor of Washington's life was soon to be interrupted. The war was now over, but much remained to be done. The great difficulty was, to devise a federal form of government, one which would give the states the strength of a united nation, without trenching on the privileges and interests of each particular state. The general feeling was against investing congress with much controlling authority. Washington saw the evil of this; and, in his letters to his friends, he spoke strongly on the necessity of a central and supreme government.

At length, after considerable prevarication and delay, a convention of deputies from all the states was agreed upon, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Washington was unanimously elected one of the deputies to this convention from the state of Virginia; and although somewhat reluctant, he consented to attend. Immediately on his appointment, he set about preparing himself diligently, by the study of history, for the important duties which, as a member of the convention, he would be called upon to perform. He examined carefully, we are told, all those confederacies of the ancient and modern world which appeared most to resemble that which he was about to assist in erecting. He also read and abridged several standard works on political science, to store his mind with those general ideas for which he supposed he would have occasion in the convention. Thus prepared, he set out for Philadelphia, where the convention met on the 14th of May 1787, consisting of deputies from all the states except Rhode Island. Washington was unanimously called to the chair. After sitting five or six hours daily for nearly four months, the convention announced the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution for the United States of America. This constitution was accepted with remarkable unanimity all over the states. Benjamin Franklin, one of the members of the convention, thus expressed his opinion of it: 'I consent to

this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good.' And Washington's opinion was exactly the same. 'In the aggregate,' he said, 'it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch.'

After all the states had signified their acceptance of the constitution, congress passed an act, appointing the first Wednesday of February 1789 as the day on which the people were to choose the electors of the president, according to the provision made in the constitution, and the first Wednesday of March as the day on which these electors were to meet and choose the president. When the day of election came, the electors did their duty, by unanimously declaring George Washington the first president of the United States. Leaving Mount Vernon on the 16th of April 1789, he set out for New York. The journey was a triumphal procession; people gathered all along the road; and his entry into every town was celebrated by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannons. He made his public entry into New York on the 23d of April; and on the 30th, he was solemnly inaugurated, and took the oaths of office. He was now fifty-seven years of age.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As soon as Washington had assumed the presidency, he requested the heads of the various departments of the government, as it was then carried on—the secretary of state, the secretary of war, the secretary of foreign affairs, and the secretaries of the treasury—to draw up an elaborate report, each of the affairs of his own department. These reports Washington read and condensed with his own hand; and at the same time he perused with care the whole of the official records from the treaty of peace down to his own election to the presidency, making an abridgment of them for his own use. Thus he acquired a thorough understanding of the condition of the nation over which he presided.

We have seen that, while commander-in-chief of the armies, Washington exercised a vigilant superintendence over his private affairs, and this superintendence he continued to exercise while burdened with the cares of civil government. Every week he received accurate reports from the manager he had left in charge of Mount Vernon, these reports being drawn up according to a form which he had himself prepared. In this way he perceived what was going on at Mount Vernon almost as distinctly as if he had been on the spot; and once a week at least he wrote a letter of directions to his bailiff, in reply to the reports sent. So laboriously accurate was he, that this letter of directions was usually copied from a rough draft. It is another proof of the extreme interest which Washington took in agricultural pursuits, that, during his presidency, he kept up a

correspondence with the most skilful agriculturists both in Europe and America, exchanging his ideas on the subject with them.

At first there was no established etiquette at Washington's court as to the times when he should receive visitors ; and the consequence was, that he had to receive them at all times, from morning till night, just as they pleased to come. To put a stop to this torrent of people, it was arranged that Washington should receive ordinary visitors on Tuesdays only, from three to four o'clock ; while Mrs Washington in like manner received visitors on Fridays, from three to five o'clock, the president being always present at her levees. He never accepted any invitations to dinner ; but every day, except Sunday, he invited to his own table a number of guests, official persons, private friends, or foreigners who were introduced to him. On Sundays he received no company : in the mornings he regularly attended church ; and the evenings he spent in the society of his own family, and such intimate friends as were privileged to drop in. During the first year of Washington's presidency his mother died at the age of eighty-two.

The first session of congress under his presidency was spent in organising the several departments of the executive. Washington, as president, nominated the heads of these departments. The celebrated Thomas Jefferson he appointed secretary of state ; Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions were considerably less democratic than Jefferson's, was named secretary of the treasury ; Henry Knox was continued in the office of secretary of war ; Edmund Randolph was made attorney-general ; and John Jay chief-justice. These appointments reflected great credit on Washington's sagacity and impartiality.

It is impossible, in such a paper as the present, to sketch the history of Washington's presidency ; suffice it to say, that the same talents and probity which had characterised him hitherto, appeared conspicuously in the discharge of the new duties which now fell to his lot. In nothing was his ability more manifest than in the manner in which he maintained the balance between the two political parties into which his own cabinet and the nation generally split—the federal party, whose aim was to strengthen the central authority, and the democratic party, whose aim was to increase the power of the citizens in their local courts, and in the separate state legislatures. The head of the former party was Henderson ; the head of the latter was Jefferson. Washington personally inclined to the former ; but, as president, he made it his object to make the different elements work as harmoniously as possible. It was impossible, however, to prevent the parties from diverging more and more ; and as Washington's term of presidency was drawing to a close, fears began to be entertained of the consequences which might result from such a division of opinion. The nation had not yet been consolidated, and a struggle between the federal and the democratic party might produce the most disastrous effects. The only means of preventing such a

calamity was the re-election of Washington for another term of four years. Accordingly, all his friends and the members of his cabinet earnestly solicited him to allow himself to be re-elected. With considerable reluctance Washington yielded to these solicitations, and suffered himself to be re-elected. The time of his re-election was just that at which the French Revolution was at its height; and it required all Washington's skill and strength of purpose to prevent the United States from being drawn into the vortex of a European war. But although he succeeded in preserving the neutrality of the states, there were many citizens who sympathised with the French revolutionists, and the democratic party, with Jefferson at its head, was gaining ground. So vehement did the struggle between the two parties become towards the end of Washington's second presidency, that even he did not escape the attacks of calumny, and the accusations of an excited public.

So disturbed was the state of political opinion in the union, that many were anxious that Washington should, for a third time, accept the office of president; but against this proposal he was resolute. Accordingly, in 1797, the election of a new president took place. John Adams, of the federalist party, having the largest number of votes, was declared president; Thomas Jefferson, of the democratic party, having the next largest number, was appointed vice-president. Adams was inaugurated on the 4th of March; and immediately after the ceremony Washington retired to Mount Vernon, where he resided for two years and a half, finding a recreation in his old age in those quiet agricultural pursuits which had always been his delight. On the rumour of the probability of a war with France, he was, indeed, appointed commander-in-chief; but he had no occasion to take the field. His health continued to be remarkably good; and, to all appearance, the day of his death was yet distant. But on the 12th of December 1799, having gone out as usual to give directions to his labourers, he was overtaken, when riding home, by a storm of sleet and rain. When he came in, his neck was wet, and the snow had lodged itself in the locks of his hair. Next day he felt that he had taken a cold, but anticipated no danger. He read the newspapers as usual, seemed very cheerful, and when asked to take something for his cold, said: 'No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came.' Before morning he was much worse; he breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely speak. He had himself bled by one of his overseers, and his friend Dr Craik was sent for. The remedies tried produced no effect. A little after four, he desired Mrs Washington to bring two wills which she would find in his desk. After looking at them, he gave her one, which he said was useless, as it was superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it; which she did. Shortly after, he said to Mr Tobias Lear, who lived with him in the capacity of secretary and superintendent of his affairs: 'I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed

from the first that the disorder would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' To Dr Craik he said: 'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.' For some hours he was uneasy and restless, often asking what o'clock it was. About ten, he said with some difficulty to Mr Lear: 'I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' Towards eleven o'clock, he died without a struggle or sigh. Mrs Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked: 'Is he gone?' 'It is well,' she said, when told that he was; 'all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'

Washington died on the 14th of December 1799, aged sixty-seven years. He was buried at Mount Vernon on the 18th. The news of his death was speedily carried through America, and all over Europe; and everywhere men vied with each other in doing honour to his memory.

One circumstance connected with the death of this great man it is gratifying to record. On his estate, as we have already mentioned, there was a large number of negro slaves. Part of these belonged to Washington himself; the rest were the property of Mrs Washington. During his life, the founder of American liberty seems to have acted, in the matter of slaves, in no more humane or enlightened spirit than any other Virginia gentleman of the time; but at his death he left a benevolent clause in his will, directing that all the slaves he possessed in his own right should be emancipated after Mrs Washington's death. During her life, they were still to continue slaves, because their emancipation, during that period, 'though earnestly wished by him, would be attended with insuperable difficulties,' on account of their intermarriage with Mrs Washington's own negroes, whom it was not in his power to manumit. At Mrs Washington's death, however, his executors, or the survivors of them, were solemnly enjoined to see the clause in his will respecting the emancipation of the slaves, and every part thereof, 'religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay.' Such of the negroes thus emancipated as should be old and unable to work, were to be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs so long as they lived. Such of the young negroes as might have no parents living at the date of their emancipation, or whose parents might be unable or unwilling to provide for them, were to be 'bound by the court till they should arrive at the age of twenty-five years;' and negro children thus bound were to 'be taught to read and write, and brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the commonwealth of Virginia providing for the support of orphan and other poor children.' In the meantime, until the emancipation

should take place, he expressly forbade 'the sale or transportation out of the commonwealth of any slave he might die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever.' To one of his slaves, a mulatto man named William Lee, he granted immediate liberty, with an annuity of thirty dollars.

The character of Washington has been often sketched, but probably never with such truth and ability as by his contemporary, and in many respects his rival in greatness, Thomas Jefferson. 'Although, in the circle of his friends,' says Jefferson, 'where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.'

See p. 22.

HINDUISM.

HINDUISM, the general name for the prevailing religion of India, embraces a variety of creeds, differing from one another even more than the different forms of Christianity do. The several Hindu sects have each its own special directory of faith and worship; but there is a book, or rather a set of books, called the Vedas, venerated by all alike; and although the simple faith and worship there described have hardly a feature in common with modern Hinduism, yet all the sectarian books profess to be founded on the Vedas, and the worshippers believe that they have the sacred authority of those books for all their practices. It is the group of creeds, then, that are ostensibly based on the Vedas that forms the subject of the present paper; and we purpose to sketch the system in the successive phases through which it has passed, from the simple worship of the elements of nature, in which shape we first know it, down to the impure and debasing ritual of the Tantras. But before speaking of the religion itself, it is necessary to say something of the people who profess it.

The population of Hindustan is a mixture of numerous races, the relations of which to one another have as yet been very imperfectly made out. Within the historic period there have been several irruptions of Tartar and Mongol races, Mohammedans, who,

entering from the north-west, spread themselves over the peninsula as conquerors, and added a still distinguishable element to the population. But a multitude of facts point to the conclusion that, in times before the dawn of history, there must have been a succession of such irruptions from the same quarter, each superposing a fresh stratum on the original tribes, whoever they may have been. One of those streams of immigration has left more marked and indelible traces than any of the others, and may be said to have moulded the whole subsequent history of India; that, namely, of the race in whose language the Vedas are written. This language, called Sanscrit, has been shewn to be nearly akin not only to the ancient language of Persia, but to the principal languages of Europe—to Greek and Latin, and therefore to their modern descendants; to the Celtic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic tongues. In fact, the recent science of language has put it beyond all reasonable doubt that these languages, now seemingly so diverse, and spoken in regions so wide apart, were in their origin only dialects of one and the same tongue. To account for this fact regarding the languages, ethnologists have formed a theory as to the origin of the nations speaking them. They suppose that, in remote ages, a region of Central Asia, somewhere perhaps to the north of the Hindu Kush, and east from the Sea of Aral, was occupied by a nation or group of tribes all speaking substantially the same language. While yet living together in their native seats, those tribes must have attained a high degree of civilisation, for a number of terms denoting arts and relations of civilised life are found to be common to all the nations descended from them. After a time, this hive of the highest and most improvable type of the human race began to throw off successive swarms towards the west. The first swarm formed the Celts, who were the first of this high race to enter Europe, and who seem at one time to have occupied the greater part of it. At a considerably later epoch than the Celts, came the ancestors of the Italians, the Greeks, and the Teutonic peoples. All these would seem to have made their way to their new settlements through Persia and Asia Minor, crossing into Europe by the Hellespont, and partly, perhaps, between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The stream that formed the Slavonic nations —that is, the Russians, Poles, Servians, &c.—is thought to have taken the route by the north of the Caspian. At a period subsequent to the last north-western migration, the remnant of the primitive stock would seem to have broken up; part poured southwards through the passes of the Himalaya and Hindu Kush into the Punjab, and became the dominant race in the valley of the Ganges; while the rest settled in Persia, and became the Medes and Persians of history.

It is from these eastern members that the whole family takes its name. In the most ancient Sanscrit writings (the Veda), the Hindus

style themselves Aryas; and the name is preserved in the classic Arii, a tribe of ancient Persia, Aria, the modern Herat, and Ariana, the name of a district comprehending the greater part of ancient Persia, and extended by some so as to embrace Bactriana. Ariana, or Airyana, is evidently an old Persian word, preserved in the modern native name of Persia, Airan or Iran. *Arya*, in Sanscrit, signifies 'excellent,' 'honourable,' being allied probably to the Greek *ari*(stos), the best. Others connect it with the root *ar* (Lat. *arare*, to plough), as if to distinguish a people who were tillers (*carers*) of the earth from the purely pastoral Turanians or Turks.

The mother nation dwelling in the basin of the Caspian is, of course, hypothetical, as are the order and routes of the north-western migrations. Less uncertainty rests on the relation between the ancient Persians and the Aryas who migrated to Hindustan. The Zendavesta, which is to the ancient religion of Persia what the Vedas are to primitive Hinduism, contains distinct allusions to a schism between the two branches of the stock while they yet lived together. The estrangement seems to have arisen from a variety of causes, social as well as religious. The Iranians, as we may call the branch that settled in Persia, began to refine and spiritualise the primitive religious notions common to both parties; antipathy and religious hate were the natural result, and led to still greater divergence, until the advanced party came to denounce the old gods as devils, and the whole system as the source of all evil. It was probably the strife and warfare consequent on this state of feeling that drove the conservative Aryas across the Indus, carrying with them that primitive faith which we have learned to know in the Vedas, and which their descendants afterwards developed into the vast system of Brahmanism. Among the Iranians, the religious development continued in its original direction, until, in the hands of the great religious reformer Zoroaster (properly Zarathustra), it became almost a monotheism, which soon degenerated, however, into dualism. In this shape it continued to be the religion of Persia until overwhelmed by Mohammedanism in the middle of the seventh century A.D. It is represented in modern times by the Parsees, the descendants of those Persians who, escaping from the oppression of the crescent, settled along the western coast of India.

When we first get a glimpse of the Aryas in India, they are settled in the Punjab; from which they seem to have gradually extended their settlements first along the valley of the Ganges, and over Central India as far as the Vindhya Mountains. The immigration probably came in successive swarms, at considerable intervals of time. They established themselves everywhere as a conquering race; their superior energy, both of body and mind, enabling them to hold the native population in subjection, and gradually to impose upon them their religious institutions and their language. The chief modern dialects of Northern India are

undoubted descendants of the ancient Sanscrit; and the institution of caste, to be afterwards spoken of, probably originated at the time when the mass of the population, now represented by the *Sudras*, were little better than serfs under a dominant class, whose superiority and privileges were made permanent by being put under the sanction of religion. The extension of the Aryas into the south of India, or the Deccan, seems to have been later; and there, although they imbued the people with their religion, their language made little impression. In the course of generations, the enervating climate of India and intermixture with the original inhabitants could not fail to tell on the conquerors; their blood became impure, and they degenerated physically and mentally. And as with their blood, so it fared with their religion. When a debased people adopt the religion of a higher race, it is only their old superstitions put in a new framework and slightly varnished over; hence the wide departure of the Brahmanic system from the primitive Aryan faith.

The development of Hinduism was greatly affected, no doubt, by its long conflict with Buddhism, a rival faith which sprang up in the sixth century before Christ, and by appealing chiefly to the non-Aryan races, spread widely over India and the adjacent countries. In the early centuries of the Christian era, it threatened to supplant Brahmanism in India; but, from causes not well known, the latter again acquired the ascendency, Buddhism rapidly declined, and about the eleventh century A.D. had almost disappeared from the peninsula. It still prevails in Ceylon, the Eastern Peninsula, China, Tibet, and other regions of Upper Asia, and its adherents are estimated at 400 millions, or about a third of the human race; but except among the Nepaulese in the extreme north, it has no longer any nominal adherents in the country of its birth. The Jains, or Jainas, however, who are found chiefly in Guzerat and other provinces of the west, and, from their wealth and influence, form an important section of the population, profess a faith which seems to be a kind of corrupt Buddhism mixed up with Hinduism; and Hinduism itself, as believed and practised by the largest and most popular sect, the Vaishnavas or worshippers of Vishnu, is believed to bear traces of Buddhism, as if it had resulted from a compromise with that faith.

Amid all these successive tides of conquest, civilisation, and conversion, numerous outstanding groups of the aboriginal inhabitants, chiefly hill tribes, have remained inaccessible to change, retaining their original languages and dark superstitions. There is also everywhere a floating degraded mass, without the pale of any of the recognised religious communities. Of the 200 millions, which is assumed to be the population of Hindustan, Mr Montgomery Martin estimates this heathen element, as we may call it, at 28 millions; the Mohammedans at 12 or 15 millions; the Sikhs at 2 millions;

the Jains at 5 millions; thus leaving 150 millions as Hindus of the Brahmanical creed.

Having thus indicated the external history and position of Hinduism, we proceed to give a sketch of its internal nature and course of development. Hinduism may be divided into three great periods, which, for brevity's sake, we will call the Vedic, Epic, and Puranic periods, as our knowledge of the first is derived from the sacred books called the *Veda;* of the second from the epic poem called the *Rama'yana*, and more especially from the great epos, the *Mahabha'rata;* while the chief source of our information relative to the last period is that class of mythological works known under the name of *Pura'nas* and *Tantras*. We purpose first to sketch the general character of the religion under these three successive phases, prefacing each sketch by some account of its special literature; and then to give such details of the system as seem most characteristic and instructive.

It may be well, however, at the outset, to guard the reader against attempting to connect dates with the earlier of the periods above named. It has not been uncommon for writers on this subject to assign thousands of years before the Christian era as the starting-points of various phases of Hindu antiquity; others, more cautious, have marked the beginnings of certain divisions of Vedic works with 1200, 1000, 800, and 600 years B.C. The truth is, that while Hindu literature itself is almost without known dates, owing either to the peculiar organisation of the Hindu mind, or to the convulsions of Indian history, the present condition of our knowledge of it does not afford the means of speculating with safety on its chronology. The more cautious Sanscrit scholars, in the actual state of their science, content themselves with assuming that the latest writings of the Vedic class are not more recent than the second century before Christ. They fix a lower limit, and leave the determination of the upper limit to future research. A like uncertainty hangs over the period at which the two great epic poems of India were composed, although there is reason to surmise that the lower limits of that period did not reach beyond the beginning of the Christian era. The Puranic period, on the other hand, all scholars are agreed to regard as corresponding with part of our medieval history.

THE VEDIC PERIOD.

The Vedas.—Veda (from the Sanscrit *vid*, know; kindred with the Latin *vid-*, Greek *id-*, Gothic *vait-*, English *wit*, hence, literally, knowledge) is the name of those ancient Sanscrit works on which the first period of the religious belief of the Hindus is based. The oldest of these works—and in all probability the oldest literary document still existing—is the *Rigveda;* next to it stand the

Yajurveda and *Sámaveda;* and the latest is the *Atharvaveda.* All four are considered to be of divinely inspired origin. Each of these Vedas consists of two distinct divisions—a *Sa'nhita*, or collection of *mantras*, or hymns ; and a portion called *Bra'hmana.*

A *mantra* (from *man*, think ; hence, literally, the means by which thinking or meditation is effected) is a prayer, or else a thanksgiving addressed to a deity. If such a mantra is metrical, and intended for loud recitation, it is called *Rich* (from *rich*, praise) —whence the name Rigveda, that is, the Veda containing such praises—if it is in prose, and then it must be muttered inaudibly, it is called *Yajus* (from *yaj*, sacrifice ; hence, literally, the means by which sacrificing is effected); therefore, Yajurveda signifies the Veda containing such yajus. And if it is metrical, and intended for chanting, it is termed *Sâman ;* whence Sâmaveda means the Veda containing such sâmans. The author of the mantra, or, as the Hindus would say, the inspired 'seer,' who received it from the deity, is termed its *Rishi* (from the obsolete Sanscrit *rish*, to see).

Bra'hmana.—Bra'hmana—derived from *brahman*, neuter, probably in the sense of prayer or hymn—designates that portion in prose of the Vedas which contains either commandments or explanations ; or, in other words, which gives injunctions for the performance of sacrificial acts, explains their origin, and the occasions on which the mantras had to be used, by adding sometimes illustrations and legends, and sometimes also mystical and philosophical speculations. The Bra'hmana portion of the Vedas is therefore the basis on which the Vedic ritual rests, and whence the *Upa'nishads* (to be afterwards spoken of) and the philosophical doctrines took their development.

Though mantras and Bra'hmanas were held at a later period of Hinduism to have existed simultaneously, that is, from eternity, it is certain that the Bra'hmana portion of each Veda is posterior to at least some part of its Sa'nhita, for it refers to it ; and it scarcely requires a remark that so great a bulk of works as that represented by both portions must have been the gradual result of a considerable period of time. There is, indeed, sufficient evidence to prove that various conditions of society, various phases of religious belief, and even different periods of language, are reflected by them.

It is common to speak of Vedas in the plural ; but, strictly speaking, there is only one original Veda, namely, the Rig-veda, and the others are manufactured out of it. A collection of songs like that of the Rigveda, the product of a time when the forms of worship were excessively simple, became inadequate for a regular liturgy of a highly developed and artificial ritual. Out of this necessity there arose the *Sáma-* and the *Yajur*-veda. The former was entirely made up of extracts from the Rigveda, put together so as to suit the ritual of the so-called Soma sacrifices. The origin of the Yajurveda is similar to that of the Sâmaveda ; it, too, is chiefly composed of verses taken from the Rigveda ;

but as the sphere of the ritual for which the compilation of this Veda became necessary is wider than that of the Sâmaveda, and as the poetry of the Rigveda no longer sufficed for certain sacrifices with which this ritual had been enlarged, new mantras were added to it—the so-called Yajus, in prose, which thus became a distinctive feature of this Veda; and it is on the Yajurveda, therefore, that the orthodox Hindu looked with especial predilection, for it could better satisfy his sacrificial wants than the Sâma-, and still more, of course, than the Rigveda.

The Atharvaveda, too, is made up in a manner similar to the Yajurveda, with this difference only, that the additions in it to the garbled extracts from the Rigveda are more considerable than those in the Yajurveda. It is avowedly the latest Veda. The Atharvaveda was not used 'for the sacrifice, but merely for appeasing evil influences, for insuring the success of sacrificial acts, for incantations, &c.;' but on this very ground, and perhaps on account of the mysteriousness which pervades its songs, it obtained, amongst certain schools, a degree of sanctity which even surpassed that of the older Vedas.

The Sa'nhita of the Rigveda consists of 1028 *sûktas*, or hymns, containing 10,417 verses; and the number of words is stated to be 153,826. As for the authorship of the hymns, they are attributed to certain rishis and families of rishis. On this subject, Dr J. Muir (*Original Sanscrit Texts*, Part ii. p. 206) remarks: 'For many ages the successive generations of these ancient rishis continued to make new contributions to the stock of hymns, while they carefully preserved those which had been handed down to them by their forefathers. The fact of this successive composition of the hymns is evident from the ancient index to the Rigveda, which shews that these compositions are ascribed to different generations of the same families, as their "seers."' The final collection of the hymns into one body, Dr Muir conceives to have happened thus: 'The descendants of the most celebrated rishis would, no doubt, form complete collections of the hymns which had been composed by their respective ancestors. After being thus handed down, with little alteration, in the families of the original authors for several centuries, during which many of them were continually applied to the purposes of religious worship, these hymns, which had been gathering an accumulated sanctity throughout all this period, were at length collected in one great body of sacred literature, styled the *Sa'nhita* of the Rigveda—a work which in the Pura'nas is assigned to Vedavyâsa and one of his pupils.' A complete translation of the Rigveda into English was left in manuscript by the late Professor H. H. Wilson, of which four volumes have already appeared in print. A translation of the hymns to the Maruts, or storms, has recently been published by Max Müller, who promises a translation of the whole Rigveda.

Religious Ideas of the Vedic Period.—If the Rigveda coincided with the beginning of Hindu civilisation, the popular creed of the Hindus, as depicted in some of its hymns, would reveal not only the original creed of this nation, but throw a strong light on the original creed of humanity itself. But the Hindus, as depicted in these hymns, are far removed from the starting-point of human society. Their social condition is not that of a pastoral or nomadic people, as is sometimes supposed, but, on the contrary, betrays an advanced stage of civilisation. Frequent allusion is made in them to towns and cities, to mighty kings, and their prodigious wealth. Besides agriculture, they mention various useful arts which were practised by the people, as the art of weaving, of melting precious metals, of fabricating cars, golden and iron mail, and golden ornaments. The employment of the needle and the use of musical instruments are known to them. They also prove that the Hindus of that period were not only familiar with the ocean, but sometimes must have engaged in naval expeditions. They had some knowledge of medicine, and must have made some advance in astronomical computation, as mention is made of the adoption of an intercalary month, for the purpose of adjusting the solar and lunar years. Nor were they unacquainted with the vices of civilisation, for we read in these hymns of common women, of secret births, of gamblers and thieves. There is also a curious hymn, from which it would follow that even the complicated law of inheritance, which is one of the peculiarities of the existing Hindu law, was to some extent already in use at one of the periods of the Rigveda hymns.

Yet, in examining the ideas expressed in the greatest number of the Rigveda hymns, it cannot be denied that they are simple enough and altogether *naive*. The Hindu of these hymns is essentially engrossed by the might of the elements. The powers which turn his awe into pious subjection and veneration are—*Agni*, the fire of the sun and lightning; *Indra*, the bright, cloudless firmament; the *Maruts*, or winds; *Surya*, the sun; *Ushas*, the dawn; and various kindred manifestations of the luminous bodies, and of nature in general. He invokes them, not as representatives of a superior being, before whom the human soul professes its humility; not as superior beings themselves, who may reveal to his searching mind the mysteries of creation or eternity, but because he wants their assistance against enemies—because he wishes to obtain from them rain, food, cattle, health, and other worldly goods. He complains to them of his troubles, and reminds them of the wonderful deeds they performed of yore, to coax them, as it were, into acquiescence and friendly help. 'We proclaim eagerly, *Maruts*, your ancient greatness, for the sake of inducing your prompt appearance, as the indication of (the approach of) the showerer of benefits;' or: 'Offer your nutritious viands to the great hero (*Indra*), who is pleased by praise, and to *Vishnu* (one of the forms of the sun), the

two invincible deities who ride upon the radiant summit of the clouds as upon a well-trained steed. *Indra* and *Vishnu*, the devout worshipper glorifies the radiant approach of you two who are the granters of desires, and who bestow upon the mortal who worships you an immediately receivable (reward), through the distribution of that fire which is the scatterer (of desired blessings).'

Such is the strain in which the Hindu of that period addresses his gods. He seeks them, not for his spiritual, but for his material welfare. Ethical considerations are therefore foreign to these instinctive outbursts of the pious mind. Sin and evil, indeed, are often adverted to, and the gods are praised because they destroy sinners and evil-doers; but one would err in associating with these words our notions of sin or wrong. A sinner, in these hymns, is a man who does not address praises to those elementary deities, or who does not gratify them with the oblations they receive at the hands of the believer. He is the foe, the robber, the demon—in short, the borderer infesting the territory of the 'pious' man, who, in his turn, injures and kills, but, in adoring Agni, Indra, and their kin, is satisfied that he can commit no evil act.

As may be imagined, the worship of elementary beings like those we have mentioned was originally a simple and harmless one. By far the greatest number of the Rigveda hymns know of but one sort of offering made to these gods; it consists of the juice of the Soma or moon-plant, which, expressed and fermented, was an exhilarating and inebriating beverage, and for this reason, probably, was deemed to invigorate the gods, and to increase their beneficial potency. It was presented to them in ladles, or sprinkled on the sacred Kusa grass. Clarified butter, too, poured on fire, is mentioned in several hymns as an oblation agreeable to the gods; and it may have belonged to this, as it would seem, primitive stage of the Vedic worship.

There is a class of hymns, however, to be found in the Rigveda which depart already materially from the simplicity of the conceptions we are referring to. In these, which are conceived to be of another order, and to belong to a more advanced stage of development, this instinctive utterance of feeling makes room for the language of speculation; the allegories of poetry yield to the mysticism of the reflecting mind; and, the mysteries of nature becoming more keenly felt, the circle of beings which overawe the popular mind becomes enlarged. Thus, the objects by which Indra, Agni, and the other deities are propitiated, become gods themselves; Soma, especially, the moon-plant and its juice, is invoked as the bestower of all worldly boons. The animal sacrifice—the properties of which seem to be more mysterious than the offerings of Soma, or of clarified butter—is added to the original rites.

The growing dissatisfaction of the Hindu mind with the adoration of mere elemental powers, and the longing to penetrate the mysteries

of creation, become still more manifest in a third class of hymns, which mark the beginning of the philosophical creed of the Vedic period. The following is a specimen of those utterances: 'Who knows exactly, and who shall in this world declare, whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of this world, then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it uphold itself or not? He who in the highest heaven is the ruler of this universe, does indeed know; but not another one can possess this knowledge.'

As soon as the problem implied by passages like these was raised in the minds of the Hindus, Hinduism must have ceased to be the pure worship of the elementary powers. The answer to the question, 'whence this varied world arose,' is attempted in the writings known under the name of *Upa'nishads*, the date of which is uncertain. It must suffice here to state that the object of these important works is to explain, not only the process of creation, but the nature of a Supreme Spirit (*Brahman*, as a neuter word, and therefore different from the same word as the first god of the Hindu trinity), and its relation to the human soul. In the Upa'nishads, Agni, Indra, Vâyu, and the other deities of the Vedic hymns, become symbols to assist the mind in its attempt to understand the true nature of one absolute being, and the manner in which it manifests itself in its worldly form. The human soul itself is of the same nature as this supreme or great soul: its ultimate destination is that of becoming re-united with the supreme soul, and the means of attaining that end is not the performance of sacrificial rites, but the comprehension of its own self and of the great soul. The doctrine which at a later period became the foundation of the creed of the educated—the doctrine that the supreme soul, or Brahman, is the only reality, and that the world has a claim to notice only in so far as it emanated from this being, is already clearly laid down in these Upa'nishads, though the language in which it is expressed still adapts itself to the legendary and allegorical style which characterises the Bra'hmana portion of the Vedas. The Upa'nishads became thus the basis of the enlightened faith of India.

THE EPIC PERIOD.

This period is so called because we derive our knowledge of it chiefly from the two great epic poems of ancient India—the *Rama'yana* and *Mahabha'rata*.

The Rama'yana.—The subject-matter of this work is the history of Râma, one of the incarnations of Vishnu (see page 21), and its reputed author is *Valmiki*. Be this as it may, it seems certain that the *Rama'yana* was the work of one single poet—not like the *Mahabha'rata*, the creation of various epochs and different minds. As a poetical composition, the *Rama'yana* is therefore far superior to

the *Mahabha'rata;* and it may be called the best great poem of ancient India, fairly claiming a rank in the literature of the world equal to that of the epic poetry of Homer. The poem contains 24,000 verses; only a small part of it has ever been translated into English.

The Mahabha'rata.—The main story of this huge composition relates to the contest between two rival families, both descendants of a king Bharata, and the name probably implies 'the great history of the descendants of Bharata.' Of the one hundred thousand verses of which it consists, barely a fourth part is taken up by this narrative; all the rest is episodical. By means of this episodical matter, which at various periods, and often without regard to consistency, was superadded to the original structure of the work, the *Mahabha'rata* gradually became a collection of all that was needed to be known by an educated Hindu; in fact, it became the encyclopædia of India. A kind of analysis of the leading story of the *Mahabha'rata* has lately been given by Professor Monier Williams (*Indian Epic Poetry;* London, 1863).

Religious Ideas of the Period.—The Epic period of Hinduism is marked by a similar development of the same two creeds, the general features of which we have traced in the Vedic writings. The popular creed strives to find a centre round which to group its imaginary gods, whereas the philosophical creed finds its expression in the groundworks of the *Sa'nkhya*, *Nya'ya*, and *Veda'nta* systems of philosophy. In the former, we find two gods in particular who are rising to the highest rank, Vishnu and Siva; for as to Brahmâ (the masculine form of Brahman), though he was looked upon, now and then, as superior to both, he gradually disappears, and becomes merged into the philosophical Brahma, which is a further evolution of the Great Soul of the Upa'nishads. In the *Rama'yana*, the superiority of Vishnu is admitted without dispute; in the *Mahabha'rata*, however, there is an apparent rivalry between the claims of Vishnu and Siva to occupy the highest rank in the pantheon. The character of these gods, and the relation in which the conception of these beings stands to that of the Vedic time, are noticed further on. We will point, however, to one remarkable myth, as it will illustrate the altered position of the gods during the Epic period. In the Vedic hymns, the immortality of the gods is never matter of doubt: most of the elementary beings are invoked and described as everlasting, as liable neither to decay nor death. The offerings they receive may add to their comfort and strength; they may invigorate them, but it is nowhere stated that they are indispensable for their existence. It is, on the contrary, the pious sacrificer himself who, through his offerings, secures to himself long life, and, as it is sometimes hyperbolically called, immortality. And the same notion prevails throughout the oldest Bra'hmanas. It is only in the latest work of this class, and more

especially in the Epic poems, that we find the inferior gods as mortal in the beginning, and as becoming immortal through exterior agency. In the *Satapatha-Brâhmana*, the juice of the Soma plant, offered by the worshipper, or at another time clarified butter, or even animal sacrifices, impart to them this immortality. At the Epic period, Vishnu teaches them how to obtain the *Amrita*, or beverage of immortality, without which they would go to destruction. It is obvious, therefore, that gods like these could not strike root in the religious mind of the nation. We must look upon them more as the gods of poetry than of real life; nor do we find that they enjoyed any of the worship which was allotted to the two principal gods, Vishnu and Siva.

The philosophical creed of this period adds little to the fundamental notions contained in the Upânishads; but it frees itself from the legendary dross which still imparts to those works a deep tinge of mysticism. On the other hand, it conceives and develops the notion, that the union of the individual soul with the Supreme Spirit may be aided by penances, such as peculiar modes of breathing, particular postures, protracted fasting, and the like; in short, by those practices which are systematised by the Yoga doctrine (see page 26). The doctrine of the reunion of the individual soul with the supreme soul, was necessarily founded on the assumption, that the former must have become free from all guilt affecting its purity before it can be re-merged into the source whence it proceeded; and since one human life is apparently too short for enabling the soul to attain its accomplishment, the Hindu mind concluded that the soul, after the death of its temporary owner, had to be born again, in order to complete the work it had left undone in its previous existence, and that it must submit to the same fate until its task is fulfilled. This is the doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or Transmigration, which, in the absence of a belief in grace, is a logical consequence of a system which holds the human soul to be of the same nature as that of an absolute God. The beginning of this doctrine may be discovered in some of the oldest Upânishads, but its fantastical development belongs to the Epic time, where it pervades the legends, and affects the social life of the nation. (See page 18.)

THE PURANIC PERIOD.

The popular Hindu creed of the present is mainly founded on the two classes of works called the Purânas and the Tantras.

The Purânas.—According to the popular belief, these works (the name of which means 'old') were compiled by Vyâsa, the supposed arranger of the Vedas and author of the *Mahâbhârata*, and possess an antiquity beyond historical computation. But a critical examination leaves little doubt that, in their present form, they can barely claim an antiquity of a thousand years. Even a superficial comparison

of the contents of the Pura'nas with the ancient standards of the Hindu religion, shews that the picture of religion and life presented in them is a caricature of that afforded by the Vedic works, and that it was drawn by priestcraft, interested in submitting to its sway the popular mind, and unscrupulous in the use of the means which had to serve its ends. So great and multifarious is the variety of their contents, that they became, as it seems, the source of all popular knowledge; a substitute to the masses of the nation, not only for the theological literature, but for scientific works, the study of which was gradually restricted to the leisure of the learned few. One purpose, however, seems paramount, the purpose, namely, of establishing a sectarian creed. At the third phase of the Hindu religion, two gods of the Hindu pantheon especially engrossed the religious faith of the masses—Vishnu and Siva. Now, a principal object, and probably *the* principal one of the Pura'nas, was to establish, as the case might be, the supremacy of Vishnu or Siva. There are, accordingly, Vaishnava-Pura'nas, or those composed for the glory of Vishnu, Saiva-Pura'nas, or those which extol the worship of Siva. The number of Pura'nas is stated to be eighteen. A short description of each Pura'na has been given by the late Professor H. H. Wilson in the preface to his translation of the *Vishnu-Pura'na*, to which the reader who wishes fuller insight into modern Hinduism is referred.

The Tantras.—Tantra (from the Sanscrit *tan*, to believe, to have faith in; hence, literally, an instrument or means of faith) is a name of the sacred works of the worshippers of the female energy of the god Siva. (See page 22.) A Tantra always assumes the form of a dialogue between Siva and his wife, in one of her many forms, but mostly as *Uma*, or *Parvati*, in which the goddess questions the god as to the mode of performing various ceremonies, and the mantras, or prayers and incantations to be used in them. The efficacy of these mantras is deemed to be all-powerful, and according to some Tantras, the efficacy of faith in these revelations of Siva so great, as to free a believer from the consequences of even the most atrocious sins. The followers of the Tantras profess to consider them as a fifth Veda, and attribute to them equal antiquity and superior authority. Though such an antiquity, or even one approaching the age of the four Vedas, is entirely imaginary, the question of their date is nevertheless involved in obscurity. They must, it would seem, at all events, be later than the first centuries of the Christian era. The works of this class are very numerous.

General Character of the Period.—The Puranic period of Hinduism is the period of its decline, so far as the popular creed is concerned. Its pantheon is nominally the same as that of the Epic period. Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Siva remain still at the head of its imaginary gods; but whereas the Epic time is generally characterised by a friendly harmony between the higher occupants of the divine spheres, the Puranic period shews discord and

destruction of the original ideas whence the Epic gods arose. Brahmâ withdraws, in general, from the popular adoration, and leaves Vishnu and Siva to fight their battles in the minds of their worshippers for the highest rank. The elementary principle which originally inhered in these deities is thus completely lost sight of by the followers of the Pura'nas. The legends of the Epic poems relating to these gods become amplified and distorted, according to the sectarian tendencies of the masses; and the divine element which still distinguishes these gods in the *Rama'yana* and *Maha-bha'rata*, is now more and more mixed up with worldly concerns, and intersected with historical events, disfigured in their turn to suit individual interests. Of the ideas implied by the Vedic rites, scarcely a trace is visible in the Pura'nas and Tantras, which are the text-books of this creed. In short, the unbridled imagination which pervades these works is neither pleasing from a poetical, nor elevating from a philosophical point of view. It is this creed which, with further deteriorations caused by the lapse of centuries, is still the main religion of the masses in India. The opinion these entertain, that it is countenanced by the ritual, as well as by the theological portion of the Vedas, is the redeeming feature of their belief; for, as nothing is easier than to disabuse their mind on this score, by reviving the study of their ancient and sacred language, and by enabling them to read again their oldest and most sacred books, it may be hoped that a proper education of the people in this respect, by learned and enlightened natives, will remove many of the existing errors, which, if they continued, must inevitably lead to a further and, ultimately, total degeneration of the Hindu race.

The philosophical creed of this period, and the creed which is still preserved by the educated classes, is that derived from the tenets of the Veda'nta philosophy. It is based on the belief of one supreme being, which imagination and speculation endeavour to invest with all the perfections conceivable by the human mind, but the true nature of which is nevertheless declared to be beyond the reach of thought, and which, on this ground, is defined as not possessing any of the qualities by which the human mind is able to comprehend intellectual or material entity.

To this brief description of the general character of the system we will now subjoin a few of the most significant details.

COSMOGONY.

In Indian cosmogony, and in pagan cosmogonies in general, the idea of creation out of nothing is unknown. The existence of an eternal crude matter (*prâkriti*) is assumed, which, however, is devoid of all those properties by which bodies manifest themselves to sentient beings. Creation, then, consists in making the visible world out of this crude matter, and is of two kinds—primary and

secondary. In primary creation, Brahmâ first evolves the elementary substances; and then, in secondary creation, he develops the forms of things out of those elements. A succession of creations take place periodically, each, of course, preceded by a dissolution. The length and order of the periods is laid down in a complex system of chronology, which is thus stated in Professor Wilson's translation of the *Vishnu-Purâ'na:* 1 year of mortals = 1 day of the gods; 12,000 years of the gods = a period of 4 *Yugas*. These Yugas are not equal; the last, which is called the Kaliyuga, and in which we are now living, consists of 1200 divine years; and the others, in ascending progression, are respectively twice, thrice, and four times as long. As a day of the gods makes a year of mortals, this period of 12,000 divine years = 12,000 × 360 (the assumed number of days in the year), or 4,320,000 years of mortals; 1000 of these periods of 4 Yugas make a day of Brahma, called a *Kalpa*, which is thus equal to 4,320,000,000 human years. At the end of this day of Brahma, a dissolution (not a total one) of the universe takes place, which lasts through a night of Brahma, equal in duration to his day. At the end of this night he awakes, and creates anew. A year of Brahma is composed of the proper number of such days and nights; and 100 such years constitute his whole life. One half of Brahma's existence has now expired. The dissolution which occurs at the end of each Kalpa or day of Brahma is called incidental or intermediate; 'it affects only the forms of inferior creatures, and lower worlds, leaving the substance of the universe entire, and sages and gods unharmed.' That which takes place at the close of Brahma's life is called elemental, 'when not only all the gods and all other forms are destroyed, but the elements are again merged into primary substance, besides which only one spiritual being exists.'

The creation of the human race was not directly effected by Brahma, but by the interposition of a succession of mythical, semi-divine personages. First, Brahma, dividing himself into two parts, male and female, produces Viraj, who creates Manu, who creates ten Maharshis or Praja'patis, who create the different orders of beings, and among them men. Manu figures largely in Hindu mythology. One of the most famous law-books of the ancient Hindus, a work containing not only laws in the European sense, but also a system of cosmogony and metaphysics, is ascribed to him, in order to enhance its sanctity and authority. In this work he declares himself to have created all this universe; other works speak of him as the progenitor of the human race, and connect with him the traditions of a deluge. In accounting for the institution of castes, a quite different account is given of the creation of the human race; and, indeed, the legends generally regarding cosmogony are full of conflicting statements, shewing them to be founded on a variety of different traditions. The native writers have an easy way

of accounting for such discrepancies in their sacred books by saying that the author is here speaking of a different Kalpa.

The Yuga periods above mentioned are depicted in much the same way as are the gold, silver, and iron ages of classic antiquity. There is a gradual deterioration, physical and moral, corresponding to the decrease in length of duration. In the first Yuga, says Manu, 'men are free from disease, attain all the objects of their desires, and live 400 years; but in the succeeding Yugas their life is lessened gradually by one quarter.' The Kaliyuga—the present or iron age—is thus described in one of the Purá'nas—quite in the style of our own admirers of 'the good old time:' 'In the Kaliyuga, (the genius of) Right will have but one foot; every one will delight in evil. The four castes will be devoted to wickedness, and deprived of the nourishment which is fit for them. The Brahmans will neglect the Vedas, hanker after presents, be lustful and cruel. They will despise the scriptures, gamble, steal, and desire intercourse with widows. . . . The twice-born (that is, the first three castes) will live upon debts, sell the produce of cows, and even their daughters. In this Yuga, men will be under the sway of women, and women will be excessively fickle. . . . In the Kaliyuga, the earth will bear but little corn; the clouds will shed but little rain, and that, too, out of season. The cows will feed on ordure, and give little milk, and the milk will yield no butter; there is no doubt of that. . . . . Trees, even, will wither in twelve years, and the age of mankind will not exceed sixteen years; people, moreover, will become gray-haired in their youth; women will bear children in their fifth or sixth year, and men will become troubled with a great number of children. . . . In the first twilight of the Kaliyuga, people will disregard Vishnu; and in the middle of it, no one will even mention his name.'

CASTE.

The division of society into hereditary classes, so that the privileges and employment of the father descend to the son, prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, who, according to Herodotus, were divided into priests, warriors, herdsmen, swineherds, tradesmen, interpreters, and pilots. According to the theory of Hindu caste, as laid down by Manu, there are four primary classes, which were distinct at their very creation. Regardless of what is said of the creation of the human race in general in the same work, the writer makes Brahmâ create the four classes directly by causing them to proceed from different parts of his body—the *Brahmans* from his mouth, the *Kshatriyas* from his arm, the *Vaïsyas* from his thigh, and the *Sudras* from his foot. 1. The office of the Brahmans, or priestly class, is to read and study the Veda or sacred books, to conduct sacrifice, to teach, to act as lawyers and state-councillors. If poor, they are to be supported by the gifts of others; and only when subsistence

is impossible by other means, are they to descend to military duties, or engage in certain kinds of traffic. They are invested with extra-ordinary sanctity, and even a species of divinity is claimed for them. 2. The Ksha'triyas, or soldier class, comprise kings and nobles. Their office is to defend the people. 3. The Vai'syas are to engage in agriculture, in tending cattle, and in trade. All these are considered privileged classes, and distinguished by a broad line from—4. The Sudras, who are enjoined to serve the other classes. This simply means that, originally at least, they were slaves. Any injury done to one of them is considered a venial offence. They are debarred from the higher rites and rewards of religion ; it is a crime even to read the Veda to a Sudra. Besides the four pure castes, there are a great many mixed castes, arising from the intermarriage of the pure castes, to which, in certain cases, a kind of sanction is given, out of motives of necessity and policy, no doubt. To each of these, certain employments and handicrafts are assigned, making altogether a highly complex and artificial social system.

The classification of modern Hindu society is very different from this original theory. With the exception of the Brahmans, the pure castes have disappeared, and out of the intermixture of the others have sprung innumerable classes, many of them unauthorised except by the people themselves. The restriction of employments, with some exceptions in the case of some of the holy functions of the Brahmans, cannot be said to exist. Brahmans serve as soldiers, and even as cooks. Most of the princes of India are of low caste or base-born ; while there is no ordinary employment that is not open to all classes alike. The institution of caste, as now in force, acts chiefly in restricting people from associating together in such acts as eating and drinking. The loss of caste is the penalty, not of moral offences, but of some kind of ceremonial impurity, the chief sources of contamination being the associating with improper persons, or the eating of improper food. Those excommunicated in this way are called Pariahs ; but so inveterate is this custom of class distinctions, that the very outcasts are said to institute castes among themselves. Several religious sects have sprung up in Hindustan that altogether or in part disregard the trammels of caste. This is a distinguishing feature in the Buddhist and Sikh sects.

The institution of caste is unknown to the Vedas. So long as the intruders lived in isolated settlements by themselves, there were but two classes, the Aryas and the hostile aborigines—the Dasyus. It seems to have been as the Aryas gradually brought the natives into subjection that the caste system became developed ; just as feudalism sprang out of the irruption of the German warrior-tribes into the provinces of the Roman world. In Sanscrit the castes are called *varnas*, or 'colours ;' and the Sudras are spoken of as black, while the other castes are comparatively light. This no doubt points

to a historical fact, namely, that the Aryas, coming from northern countries, were fair, and the aborigines dark. The three privileged castes were composed of the dominant race, the Sudras were the subject natives. How the gradation of dignity among the privileged classes established itself, is not so clear. In the legends there is abundance of evidence that the Brahmans and Ksha'triyas were originally of one race, and that it was only after a long struggle that their respective prerogatives became defined and acknowledged.

TRANSMIGRATION.

The notion that the soul after death passes into another substance or body, has been common to the most uncivilised and the most civilised nations of the earth; it has been the object of fantastical superstition, as well as philosophical speculation; and it belongs both to ancient and modern times. A belief of this nature was entertained by the ancient Mexicans, and probably also by the Druids. It is met with in a more developed form among the ancient Egyptians; but its real importance it obtained as a tenet of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmanical Hindus and the Buddhists, whence it passed into the doctrine of several philosophers of ancient Greece, and into that of some Jewish and Christian sects.

At the time when the dogma of transmigration became an integral part of the Brahmanic religion (in the Vedic period it seems to have been unknown), the Hindus believed that human souls emanated from a supreme being, which, as it were, in a state of bewilderment or forgetfulness, allowed them to become separate existences and to be born on earth. The soul, thus severed from the real source of its life, is bound to return to it, or to become merged again into that divine substance with which it was originally one; but as its nature becomes contaminated with sin through its earthly career, it must, so long as it remains in this world, endeavour to free itself from all guilt, and thus become fit for its ultimate destiny. Religion teaches that this is done by the observance of religious rites, and a life in conformity with the precepts of the sacred books; philosophy, that the soul will be re-united with Brahman, if it *understands* the true nature of the divine essence whence it comes. So long, therefore, as the soul has not attained this condition of purity, it must be born again, after the dissolution of the body to which it was allied; and the degree of its impurity at one of these various deaths, determines the existence which it will assume in a subsequent life.

Since there can be no proof of the soul's migrations, the detail in which these are described in the religious works of the Hindus, is merely fantastical, and interesting only so far as it affords a kind of standard by which, at various epochs, and by different writers, the moral merit or demerit of human actions was measured in India.

Thus, Manu (in the twelfth book of his Code of Laws) teaches: 'The slayer of a Brahman—according to the degree of his guilt—is reborn as a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a bird, a Chândâla, or a Pukkasa. A Brahman who drinks spirituous liquor, will migrate into the body of a worm, an insect, a grasshopper, a fly feeding on ordure, or some mischievous animal. A twice-born who steals (the gold of a Brahman), will pass a thousand times into the bodies of spiders, snakes, and chameleons, of aquatic monsters, or of murderous blood-thirsty demons. Those who inflict injury (on sentient beings), become flesh-eaters; and those who eat forbidden things, worms. Thieves become devourers of each other; and those who embrace women of the lowest castes, become ghosts. . . . . If a man has stolen grain, he becomes a rat; if honey, a gadfly;' &c.

The doctrine of Transmigration enters into the system of Buddhism as well as that of Hinduism.

THE HINDU GODS.

The Trimu'rti.—Trimu'rti (from the Sanscrit *tri*, three, and *mûrti*, form) is the name of the Hindu triad, or the gods *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*, when thought of as an inseparable unity, though three in form. The *Padma-Pura'na*, which, being a Pura'na of the Vaishnava sect, assigns to Vishnu the highest rank in the Trimu'rti, defines its character in the following manner: 'In the beginning of creation, the great Vishnu, desirous of creating the whole world, became threefold: creator, preserver, and destroyer. In order to create this world, the supreme spirit produced from the right side of his body himself as Brahmâ; then, in order to preserve the world, he produced from the left side of his body Vishnu; and in order to destroy the world, he produced from the middle of his body the eternal Siva. Some worship Brahma, others Vishnu, others Siva; but Vishnu, one, yet threefold, creates, preserves, and destroys; therefore, let the pious make no difference between the three.' Apart, therefore, from sectarian belief, which makes its own god the highest, and gives him the attributes also of the other gods, Trimu'rti implies the unity of the three principles of creation, preservation, and destruction, and as such belongs more to the philosophical than to the popular belief. When represented, the Trimu'rti is one body with three heads: in the middle, that of Brahmâ; at its right, that of Vishnu; and at its left, that of Siva. The symbol of the Trimu'rti is the mystical syllable *om*, where (*o* being equivalent to $a+u$) *a* means Brahman; *u*, Vishnu; and *m*, Siva.

Brahmâ.—This deity, as already remarked, although theoretically the first and greatest of the Hindu trinity, has gradually become merged in the universal soul Brahma (the neuter form of the same

word). He takes little or no part in the regency of the world; and, like great men out of place and power, has no adherents.

Vishnu is the second god of the trinity, but is considered by his worshippers to be the supreme deity. The name occurs in the Rigveda, but Vishnu is there a representation of the sun. Although highly extolled, he is described as having derived his power from Indra. It was during the Epic and Puranic periods that Vishnu became the great power he now is.

Avata'rs.—The large circle of myths relating to Vishnu, in the epic poems and Pura'nas, is distinguished by a feature which, though not quite absent from the mythological history of Siva, especially characterises that of Vishnu. It arose from the idea, that whenever a great disorder, physical or moral, disturbed the world, Vishnu descended 'in a small portion of his essence' to set it right, to restore the law, and thus to preserve creation. Such descents of the god are called his *Avata'ras* (from *ava* and *trî*, descend); and they consist in Vishnu's being supposed to have either assumed the form of some wonderful animal or superhuman being, or to have been born of human parents, in a human form, always, of course, possessed of miraculous properties. Some of these Avata'ras are of an entirely cosmical character; others, however, are probably based on historical events, the leading personage of which was gradually endowed with divine attributes, until he was regarded as the incarnation of the deity itself. With the exception of the last, all these Avata'ras belong to the past; the last, however, is yet to come. Their number is generally given as ten, and their names in order are—1. The fish-; 2. The tortoise-; 3. The boar-; 4. The man-lion-; 5. The dwarf-; 6. The Parasu-Râma-; 7. The Râmachandra-, or, briefly, Râma-; 8. The Krishna and Balarâma-; 9. The Buddha-; and 10. The Kalki or Kalkin-Avata'ra. We can only afford to notice the most characteristic and important.

The occasion of the *Dwarf-Avata'r* was as follows: A powerful monarch named Bali had, by the practice of austerities and costly ceremonies, raised himself to the rank of Indra, usurped the dominion of the three worlds (the sky, the earth, and *patala*, or the under world), and filled the gods with dismay. For such rites, especially the 'hundred horse-sacrifices,' are believed to have an inherent power which even Brahma cannot resist. After enduring this for a time, a deputation of gods usually proceeds to the heaven of Vishnu, and entreats his interference. In the present case, Vishnu consents, and descends to earth to reduce Maha Bali to order. A promise or gift of the gods, in whatever way it may have been obtained, and whatever consequences it may involve—even the overthrow of the gods themselves—is always considered irrevocable without the consent of the person who has obtained it. But there is nothing, it appears, unworthy of a god in filching that consent by a trick. Accordingly, Vishnu assumes the form of a

poor Brahman dwarf, who begs of the monarch a piece of ground not larger than he could measure with three steps, on which to build a hut for himself. No sooner is the request granted, with the usual solemnities, than the form of the dwarf expands to the height of the skies; with three strides he compasses the three regions of the universe, and the power of Maha Bali is at an end.

The next three forms under which Vishnu figures would seem to have been originally historical personages—heroes in that series of wars by which the Aryan race established their sway over the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. In the first of these three, reckoned the sixth Avata'r, we have a hero of the name of Parasu Rama, who subdues the tyrannic Ksha'triyas or soldier race, and gives their lands to the Brahmans. But the most famous of all is the seventh Avata'r, that of Rama Chandra, the hero of the *Rama'yana*. The outline of the action is this: Rama, the son of the monarch of Oude, a hero of great promise, is banished, by a court intrigue, to wander with his beautiful wife, Sita, in the savage country of the Deccan, which was under the dominion of demons—that is, of princes hostile to the Hindu or Aryan race. Rama made himself hateful to the prince of the demons, Ra'vana, who, out of revenge, carried off Sita to his residence in Lanka (Ceylon). But Rama, in confederacy with the monkey-hero, Hanuman, and a whole army of apes, pursues, and making a bridge across the strait to Ceylon, by throwing in mountains, overcomes the demons, and recovers Sita. Under this guise we have probably the historical fact of the extension of the Brahman dominion and religion into Southern Hindustan. The exploits of the leader Rama, under whom this was effected, would first be preserved in metrical legends, and afterwards made to swell the glories of Vishnu, by representing Rama as an incarnation of that god. Rama has numerous temples, and with him and his wife Sita is associated the heroic monkey, Hanuman.

But the form under which Vishnu is most popular in modern times is that of *Krishna*, which is the eighth Avata'r. It being necessary to deliver the earth from a mighty demon, Kansa—a prince, most likely, of infidel or anti-Brahmanic tendencies—a portion of Vishnu descends into the womb of Devaki, the wife of Vasudeva. Kansa being informed that a child was to be born that would overthrow his power, and failing to catch the right one, Herod-like, orders a general massacre of young boys; but Krishna, the young god, had been sent away from Mathura, the capital of Kansa, to be educated in a pastoral district as the son of a cow-herd. The deity, yet in his cradle, performs feats of strength to which those of Hercules are nothing; and as a child, delights in playing tricks on his companions, and even on the god Indra. Grown up to be a youth, he captivates the hearts of all the *gopis*, or milkmaids, and in his sports and dances with them he divides himself, so that each one of the multitude believes herself to be the favoured partner of Krishna. Among

his martial deeds was the destruction of the demon Kansa, and others, which had been the original end of the Avata'r. Seven principal wives are assigned to Krishna, besides a trifle of 16,000 others of less note, by whom he had 180,000 sons. At last, Krishna was killed by a hunter, and Vishnu 'united himself with his own unborn, inconceivable, and universal spirit.'

Vishnu is variously represented. In the figure on page 1, he appears as Rama, receiving the adoration of the royal monkey Hanuman; while Sita is seen undergoing the fire ordeal, to satisfy the world of her chaste escape from the power of Ra'vana, comforted by the presence of Agni, the god of fire.

Siva is the name of the third god of the Hindu triad, in which he represents the principle of destruction. The name Siva, as that of a deity, is unknown in the Vedic hymns. The worshippers of Siva assign to him the first place in the Trimu'rti; and to them he is not only the chief deity, but the deity which comprises in himself all other deities. Amongst the principal achievements of this god is his conflict with the god Brahma, who was originally possessed of five heads, but lost one through exciting the anger of Siva; for the fifth head of Brahma once disrespectfully addressing Siva, and even challenging his power, Siva immediately cut off the offending member with the nail of his left thumb. Siva is especially worshipped under the symbol of the Linga (the male principle in generation), emblematic of creation, which follows destruction. Siva, like Vishnu, has a thousand names by which he is addressed; the principal are *Isa* or *Iswara* (lord); *Rudra* (the terrible), or *Maharudra* (the very terrible); and *Mahadeva* (the great god).

Saktis.—The Sanscrit *sakti* means 'power, energy;' but, in its special application, denotes the energy of the deity, and particularly that of the gods of the Hindu triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. This energy, originally spoken of as the wish or will of the Supreme Being to create the universe, and afterwards dilated upon in metaphorical and poetical speech, assumed at the Puranic period the form of a separate deity, thought of as the wife of the god to whom it belongs. Accordingly, Saraswati became the Sakti or wife of Brahma; Lakshmi, the Sakti or wife of Vishnu; and Devi, the Sakti or wife of Siva. Of these Saktis the only one that attracts special worship is the consort of Siva, who plays as prominent a part in later Hindu mythology as her husband. Her principal names are Devi, Kali, Durga, Parvati, Uma. As Durga, she is a kind of goddess of war; and her martial feats consisted in the destruction of a succession of demons who had conquered the gods and expelled them from heaven. In commemoration of her victory over one of these demons, a festival, called the *Durgapu'ja*, is annually celebrated in Bengal about the autumnal equinox. Three weeks after the Durgapu'ja, another festival in honour of this goddess,

called the *Kalipu'ja*, takes place, to commemorate her victory over the demons Chanda and Munda.

'The sable goddess,' Mr Banerjea says, 'is represented holding the severed head of Chanda in her hand, with the heads of his soldiers formed into a garland suspended from her neck, and their hands wreathed into a covering round her loins—the only covering she has in the image constructed for the *puja*. The worship of *Kali* (that is, the Black), to which the narrative (of her victory over Chanda and Munda) has given rise, is considered by the Hindus themselves as embodying the principle of *tamas*, or darkness. She is represented as delighting in the slaughter of her foes, though capable of kindlier feelings to her friends. She is, however, styled the Black Goddess of Terror, frequenting cemeteries, and presiding over terrible sprites, fond of bloody sacrifices; and her worship taking place in the darkest night of the month.' Kali has a splendid temple at Kalighat, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta (the city of Kali), where myriads of victims are offered up to her. From the Pura'na which forms the ritual of her worship, it is clear that human sacrifices at one time formed part of it; special directions are given how the victims are to be killed, and we learn that a sacrifice of three human beings will make her propitious for 100,000 years. It would seem as if in Lower Bengal and the adjoining district of Orissa a more than usual infusion of the dark superstitions of the aborigines had been introduced into Hinduism. In Orissa is the famous idol Jaggernaut, under the wheels of which thousands of Hindus annually were in the habit of sacrificing themselves in assurance of eternal bliss; and the hill tribes not yet Hinduised worship chiefly a female demon, whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices of children. Under the influence of government, both practices have recently greatly abated. Jaggernaut (properly Jagannatha—*i.e.*, lord of the world) is understood to represent Vishnu, as the dead Krishna; but the spirit of the worship ill accords with the mild character of that god.

Indra and the other inferior gods.—We have seen that the elemental gods of the Veda were afterwards superseded by higher conceptions. A number of them, however, were retained as an inferior order, styled 'guardians of the world,' and over these Indra was installed supreme lord. The eight guardians are: Indra, the god of the firmament; Agni, of fire; Yama, of the infernal regions; Surya, of the sun; Varuna, of water; Pavana, of wind; Kuvera, of wealth; Soma or Chandra, of the moon. Indra is still the god that sends rain, and wields the thunderbolt; but poetry is more engrossed by the beauty of his paradise, *Swarga*, the happy abode of the inferior gods, and of those pious men who attain it after death in consequence of having, during life, properly discharged their religious duties; by the charms of his heavenly nymphs, the *Apsarasas*, who now and then descend to earth, to disturb the equanimity of austere

penitents; by the musical performances of his choristers, the *Gandharvas;* by the splendour of his capital, *Amaravati;* by the fabulous beauty of his garden, *Nandana*, &c. The beings of yet inferior rank that have been conceived as objects of worship in Hindustan are innumerable. The Hindus themselves are said to enumerate 330 millions. But to count Hindu deities is like trying to count the objects in a kaleidoscope; for the same deity is known and worshipped under hundreds of names.

HINDU SECTS.

Of the sects which arose in the third period of Hinduism, there are three chief divisions—the adorers of Vishnu, of Siva, and of the wives or female energies of these gods; called respectively Vaishnavas, Saivas, and Saktas.

The Vaishnavas.—The numerous sects that go by this common designation are held together by the common link of their belief in the supremacy of Vishnu over the other gods of the Trimu'rti; their differences consist in the character which they assign to the god, in the religious and other practices founded on the nature of their belief, and in their sectarian marks. Six principal Vaishnava sects are enumerated, called by the names of their founders, who appeared in the character of religious reformers at various times between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. We can only notice a few characteristic features of one or two of them, which will give a general notion of the character of the whole.—The most striking peculiarity of the *Ramanujas* is the preparation and the scrupulous privacy of their meals; for should the meal during its preparation, or while they are eating, attract even the looks of a stranger, the operation is instantly stopped, and the viands buried in the ground. The marks by which they distinguish themselves from other sects are two perpendicular white lines, drawn with a white earth from the root of the hair to the commencement of each eyebrow, and a transverse streak connecting them across the root of the nose; in the centre is a perpendicular streak of red, made with red sanders, or a preparation of turmeric and lime; other marks representing several of the attributes of Vishnu, they have either painted or impressed on the breast and each upper arm; and, besides, they wear a necklace of the wood of the Tulasi (holy basil), and carry a rosary of the seeds of the same plant, or of the lotus. Such, with variations in disposition and colour, are sectarial marks in general. The sacred formula with which a member of this sect is initiated into it consists merely of the words *Om ramáya namah*, 'Om, salutation to Rama.' Their principal religious tenet is the belief that Vishnu is the cause and creator of all worlds; that he and the universe are one, though he is of a twofold form: the supreme spirit or cause, and the gross one, the effect or matter.—Nearly allied to the Ramanujas are the *Ramanandas*, by far the most

numerous class of sectaries in Gangetic India. Their practices are less precise than those of the Ramanujas; but the most important difference between them consists in the fact, that Ramananda abolished the distinction of caste amongst the religious orders, and taught that a *Vairagin*, or one who quitted the ties of nature and society, shook off at the same time all personal distinction. The initiatory formula of a Ramananda is *Sri Rama*, or 'blessed Rama.'—The *Kabir Panthis* are a kind of rationalists; they hold that there is but one God, the creator of the world; he is of ineffable purity and irresistible power, eternal, and free from the defects of human nature, but in other respects does not differ from man. The pure man is his living resemblance; and after death, becomes his equal and associate. God and man are therefore not only the same, but both are in the same manner everything that exists. The triad Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are the offspring of God by Maya (illusion), and by their immediate agency the universe was formed. But although the Kabir Panthis have a peculiar respect for Vishnu, and therefore are reckoned Vaishnavas, it is no part of their faith to worship any deity, or to observe any ceremonies and rites of the Hindus. They are recommended, however, outwardly to conform to all the usages of tribe and caste, and some even pretend to worship the usual divinities, though this is not considered justifiable. The moral code of the Kabir Panthis is, in many respects, creditable to them. Life, they teach, being the gift of God, must not be violated by his creatures. Humanity and truth are two of their cardinal virtues; retirement from the world is deemed desirable.—One of the most remarkable sects is that of the *Vallabhacharyas*, who are widely diffused throughout Western India. A leading principle with all sects is reverence for, and implicit submission to, the spiritual teacher; but among the Vallabhacharyas this is carried to extravagance. The spiritual chiefs, the direct descendants of the founder, bear the proud title of *Maharaj*, or great king; and although they are nearly all grossly ignorant, and often highly disreputable, yet, solely on account of their descent, they enjoy the unlimited homage of their followers. The object of their adoration is Vishnu in his incarnation as Krishna; and the main purport of their precepts is to inculcate absolute submission to the spiritual teacher. Hence has grown up the doctrine, that the Guru or Maharaj is the impersonation of Krishna himself, that God and the Guru are necessarily to be worshipped, and that the sectary is bound to bestow on him 'his body, organs of sense, life, heart, and other faculties, and wife, house, family, property, with his own self.' The gross abuse which was made of this tenet became apparent in a very remarkable trial, the so-called Maharaj Libel Case, which took place in 1861 in the Supreme Court of Bombay, and revealed the licentiousness of one of the then Maharajas of the sect at Bombay. The defendant sued for libel by this Maharaj was a highly respected and distinguished member of the sect, Mr Karsandâs

Mulji, who had had the courage of calling, in a native newspaper, on the Maharajas to reform, and to return to the ancient Hindu faith, and whose public conduct on that occasion elicited the highest praise of the court. For a fuller account of this sect, see the interesting *History of the Sect of Maharajas or Vallabhacharyas in Western India* (by Karsandâs Mulji; London, 1865), which also contains the history of the 'Maharaj Libel Case' above referred to.

Saivas.—A noticeable sect among the Saivas are the *Yogins*, who practise the most difficult austerities, in order to become absorbed into the universal spirit, and thus liberated from repeated births. The votaries of Siva, so called, hold that, by dint of these practices—such as continued suppressions of respiration, sitting in eighty-four different attitudes, fixing the eyes on the tip of the nose—they will be finally united with Siva, whom they consider as the source and essence of all creation. The *Yoga* doctrine from which the sect get their name, is not confined to them; it is a general system of philosophical speculation, conjoined with corresponding practices, which has always exercised great power over the Hindu mind, from its countenancing the favourite tendency to the performance of austerities. The word means 'concentration, abstract contemplation;' and the fundamental idea is, that in order to escape the necessity of successive births, and to become reunited with the Supreme Spirit, the soul must become disentangled from all objects, or completely indifferent. The means of attaining this state are the practice of certain moral duties and religious observances, profound meditation, and the performance of a variety of austerities consisting chiefly in painful postures, suspending the breath, and the like. These practices are supposed to produce the most wonderful effects; and there are multitudes of professional Yogins, often nothing but lazy mendicants and jugglers, who contrive to impress the vulgar with a belief in their supernatural powers, and pretend to foretell future events and cure diseases. There are instances where, for a consideration, they allow themselves to be buried for a certain time; and it would really appear that a human being, after having undergone certain preparations such as the Yoga prescribes, may be shut up in a box without either food or drink for the space of a month, or even more, and yet remain alive.—See *A Treatise on the Yoga Philosophy*, by N. C. Paul (a native Hindu); Benares, 1851.

Saktas.—Sakta, properly speaking, means a worshipper of any of the female representations of the divine power; but, in its special and usual sense, it is applied to the worshipper of the female energy or wife of Siva alone; and the Saktas, properly so called, are therefore the votaries of Durga, Devi, or Kali. Since Siva is the type of destruction, his energy or wife becomes still more so the type of all that is terrific; and, in consequence, her worship is based on the assumption that she can be propitiated only by practices which involve the destruction of life, and in which she herself delights.

That such a worship must lead to the brutalisation of those addicted to it, and degenerate into the grossest licentiousness, is but natural; and it will easily be understood that the Sakta religion has become the worst of all the forms which the various aberrations of the Hindu mind have assumed. Appealing to the superstitions of the vulgar mind, it has its professors, chiefly amongst the lowest classes; and, amongst these, again, it prevails especially in Bengal, where it is cultivated with practices even scarcely known in most other provinces. The works from which the tenets and rites of this religion are derived are the *Tantras;* but as in some of these works the ritual enjoined does not comprehend all the impure practices which are recommended in others, the sect became divided into two leading branches, the Dakshinacharins and Vamacharins, or the followers of the right-hand and left-hand ritual.

The Dakshinacharins are the more respectable of the two. They profess, indeed, to possess a ritual as pure as that of the Vedas. Nevertheless, they annually decapitate a number of helpless animals, especially kids, and in some cases pommel the animal to death with their fists, or offer blood without destroying life—practices contrary to the Vedic ritual. The Vamacharins, on the other hand—the type of the Saktas—and amongst these especially that branch called Kaula or Kulina, adopt a ritual of the grossest impurities. 'The principal ceremonies,' says Professor Wilson, 'comprehend the worship of Sakti, and require for that purpose the presence of a female as the living representative and type of the goddess. This worship is mostly celebrated in a mixed society, the men of which represent Bhairava (or Siva as the Terrific), and the women, Bhairavi (Sakti or Devi as the Terrific). The Sakti is personated by a naked female, to whom meat and wine are offered, and then distributed amongst the assistants; the recitation of various mantras and texts, and the performance of the Mudra, or gesticulations with the fingers, accompanying the different stages of the ceremony; and it is terminated with the most scandalous orgies amongst the votaries. The members of this sect are very numerous, especially amongst the Brahmanical caste; all classes are, however, admissible, and equal at the ceremonies of the sect.'

The primitive Aryas reared no temples to their gods, and formed no images or symbols of them. Yet modern Hinduism is pre-eminently the religion of temples and of idols. While the temples are grand and elegant, the idols are mostly rude, grotesque, and hideous. This arises, partly at least, from their excessively symbolical character. Four or more arms mark the power of the chief gods; several heads, superior wisdom; Kali's necklace of skulls, and mouth smeared with gore, her destructive prowess. Most of the idols carried in procession are made for the occasion, and are thrown away when the ceremony is over. A common practice is for individuals to squeeze a lump of mud from the Ganges into the

shape of an image, or of a lingam, bow reverently to it, offer rice, fruit, or flowers, present invocations and supplications, and then throw it away.

Hindu worshippers are divisible, as among us, into lay and clerical; the latter consisting of regular priests, and of monks or devotees to a religious life, whose lives are one endless round of ceremonies. The daily devotions of the lay Hindu vary with his social position and greater or less zeal. The favourite places for performing them are the ghats or flights of steps with which the margins of rivers and of tanks are lined. There they perform their ablutions, offer water to ancestors, and invoke their favourite god. Many content themselves with merely making the marks of their sect on their bodies, and invoking, with uplifted hands, Vishnu, or Siva.

We cannot afford space to enter into the endless ceremonial *impurities* in which the Hindus believe. Among no other people, perhaps, has this pestilent superstition assumed such extravagant proportions. So numerous are the apprehensions of defilement, that the Hindu lives in constant fear; all freedom of action is stifled, and one of the most ingenious races of mankind rendered the most helpless. As an example of the ceremonial which trammels the simplest action of private life, we quote the following from Colebrooke's essay *On the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus:*

'Here, too, as in every other matter relating to private morals, the Hindu legislators and the authors of the *Purá'nas* have heaped together a multitude of precepts, mostly trivial, and not unfrequently absurd. Some of them relate to diet; they prohibit many sorts of food altogether, and forbid the constant use of others: some regard the acceptance of food, which must on no account be received if it be given with one hand, nor without a leaf or dish; some again prescribe the hour at which the two daily meals which are allowed should be eaten (namely, in the forenoon and in the evening); others enumerate the places (a boat, for example) where a Hindu must not eat, and specify the persons (his sons and the inmates of his house) with whom he should eat, and those (his wife, for instance) with whom he should not. The lawgivers have been no less particular in directing the posture in which the Hindu must sit; the quarter towards which he ought to look, and the precautions he should take to insulate himself, as it were, during his meal, lest he be contaminated by the touch of some undetected sinner, who may be present. To explain even in a cursory manner the objects of all these, would be tedious; but the mode in which a Hindu takes his repast, conformably with such injunctions as are most cogent, may be briefly stated, and with this I shall close the present essay.

'After washing his hands and feet, and sipping water without swallowing it, he sits down on a stool or cushion (but not on a couch nor on a bed) before his plate, which must be placed on a clean spot of ground that has been wiped and smoothed in a quadrangular form,

if he be a *Bra'hmana;* a triangular one, if he be a *Ksha'triya;* circular, if he be a *Vai'sya;* and in the shape of a crescent, if he belong to the fourth tribe. When the food is first brought in, he is required to bow to it, raising both hands in the form of humble salutation to his forehead; and he should add: "May this be always ours;" that is, may food never be deficient. When he has sitten down, he should lift the plate with his left hand and bless the food, saying: "Thou art invigorating." He sets it down, naming the three worlds. Or if the food be handed to him, he says: "May heaven give thee," and then accepts it with these words: "The earth accepts thee." Before he begins eating, he must move his hand round the plate, to insulate it, or his own person rather, from the rest of the company. He next offers five lumps of food to Yama by five different titles; he sips and swallows water; he makes five oblations to breath by five distinct names—*Prana*, *Vyana*, *Apana*, *Samana*, and *Udana;* and lastly, he wets both eyes. He then eats his repast in silence, lifting the food with all the fingers of his right hand, and afterwards again sips water, saying: "Ambrosial fluid! thou art the couch of Vishnu and of food."'

The extravagances to which the Yoga doctrine leads, have been thus described: 'Some [of those fanatical yogins or yogis] tear themselves with whips, or repose on beds of spikes, or chain themselves for life to the foot of a tree. Others keep their hands closed till they are pierced through by the growth of the nails. Others make vows to remain standing in a certain position for years, with their hands held up above their heads, until the arms wither away from inaction, and become fixed and powerless. Others, again, undertake to carry a cumbrous load, or drag after them a heavy chain. Some crawl like reptiles upon the earth for whole years, or until they have thus made the circuit of a vast empire. Others measure with their bodies the road to Jaggernaut, or, assuming as nearly as possible the form of a ball, or a hedgehog ensconced in his prickly coat, roll along from the banks of the Indus to those of the Ganges, collecting, as they move in this attitude, money to build a temple, or dig a well, or to atone for some secret crime. Some swing before a slow fire in that horrid clime; or hang for a certain time suspended with their heads downwards over the fiercest flames. Others, turning their heads over their shoulders to gaze at the heavens, remain in that posture until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while, from the twist of the neck, nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach. The grand act of penitence of sitting exposed to five fires, as commanded by Menu, was witnessed by the traveller Fryer nearly two hundred years ago. A yogi exhibited this example of self-torture, the most tremendous perhaps that can be conceived, in the sight of a vast multitude at a public festival, during forty days. Early in the morning, after having seated himself on a quadrangular stage, he fell prostrate, and

continued fervent in his devotions till the sun began to have considerable power. He then rose, and stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the sun, while fires, each large enough, says the traveller, to roast an ox, were kindled at the four corners of the stage, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally with his pot of incense throwing combustible materials into the fire to increase the flames. He next bowed himself down in the centre of the four fires, keeping his eyes still fixed on the sun. Afterwards placing himself upright on his head, with his feet elevated in the air, he stood for the extraordinary space of three hours in that inverted position; he then seated himself with his legs across, and thus remained, sustaining the raging heat of the sun and the fires till the end of the day.'*

Prominent features of Hinduism are pilgrimages to sacred places (fountains, rivers, cities), and religious festivals. A visit to Benares, especially, is considered to secure eternal happiness. Benares, situated in the interior of Hindustan, on the northern bank of the Ganges, is emphatically the holy city of India. It forms, the Hindu legends say, no part of the terrestrial globe, but rests on a foundation of its own, one of the prongs of Siva's trident—in consequence of which earthquakes are unknown at Benares. The shortest residence in this blessed spot secures the happy resident, even though he be an Englishman, an immediate absorption into Brahma; and one instance is actually recorded of a benighted Englishman availing himself of the privilege, and bequeathing a sum of money to the Brahmans for the erection of a temple after his death. Ward, who relates the story, adds: 'I suppress the name of my countryman from a sense of shame.'

There is another name even more familiar than that of Benares to those who have heard anything of the Hindus and their religion—that of Jaggernaut. The town of Jaggernaut, or Puri, stands on the dry sandy coast of Orissa; and the huge black temple of the idol is visible far and wide to the passengers of ships sailing in the Bay of Bengal. It is a vast obelisk or grotesque-shaped pyramid, constructed of enormous blocks of granite brought down from the neighbouring mountains, and rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. The temple is surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing a spacious area, and round the interior of the wall runs a gallery, supported by two rows of pillars. The faces of the temple are covered over with sculptures, and the top of it is crowned with copper balls and ornaments, which flash and glitter in the sun. The temple and its precincts are inhabited by priests, and by numbers of dancing-girls; and the worship of the god is mixed up with, or rather consists of, all that is vicious and licentious. The great annual pilgrimage to Jaggernaut, to attend the festival which takes place in June, is, all things considered, the most striking exhibition

* *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*—'Hindoos.'

of the fanaticism of the Hindus. Dr Claudius Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches*, gives a description of the festival, at which he was present. 'We know that we are approaching Jaggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it), by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them with whom I have conversed say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Jaggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrims' caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. . . . I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Jaggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit, to please the god.'

The 18th of June was the great day of the festival. 'At twelve o'clock this day the Moloch of Hindustan was brought out of his temple, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. . . . The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six ropes, of the size and shape of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children, pulled by each rope, crowding so closely, that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office; for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol surrounding his throne. I was told that there were about a hundred and twenty persons on the car altogether. The chief idol (which is supposed to represent the dead Krishna) is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols (representing Siva and Subhadra) are of a white and yellow colour.' After the procession had proceeded a little way it stopped, 'and now the worship of the god began. A high-priest mounted the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. "These songs," said he, "are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song."' Other disgusting ceremonies then followed, and, adds Dr Buchanan: 'I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing them. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood; and now comes the blood.

After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains.'

When the British took possession of the place in 1803, they continued the tax that the Mahrattas had formerly levied upon the pilgrims, and out of it paid a sum to the priests for the maintenance of the establishment; but for some years past the management of the matter has been given up into the hands of the native authorities. The attendance at the Jaggernaut festival is represented as sensibly falling off in recent years; and the latest accounts speak of the car of the god as having been left sticking in the road through lack of enthusiasm in the multitude to drag it.

Vishnu, with Lakshmi, reposing on Shesha the Serpent, contemplating the Creation, with Brahma springing from a lotos to perform it.

INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

AMONG the large body of negroes held in a state of bondage, or otherwise living in a condition unfavourable to mental development, there have at various times occurred instances of intelligence far beyond what could have been expected in this unhappy and abused, or at least neglected race. In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man shewing a remarkable skill in mathematical science. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact, as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent persons; and an almanac which he composed was produced in the House of Commons as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thraldom. Elsewhere, we have presented the history of the gallant and unfortunate Toussaint l'Ouverture, a negro of St Domingo, whose name will ever be cherished by the friends of suffering humanity; and we now lay before our readers a few sketches of the lives of coloured individuals, who, though less celebrated than Toussaint, are equally worthy of remembrance, and of being placed along with Richard Banneker. We begin with a notice of

ment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the gray cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number 'XCVI.' still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. 'What, what do you mean?' said the poor negro in great agitation; 'you know we cannot pay both that and the duty.' His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and everybody was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular

attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's greatcoat, with the staring 'XCVI.' upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this, his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection, that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a negro and born pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* (blacksmith's shop) was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed, as a matter of course, that the other school was completely deserted; and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants.

To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his

pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles distant), in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there ; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It further shews his untiring zeal for religious instruction, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter ; and this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend, Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was nevertheless truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do : the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this ; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands an order upon a merchant in Edinburgh for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity (Latin) for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order ; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Mr Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilising and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about thirty years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions,

recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves; and he was induced to go out as a teacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There he attained great eminence as a teacher.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

In the year 1761, Mrs John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl, whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger induced Mrs Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a strip of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands the young African had been thrown, and in a short time, the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of sacred writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanour.

At this period, neither in the mother-country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the labouring-classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa

could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morning, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honours, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favour all the disadvantages of caste and of colour. So far was Phillis from repining at, or resenting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favoured race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of colour—a child of a long-degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley: her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been written. Her favourite author was Pope, and her favourite work the translation of the *Iliad*. It is not of course surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little piece is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise:

'Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown?
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
War with each princedom, throne, and power is o'er;
The scene is ended, to return no more.
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,
How decked with laurel, and enriched with gold!
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
What holy raptures in her numbers reign!
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,
What shall my sympathising verse impart?
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found?
Look, gracious Spirit! from thy heavenly bower,
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour:
The raging tempest of their griefs control,
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,
To eye the path the saint departed trod,
And trace him to the bosom of his God.'

The following passage on sleep, from a poem of some length, *On the Providence of God*, shews a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression:

'As reason's powers by day our God disclose,
So may we trace Him in the night's repose.
Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
When action ceases and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy;
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The labouring passions struggle for a vent.
What power, O man! thy reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours?
What secret hand returns* the mental train,
And gives improved thine active powers again?
From thee, O man! what gratitude should rise!

* *Returns*, a common colloquial error for restores.

And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.
How merciful our God, who thus imparts
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot!'

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave-girl at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.' Phillis Wheatley's lines are, if anything, superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought; the faults are those which characterise the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles from the continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigour and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or colour. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

'Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung;
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood—
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,
That from a father seized his babe beloved;
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway?'

A slight and rather curious defect of Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of

her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind mistress provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

'Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal shower,
Or mark the tender falling tear
At sad departure's hour;
Not unregarding can I see
Her soul with grief opprest,
But let no sighs, no groans for me
Steal from her pensive breast.

* * *

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,
Complacent and serene,
With Hebé's mantle o'er her frame,
With soul-delighting mien.'

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society; and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them. From this likeness, the countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual. On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming: 'See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?' But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land

of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she discharged the melancholy duty of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sunk also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable coloured man of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition, it would have been hard to have blamed Phillis for accepting any offer of protection of an honourable kind ; yet it is pleasing to think that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race ; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of shewing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity.

LOTT CARY.

This self-taught African genius was born a slave in Charles City county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having somehow procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon, and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children left him on the death of his first wife. 'Of the real value of his services while in this employment,' says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted, 'it has been remarked that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work he was highly esteemed, and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five-dollar bank-note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said that, while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book

which he had left for a few moments, found it to be Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.'

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at daybreak. Several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon them every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that 'there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again.'

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attention, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were for a long time rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilisation and Christianity among the natives.

In 1806 Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he

discharged the duties of that important office till his death, which occurred in 1828 in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement —in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have been accidentally overturned, which ignited some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days. Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilisation on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results which dignify human nature.

PAUL CUFFEE.

From the foregoing instances of intelligent negroes, we now turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in slavery for a considerable portion of his life; but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period he married a woman of Indian descent, and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, all of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture, and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he

made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a 'common man at the mast.' His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition were perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed at different periods by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme: an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul; but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm labours, only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas,

poor Paul! he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent indeed must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate; he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him: he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons burden, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport River, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance. Having felt in his own person the want

of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time, Paul proceeded on a whaling voyage to the Straits of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up; but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The *Ranger* was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons burden. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth two thousand dollars on board of the *Ranger*; and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give some idea of the low estimation in which the African race was held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna, in Nantichoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment, and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it three thousand bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of a thousand dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook

of his good-fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig likewise of a hundred and sixty-two tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in the meantime fitted himself also with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig *Traveller*, of a hundred and nine tons, and the ship *Alpha*, of two hundred and sixty-eight tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the *Alpha* himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig *Traveller*, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a license, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article: 'A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet, under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may

be introduced. His person is tall, well formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious. His prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends.'

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

The case of the 'Amistad Captives,' as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing was known respecting them in England at the time we write, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer *Fulton* and several revenue-cutters were despatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various seaports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the *Amistad*, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,* one of whom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havana to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, Jose Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who shipped them on board the *Amistad*, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be

* The exact number is not clearly stated by Mr Sturge: he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five; as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa?

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all the friends of the blacks in America, and every proper means was adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the president, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and were fully entitled to their liberty. They were accordingly set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the States: and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Banna, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences which came to hear them sing and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, 'three of the best readers were called upon to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related in 'Merica language' their condition in their own country, their being kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havana, the transactions on board the *Amistad*, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn in a

Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countrymen who had addressed the audience in English ; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the *Amistad*. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow-men.

'The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follow : These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from sixty to one hundred and twenty miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other ; nor did they know each other until they met at the slave factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havana in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named *Tecora*, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the *Amistad*. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until six or seven hundred were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the *Tecora*. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havana. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle-markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Jose Ruiz, and shipped on board the *Amistad*, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The *Amistad* was a coaster, bound to Principe in Cuba, distant some two or three hundred miles.

'The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day or two, and only a small cup

of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio, the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c. upon the wound, so that they "could know him for their slave." The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by "talking with his fingers"—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a council as to what was best to be done. "We feel bad," said Kinna, "and we ask Cinque what we had best do. Cinque say: 'Me think, and by and by I tell you.' He then said: 'If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten.'" Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

"It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he shewed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of *Othello*, at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians say: "They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea;" but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque replied: "You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel." The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said: "You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do

for you too." Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal; he felt very sorry; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink anything but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards! In a day or two Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said: "Very well;" but afterwards told his brethren: "We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea."

'At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton table-cloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making with their fingers net fringes, in imitation, they say, of 'Mendi fashion.' Large numbers of the audience advanced and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to shew how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

'These Africans, while in prison (which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country), learned but little comparatively; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said "it would be good for us in our own country." Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden, fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c. which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake; such sentences as, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting.'

Mr Tappan concludes as follows: 'On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington; and in a few days the Mendians will embark from New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred

and homes! Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotalers. At a tavern where we stopped, Banna took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said: "This bad house—bar house—no good." But the steam-boat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, are about a thousand dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers.'

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mendian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone, November 27, 1841, on board the barque *Gentleman*, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; their stay in the United States, as Mr Sturge observes, having been of immense service to the anti-slavery cause; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

IGNATIUS SANCHO.

When the subject of slavery was much agitated towards the end of the last century, one of the most effective advocates for its abolition was a free black living in London in the capacity of valet or butler to a family of distinction. This individual had been born in a slave vessel bound for Carthagena, in South America, his father and mother being destined for the slave-market there. Shortly after their arrival his mother died, and his father committed suicide in despair. The little slave child was carried to England by his master, and made a present of to a family of three maiden sisters residing at Greenwich. Being of a droll and humorous disposition, he earned for himself the nickname of Sancho, after Don Quixote's squire; and ever afterwards he called himself Ignatius Sancho. The Duke of Montague, who was a frequent visitor at the house of Sancho's mistresses, took an interest in him, lent him books, and advised his mistresses to have him educated. At length, on their death, he entered the service of the Duchess of Montague in the capacity of butler; and on the death of the duchess, he was left an annuity of thirty pounds. This, added to seventy pounds which he had saved during the period of his service, might have enabled him to establish himself respectably in life; but for a while Sancho preferred the dissipated life of a wit about town, indulging in pleasures

beyond his means, and hanging on about the green-rooms of theatres. On one occasion he spent his last shilling at Drury Lane to see Garrick act; and it is said that Garrick was very fond of his negro admirer. Such was Sancho's theatrical enthusiasm, that he proposed at one time to act negro parts on the stage; but as his articulation was imperfect, this scheme had to be given up. After an interval of idleness and dissipation, Sancho's habits became more regular, and he married an interesting West India girl, by whom he had a large family. At this period of his life Sancho devoted himself earnestly to the cause of negro freedom. His reputation as a wit and humorist still continued; and his acquaintances were of no mean sort. After his death, two volumes of his letters were published, with a fine portrait of the author; and in these letters his style is said to resemble that of Sterne. As a specimen, we subjoin a letter of his to Sterne, with Sterne's reply.

'Reverend Sir—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom; my chief pleasure has been books: philanthropy I adore. How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume, is this very affecting passage. "Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery, what it is, how bitter a draught, and how many millions are made to drink of it.' Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren excepting yourself and the humane author of *Sir George Ellison*. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies. That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke perhaps of many; but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail. Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically

observe, is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses! Alas! you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply; in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, reverend sir, &c. IGNATIUS SANCHO.'

STERNE'S REPLY.

'COXWOULD, *July* 27, 1767.

'There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters came to me. But why *her brethren*, or yours, Sancho, any more than mine? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa. At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so. For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least), but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more, he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, 'tis at the service of the afflicted, and a much greater matter; for in serious truth it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that, by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

'And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter. Yours, L. STERNE.'

ZHINGA—A NEGRO QUEEN.

The history of Zhinga, the famous negro queen of Angola, on the western coast of Africa, exhibits the power of negro character, even when untutored and left half savage. She was born in 1582, a time when the Portuguese were planting trading settlements on the African coast, and making encroachments on the possessions of the native

princes. When Zhinga was forty years of age, and while her brother reigned over Angola, she was sent as ambassadress to Loanda, to treat of peace with the Portuguese viceroy at that place. 'A palace was prepared for her reception, and she was received with the honours due to her rank. On entering the audience-chamber, she perceived that a magnificent chair of state was prepared for the Portuguese viceroy, while in front of it a rich carpet and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, were arranged on the floor for her use. The haughty princess observed this in silent displeasure. She gave a signal with her eyes, and immediately one of her women knelt on the carpet, supporting her weight on her hands. Zhinga gravely seated herself on the woman's back, and awaited the entrance of the viceroy. The spirit and dignity with which she fulfilled her mission excited the admiration of the whole court. When an alliance was offered upon the condition of an annual tribute to the king of Portugal, she proudly refused it; but finally concluded a treaty on the single condition of restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. When the audience was ended, the viceroy, as he conducted her from the room, remarked that the attendant on whose back she had been seated still remained in the same posture. Zhinga replied: "It is not fit that the ambassadress of a great king should be twice served with the same seat. I have no farther use for the woman!"'*

During her stay at Loanda she embraced Christianity, or pretended to embrace it; was baptised, and in other respects conformed to European customs. Shortly after her return to Angola, her brother died, and she ascended the throne, making sure of it by strangling her nephew. On her accession to the throne, she was involved in a war with the Portuguese; and, assisted by the Dutch, and by some native chiefs, she carried on the contest with great vigour. At length, however, the Portuguese were completely victorious, and as she refused the offer which they made of re-establishing her on the throne, on condition that she should pay an annual tribute, another sovereign was appointed, and Zhinga was obliged to flee. Exasperated at this treatment, she renounced Christianity, as being the religion of the Portuguese; and, placing herself at the head of a faithful band of negroes, she harassed the Portuguese for eighteen years, demanding the restoration of her kingdom, and listening to no other terms. At length, softened by the influence of advancing age, and by the death of a sister to whom she was much attached, she began to be haunted with feelings of remorse on account of her apostasy from the Christian faith. The captive Portuguese priests, whom she now treated with kindness and respect, prevailed on her to declare herself again a convert. She was then reinstated in her dominions, and distinguished herself by her zeal in propagating her new religion among her pagan subjects, not a few of whom were martyred for their obstinacy by her orders.

* Mrs Child's *Appeal*.

Among other laws, she passed one prohibiting polygamy, till then common in her kingdom; and as this gave great offence, she set an example to her subjects by marrying one of her courtiers, although she was then in her seventy-sixth year. She also abolished the custom of human sacrifices. She strictly observed her treaties with the Portuguese; and in 1657, one of her tributaries having violated the terms of peace, she marched against him, and having defeated him, cut off his head, and sent it to the Portuguese viceroy. Nothing, however, not even the influence of the priests, could prevail on her to become a vassal of the Portuguese king. One of her last acts was to send an embassy to the pope, 'requesting more missionaries among her people. The pontiff's answer was publicly read in church, where Zhinga appeared with a numerous and brilliant train. At a festival in honour of this occasion, she and the ladies of her court performed a mimic battle in the dress and armour of Amazons. Though more than eighty years old, this remarkable woman displayed as much strength, agility, and skill, as she could have done at twenty-five. She died in 1663, aged eighty-two. Arrayed in royal robes, ornamented with precious stones, with a bow and arrow in her hand, the body was shewn to her sorrowing subjects. It was then, according to her wish, clothed in the Capuchin habit, with crucifix and rosary.'

PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

In the month of July 1844, twenty persons were executed together at Havana, in Cuba, for having been concerned in a conspiracy for giving liberty to the black population—the slaves of the Spanish inhabitants. One of these, and the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of Placido, the Cuban poet. Little is known of this negro beyond a few particulars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country. The *Heraldo*, a Madrid newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as 'the celebrated poet Placido;' and says, 'this man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havana, who united to purchase his release from slavery.' The *Poems by a Cuban Slave*, edited by Dr Madden some years ago, are believed to have been the compositions of this gifted negro. Placido appears to have burned with a desire to do something for his race; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba similar to the memorable negro insurrection in St Domingo fifty years ago. Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy

failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities. The following is the account given of his execution in a letter from Havana, dated July 16, 1844, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* newspaper: 'What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumoured a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the "chapel" for the condemned. On the appointed day a great crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the "chapel" means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in a sepulchral voice the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can anything be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone. The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At the last he arose, and said: "Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego!" ("Adieu, O world; here is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire!"). Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. "Will no one have pity on me?" he said. "Here," pointing to his heart—"fire here." At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt.'

The following is a translation, by Maria Weston Chapman, of the beautiful lines composed by Placido, as above narrated. 'They were written in prison the night before his execution, and were solemnly recited by him as he proceeded to the place of death, so that the concluding stanza was uttered a few moments before he

expired.' The original is in Spanish; but the following appears to be a pleasing version.

'Being of infinite goodness! God Almighty!
I hasten in mine agony to Thee!
Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity;
Efface this ignominy from my brow,
Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now.

O King of kings! Thou God of my forefathers!
My God! Thou only my defence shalt be,
Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;
From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers—
Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish,
Revives to being at thy sacred voice.
Without Thee all is naught, and at thy choice,
In fathomless eternity must perish.
Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God! I can deceive Thee never;
Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
Through every earthly lineament for ever.
Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand
Humbled, while Slander claps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
And men shall trample over my cold dust—
The corse outraging with malignant pleasure—
Speak, and recall my being at thy nod!
Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!'

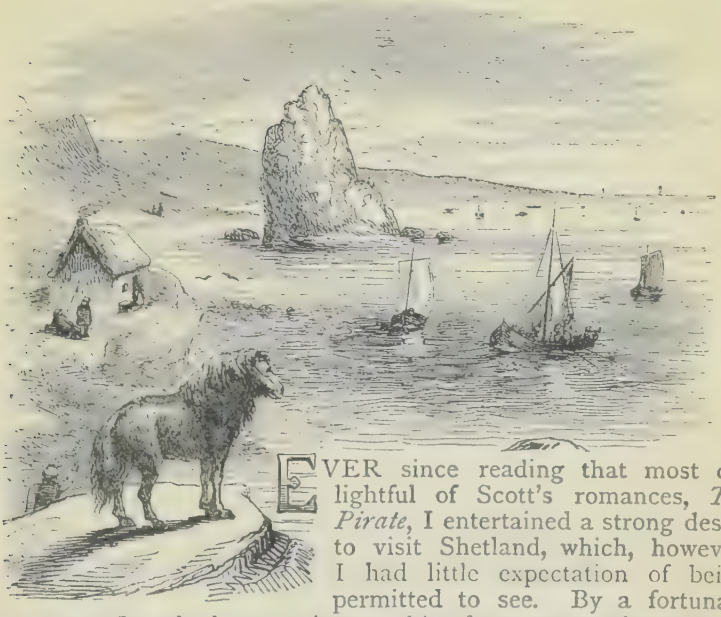
CONCLUSION.

While these notices may be of use in aiding the cause of the much oppressed negro, they are in no respect designed to establish the fact, that the white and dark races are upon the same native intellectual level, and that education and other circumstances effect all the difference which is observable between them. It would, we believe, be imprudent, however philanthropic, to attempt to establish this proposition, for it is inconsistent with truth, and can only tend to obstruct our arrival at a less ambitious, but still friendly and hopeful

proposition respecting the negroes, which appears, both from their organisation and external manifestations of character, to be the only one that can be maintained—that is, that, in the mass, they are at present far behind the white races, but capable of being cultivated, in the course of successive generations, up to the same point ; a small advance in each generation being all that can be achieved in the way of civilisation even among the white races, and being apparently the law of social progress. The negro intellect is, we believe, chiefly deficient in the reasoning powers and higher sentiments : these, though doubtless present in some rudimental form, could no more be called instantaneously into the same vigorous exercise in which we find them in Europe, than could the wild-apple, by sudden transplantation to an orchard, be rendered into a pippin. They would require, in the first place, a species of tender nursing, to bring them into palpable existence. From infancy they would need to be fondled into childhood, from childhood trained into youth, and from youth cultivated into manhood. It is not a thin whitewash of European knowledge which will at once alter the features of the African mind. The work must be the work of ages, and those ages must be judiciously employed.

There is no fact more illustrative of this hypothesis than the occasional appearance of respectable intellect, and the frequency of good dispositions, amongst the negroes. Such men as Jenkins and Cary at once close the mouths of those who, from ignorance or something worse, allege an absolute difference in specific character between the two races, and justify the consignment of the black to a fate which only proves the lingering barbarism of the white.

A VISIT TO SHETLAND.



EVER since reading that most delightful of Scott's romances, *The Pirate*, I entertained a strong desire to visit Shetland, which, however, I had little expectation of being permitted to see. By a fortunate circumstance I made the acquaintanceship of a young gentleman from that interesting country, during a winter which he spent in Edinburgh, and was kindly invited to accompany him home on the ensuing summer. Agreeing to his earnest entreaties to visit his native place, we set out on our expedition in the month of June 1844, taking a portion of the North Highlands in our route. The ordinary mode of visiting Shetland is by a steam-vessel from Leith, which touches at the principal ports in its voyage along the east coast of Scotland. The last of its halting-places is Wick, in Caithness, whence it crosses the Pentland Firth to Kirkwall, in Orkney, and there shoots off in a north-easterly direction for Shetland. It is only, however, during the summer months that a steamer plies to this distant land, which at other seasons can be reached only by sailing-vessels. Having calculated our time pretty accurately, my friend and I arrived in Wick a few hours before the appearance of the steamer, and had scarcely time to look about us ere it was necessary to go on board.

It was a charming morning towards the end of June, when our

vessel left the port and stood out to sea, bound for what was to me an unknown land. The sea was beautifully green, the air mild, and scarcely a breath of wind agitated the face of the deep. The coast of Caithness on our left was bare and uninviting, and mostly level, with high pastoral hills rising in the distance. In from two to three hours after leaving Wick, our vessel was off John o' Groats, the north-eastern extremity of Great Britain, and about to cross the Pentland Firth. This is the strait or arm of the sea betwixt the mainland of Scotland and the Orkney Islands, extending about twenty miles in length from east to west, by a breadth varying from five and a half to eight miles. It is the most dangerous of the Scottish seas, yet is the route necessary to be taken by all vessels of a large size passing to and from the east coast of Scotland in communication with the Atlantic—the Caledonian Canal now allowing the passage of vessels of moderate burden. The dangers of this dreaded gulf arise from the conflict of the tides of the Atlantic and German Oceans, and the impetuosity of various currents agitated by the winds. It also is beset by whirlpools, one of which, near the island of Stroma, is exceedingly dangerous. On the present occasion, the sea was so tranquil that the smallest boat might have sailed along the firth without any risk of injury; and as we steamed across, we perceived a number of small fishing-craft busily plying their labours. The Orkney Isles lay straight before us, like so many rugged masses crested on the horizon: bending a little to seaward, we soon had them on our left, and passed at a respectful distance several bold headlands and islands. That which lay nearest our course was Copinsha, a small island, consisting of a huge pile of rocks, on which sat such vast numbers of sea-birds, that the whole rocky surface seemed to be covered with a living mass. The captain of our vessel, to amuse his passengers, requested the mate to fire a musket, and the noise produced the most extraordinary spectacle I had ever beheld. Alarmed for their safety, the poor animals set up a universal scream, which was prolonged for some minutes, almost like the roar of thunder, while the whole atmosphere became filled with birds darting in different directions, upwards and downwards, and careering away in great clouds towards the northern boundary of the horizon.

Our steamer now made a curvature to the west, and in an hour or thereabouts entered Kirkwall Bay, and came to a pause in front of the town. The time allowed for the vessel to remain was only an hour and a half; yet in this brief period I was able to pick up a tolerable idea of the capital of the Orkneys. Kirkwall is a curious old-fashioned-looking town, reminding me of the ancient and picturesque towns of the Netherlands. It consists of little else than a single narrow and irregular thoroughfare, with the gables of the houses turned generally towards the street. Many of these houses bear strong marks of old age, as the doors and windows are very

small, and the walls uncommonly thick. The apartments within must accordingly be anything but light or cheerful. The town takes its name from the great kirk or cathedral of St Magnus, a structure of great antiquity, and remarkable as the only building of the kind in Scotland, besides that of Glasgow, which survived the outbreak at the Reformation. We went to see this celebrated edifice, which, with the exception of the spire, partly destroyed, is in good condition, and contains a number of interesting old monuments. Near the cathedral stood the castle of Kirkwall, now a complete ruin, but a place of great strength in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was in the possession of the infamous Patrick Stewart, known in these parts as 'Earl Pate.' This man deserves a passing notice, if only for the purpose of shewing the state of affairs in Scotland two hundred years ago. He was the son of Robert Stewart, natural son of James V., who in 1581 was raised to be Earl of Orkney. Patrick, who succeeded his father as earl, was a man of a haughty turn of mind; and being of a cruel disposition, he committed not only many acts of rebellion, but of local oppression. Assuming the airs of a petty king in his earldom, he kept a retinue of desperadoes to do his bidding, and became the terror of the surrounding islands and seas. Unable any longer to endure the insolence of Earl Pate, James VI. despatched a strong force to dislodge and capture him; and after a desperate encounter, he was taken, brought to Edinburgh, tried, condemned, and executed, vastly to the relief of the long-abused Orcadians.

There are some other antiquities worth seeing in Kirkwall; but our allowance of time was elapsed, and we were compelled to hurry on board without paying them a visit. I was glad to observe that even this remote town has been latterly improved by the erection of new houses, and that it is an industrious and thriving little port. Its principal communication is with Leith and Edinburgh, from which it is distant 352 miles.*

* Stromness, the only other town and port of any consequence in Orkney, is situated on the west side of the mainland, and from it is supplied a considerable number of the sailors engaged in whaling expeditions. 'The English and Scotch whalers arrive about March at Stromness. Their tonnage amounts to from three to four hundred tons: and their complement of men is usually about fifty, of whom about twenty are regular sailors. The Orkneymen, who acquire from childhood great skill and intrepidity in the management of boats on their stormy and dangerous seas, are usually employed almost exclusively in the boat-service. But it is remarked of them, that, being habituated to the constant vicinity of coasts and harbours, they are apt to fail both in perseverance and courage when exposed to the perils of distant cruises in open boats: so seldom is the human mind prepared for circumstances to which it is unaccustomed, exhibiting either the rashness of inexperience, or the confusion of ungrounded apprehension. The Orkneymen being unpractised in the management of vessels, are very unskilful in that branch of nautical duty. The number of natives who went from Stromness on this service in the present year was seven hundred, a number far inferior to that formerly employed, amounting sometimes to one thousand. The English are said to have offered themselves lately more readily, and to have proportionally displaced the natives of the northern isles. The vessels return from the fisheries about harvest-time. They are now daily expected, and their arrival is dreaded at Stromness, the inhabitants being prevented walking in the streets by day, as well as by night, by the tumultuous revels in which the Orkneymen indulge for some time after their return. Their

Our steamer, again on its way, soon cleared the islands in the Orkney group, and began to cross the sound which separates them from Shetland. This sound is fifty miles broad, and is clear of any islands except Foula and Fair Isle, which lie half-way between Orkney and Shetland.* In an hour after passing Fair Isle, the bold promontory of the mainland of Shetland came into view. The extreme point of this elevated peninsula is one of the most terrific things in marine scenery. On the east is the precipitous front called Sumburgh Head, and on the west is the lofty crag named the Fitful Head, against which the rolling waves of the Atlantic, aggravated by the contrary pressure from the German Ocean, are continually lashing and raging in unmitigable fury. As we approached the beetling cliff of Sumburgh, which rises four hundred feet above the boiling ocean beneath, our view became unfortunately intercepted by the mists of evening, which crept over the scene, shrouding everything in their bosom. This was doubly unfortunate, for it caused our captain to slacken his speed, and detained us at sea till early next morning. We had, however, some agreeable companions on board; and as the accommodations were good, we passed the night without feeling that we had much to lament in our detention. Being now in the 60th degree of north latitude, daylight could scarcely be said to have left us during the night; and at two o'clock in the morning, albeit the mist still hung about us, we could see as clearly as we can do in London at about any hour in a November day. At six, the fog, to our delight, broke up, drawing itself away to seaward; and as it rose like a curtain from the land, we had before us, at the distance of two or three miles, the inlet called Bressay Sound, at the head of which was Lerwick, the place of our destination. In half an hour we were landed at a little quay in this the most remote town in the British Islands, and in a few minutes more lodged under the hospitable roof of Mr ——,

conduct has, however, improved in all respects of late years, especially in their attendance at church, which was formerly entirely neglected by those people. The young minister of Stromness assured me that he had lately seen as many as a hundred of them present at divine service; and he confidently attributed the change to the practice, now observed at the Straits, of hoisting a flag on board some of the vessels on Sunday, for the purpose of assembling the crews for prayer, and the consequent influence of the uninterrupted attention to religious observances. The men gain usually from £20 to £40 on the voyage. If they do not return in time for the harvest, it is gathered in by their wives and sisters. Orkney does not furnish a single vessel for this trade.'—*Sketches of the Coasts and Islands of Scotland, by Lord Teignmouth.*

* It was on the shores of Fair Isle that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was driven during his flight northwards, by the tempest which so nearly completed the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in the memorable year 1588. In this small island the great Spanish noble (his huge unwieldly ship having gone to pieces), with two hundred men, was nearly starved for want of provisions. He afterwards made his way to the house of Malcolm Sinclair in Quendale Bay, in the mainland of Shetland, and eventually landed in safety at Dunkirk. One of the most curious results connected with the temporary residence in Fair Isle of the foreign sailors, is, that the natives acquired, and their descendants have ever since preserved, a knowledge of the peculiar patterns of gloves and caps worn by the Spaniards, and to this day work them in various-coloured worsteds exactly resembling the corresponding articles produced at Cadiz.—*Wilson's Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland.*

a relation of my fellow-traveller. Before saying a word about this strange-looking town, let me glance at the

HISTORY OF SHETLAND.

The Orkney and Shetland Islands appear to have been visited by the Romans, by whom they were considered the *Ultima Thule;* in an after-period they were conquered and taken possession of by the Northmen or Norwegians—their numerous bays or *voes* affording the best refuge for their vessels. Indeed, from the latter circumstance, these Danish rovers acquired the name of *Vikingr;* that is, Voe or Bay Kings. From the voes of Shetland, as well as from Orkney and the north and north-west of Scotland, these northern pirates made descents on the rich coasts of Europe, and devastated them with fire and sword. By these rovers, Shetland is said to have been first named Hialtland or Hetland, either word signifying the high or lofty land; and from this term the modern name Shetland or Zetland is derived. The vikingr, after a pretty long possession of Shetland, and fortifying themselves in burghs or towers on the headlands, were at length, in the tenth century, subdued by Harold of Denmark, and the islands added to his continental dominions. Both from the vikingr and the more regular governors who succeeded them, the inhabitants of Shetland acquired the Norwegian character, laws, language, and manners. If the earliest inhabitants were of a Celtic race, like their neighbours on the mainland of Scotland, they lost every trace of this origin, and in the course of ages became in every respect a different people from the inhabitants of either the Highlands or the Lowlands.

Under the kings of Norway the Shetlanders enjoyed liberal treatment and government. The principal inhabitants were called *Udallers*, from the conditions on which they held their lands; the word udal being compounded from *ode* and *dale*, signifying a waste or uninhabited dale. A udaller was at first nothing more than the proprietor of land previously accounted waste, which he had enclosed for his own use. But as land became more valuable, the expression gradually lost its primary signification, and was applied to the holders of large tracts of land which were enclosed, and free from *scat* or taxation. Latterly, it came to signify any wealthy proprietor.

Shetland being separated from Orkney by a wide and stormy channel, had a distinct prefect or governor appointed over it, who acquired the name of *Foude*, an office which likewise included in it the guardianship of the revenues of the country. The country at the same time acquired the name and character of a *Foudric*. The relics of antiquity connected with the Norwegian government of Shetland are various. Courts of judicature, or *tings*, were held in the open air, the erection being for the most part constructed of loose stones piled together in a circular form. Of these tings,

the sites of many of which are still visible, there were three kinds. The lowest was a herad, or parish ting, over which the foude of the parish presided—an officer who, in the Scottish period of the history of these islands, afterwards assumed the name of bailiff. The foude was assisted in his magistracy by a law-right man, whose particular duty it was to regulate the weights and measures, and by a number of men named rancelmen. The ting, to which these men gave their service, could only doom or give judgment in small matters, namely, in those which related to the preservation of good neighbourhood, as in questions of minor trespasses on land, &c. A higher court was a circuit ting, over which the Earl of Orkney presided, or, in his absence, the *great* foude, so named in contra-distinction to the subordinate or parish foudes. In his judicial capacity, the great foude was the lawman of Shetland, and gave doom according to the Norwegian Book of the Law. The lawman made his circuit round the whole of the more comprehensive juridical districts of the country—*ting sokens*—each ting soken including several minor districts, which were severally under the subordinate jurisdiction of parish foudes. He here heard appeals against the decrees of parish tings, and tried weightier offences, such as were visited with heavy fines, or confiscations, or capital punishments. A third ting was named the *lawting*, because it was a legislative assembly. This was held once a year, and here also the lawman presided. All the udallers owed to it suit and service. The lawting was held within a small holm or islet, situated in a fresh-water lake, the communication with the shore being by stepping-stones. The valley in which the lawting was situated bore the name of Thingvöllr, now corrupted into Tingwall. Here the udallers exercised the power of reversing the decrees of inferior courts, of trying important causes, and of legislating or making by-laws for the good of the whole community. The highest appeal was to the king at Bergen, in Norway.

Excepting for such appeals, and the imposition of a tax, Orkney and Shetland had little actual dependence on the crown of Norway. They were very much under the immediate sway of the Earls of Orkney, a Scandinavian race, who continued in power from 922 to 1325, when the direct line failed, and the earldom passed to a collateral branch in Malis, Earl of Stratherne, and afterwards into the family of St Clair about 1379. The renewal of the title in the Stewarts, at a considerably later period, has already been noticed.

The Orkney and Shetland Islands belonged to Norway till 1468, when they were impledged to James III. of Scotland, as a portion of the dowry given with his queen. The sum for which Orkney was pledged was 60,000 florins. The money not being forthcoming, the islands were declared to be forfeited, and, with all their inhabitants, were formally annexed to the crown of Scotland. On being finally emancipated from the earls and other court favourites, to whom the

Scottish kings had inconsiderately assigned them, they fell under the ordinary rule of sheriffs and other magistrates; the old udal holdings were abolished; and the laws of Scotland were extended over them. The two groups of islands now form one county, with a representative in parliament.*

It is much easier to alter laws and other civil institutions than to change the language and social habits of a people. This has required four centuries; and even yet, in the greatly modernised state of things in Shetland, there are many interesting traces of Scandinavian manners.

Accustomed to associate Orkney and Shetland as one remote chain of islands, it is somewhat difficult to comprehend that they have very little intercourse or connection with each other. The people of Orkney contemplate their remote neighbours, the Shetlanders, with nearly the same feeling of strangeness which we ourselves entertain. Though having a common origin, from the greater intercourse with the continent of Britain, the people of Orkney have less peculiarity of manners than those in Shetland. In both groups of islands the Scandinavian language has vanished, and been superseded by English, purer than the ordinary Lowland Scotch; but everywhere Norwegian terms are common, along with some peculiarities in the mode of utterance. For the universal spread of the English tongue, the islands are indebted to the introduction of schools and parochial ministrations; also the residence of the higher and mercantile classes, who are connected with the best society in Scotland.

EXCURSIONS AMONG THE ISLANDS.

It was not without a feeling of interest and curiosity that I found myself settled in a town nine hundred miles north from London, and in the midst of a comparatively foreign, though British people. Every such feeling was soon enhanced by the hospitality of our reception, and the expectation of making several excursions to different parts of this insular country. There was little to detain us in Lerwick. Situated on a piece of irregular ground, it stretches

* The Orkneys consist of sixty-seven islands, thirty-eight of which are uninhabited, the whole scattered over a space of forty-five miles in length by twenty-five in breadth. The largest, forming the mainland, is called Pomona, and on this Kirkwall is situated. The islands are generally bare and pastoral, but there have been considerable advances in agriculture of late years. The Shetland Islands lie at the distance of about fifteen leagues north-east of the Orkneys, and forty-four leagues west of Bergen, in Norway, which is the nearest point of continental Europe. With the exception of two, the Shetland Islands are contiguous to each other, and lie between 59° 48′ 30″ and 60° 52′ north latitude. There are three principal islands in the group—Mainland; next, on the north, Yell; and still farther north-east, Unst. On the east of Yell lies Fetlar, which is the largest of the inferior islands. The next in point of size is Bressay, which lies opposite Lerwick. The smaller islands are Whalsay, Out Skerries, Samphray, Big Island, Mukle Roe, Papa-Stour, House, Baray, Trondray, besides a great number of islets, holms, and skerries or mere rocks. The population of the Shetland Islands is 32,000.

in the form of a crescent upon the margin of the spacious harbour of Bressay Sound, and consists but of a single street, with a variety of buildings jutting out into the sea, and some creeping up an adjoining height on the west. At the north end of the town, on a small rocky edifice, stands Fort Charlotte, which commands the harbour, and could effectually protect it from any external attack. At present, it is used chiefly as a prison and court-house, and its guns are, I suppose, seldom fired, the whole garrison consisting of a single functionary. The houses, like those of Kirkwall, are generally built without order or regularity, and many of them have their ends to the street, if I may be allowed to apply that term to the leading thoroughfare in this curiously-constructed town. A lane, winding and zigzagging, would be the more appropriate phrase. This chief thoroughfare, however, and its tributary alleys, are pretty well paved with flag-stones, and not inconvenient to foot-passengers. No vehicle of any kind is to be seen, or indeed could proceed over the ups and downs, and through the intricacies of the Lerwegian streets. As at Venice, all traffic is carried on by sea, the boats and larger vessels bringing or taking away goods being able to sail in close to the warehouses on the margin of the harbour. I observed a number of shops or stores for the sale of miscellaneous articles, and I was shewn a small inn, which has recently been opened for the accommodation of travellers. The population had generally a seafaring look, and there were on all sides signs of industry and comfort. I was particularly struck with the busy movements of a number of the females. Almost every woman of humble rank whom I met, even while carrying a loaded basket on her back, was busily engaged in knitting wool into stockings, or some other article of attire.

The country around Lerwick possesses nothing to attract. There is some cultivation, but the country generally is pastoral, swelling into hills, and bleak and bare from the absence of trees or shrubs. On the day after our arrival, we paid a visit to a gentleman in Scalloway, a small town at the head of a bay some miles to the west of Lerwick. Here, in a garden, I remarked for the first time some trees and fruit-bearing bushes; the latter, however, were under the wall, with a southern exposure. I am told that the absence of trees in Shetland does not altogether arise from the coldness of the climate, for trunks are found in the peat-mosses; and in one or two places some tall trees of the sycamore kind still flourish.* Whatever be the

* In one or two gardens, sycamores and other trees, planted probably a hundred years ago, have attained the height of forty or fifty feet, the girth within three feet of the ground being above six feet. That trees have formerly grown in abundance in Shetland, can hardly, I think, be doubted, from the absence of any appreciable peculiarity in climate or soil fatal to their growth, and from the general diffusion of their remains in the peat-moors. Some of those peat-trees were of no inconsiderable dimensions; but for the most part they are of small size. From this, however, it cannot be fairly inferred that, generally, the native trees were diminutive. Timber must always have been valuable in

reason for the decay of the original forest, the defect is likely to be soon in part supplied by planting. Various proprietors have begun to plant forest trees; and the more opulent among them have also now made laudable efforts to improve the poor horticulture of the islands. In the garden of a gentleman in the island of Bressay, a hothouse has been erected, and is said to yield a good crop of large grapes. At Scalloway, I visited the ruin of an old castle, which had been built by Patrick, Earl of Orkney, in 1600, doubtless for the purpose of aiding in his cruel oppression of the Shetlanders. In the scattered little town of Scalloway there are some good houses, the place having once been the capital of Shetland, and, until comparatively recent times, the residence of a number of opulent families.

In going and returning on this short excursion, we had occasion to pass one of those large peat-mosses, which I afterwards found were so common in these islands. Without native wood or coal, the common fuel of the Shetlanders is peat, dug from the black mosses interspersed over the country, and whose origin may perhaps be traced to the wreck of ancient forests, with the subsequent accumulation of vegetable matter. The peat is dug with a long-handled spade, the delver cutting out and laying aside a peat at every jerk with his instrument. After being dried, the peats are carried home, very commonly in baskets, on the backs of ponies.

My friend being anxious to reach his home in one of the northern isles, we agreed to quit Lerwick on the second day after our arrival, and bespoke a boat for the purpose. The Shetland boats are built on the model of the ancient Norwegian yawls, pointed fore and aft. They are exceedingly graceful in form, and are considered both swift and safe, though the single mast is usually too high, and the sail too large, so that at sea the boat looks like a butterfly—all wings. It was yet early when our handsome craft, manned by six good rowers, and propelled by a gentle wind, which bent the sail, sped swiftly out of Bressay Sound. The weather was clear and lovely, and nothing could be more exquisitely tranquil and joyous than our ten hours' voyage among the lonely isles which lay in our course. The glassy

this country, and the inhabitants would naturally consume all that was of any respectable size, especially as no spot of ground is six miles from the sea in every direction, and therefore the woods would be easy accessible. But it is the opinion of some, that trees in size and quantity cannot now be reared in Shetland. The experiment, however, has never been fairly made. Let an intelligent and experienced forester, residing long enough in these islands to modify his experience to suit their climate, superintend for a sufficiently long period, and on a scale of adequate magnitude, the culture of various kinds of hardy trees, and then, and not before, can the capabilities of Shetland, with regard to aboriculture, be ascertained. It is to be hoped that some spirited and far-sighted proprietor will ere long put the matter to the proof. On a question such as this, *à priori* opinions, thrown out at a venture, are entirely to be disregarded. It is a curious fact, for which there is high botanical authority, that cones of the silver fir *Abies picea* have been found in some moors in Orkney. This tree is not indigenous to Scotland, but is common in Norway. It may, however, have been planted, or its cones sown, by some of the energetic and sagacious Norwegian *Earls* who so long ruled the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and who were as remarkable for their attention to husbandry and fishing as to politics and war.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. xxxiii.

ocean reflected the rocky shores as we threaded our way among numerous green islets, peopled by the screaming sea-fowl, or glided close to the overhanging cliffs of the larger islands.

In this day's voyage we may be said to have skirted the whole eastern shores of the islands, passing Whalsay, the Out Skerries, and Yell, and finally arriving in Unst—the most northerly in the group; and not only so, but the most northern scrap of inhabited land in the United Kingdom. When we reached our destination, I soon became aware that the more completely I made myself at home, the more pleased our host and his family would be. The island, I found, was not without objects of interest, or space wherein to perambulate. In length it is twelve miles, by from three to four in breadth, with a generally level and fertile surface, diversified by several ridges of hills, some of considerable height. The shores are remarkably indented with small bays or voes, offering boundless scope for fishing; and the hills possess some mineralogical curiosities. In the evening of our arrival, we took a walk to see a neighbouring quarry of chromate of iron, which was discovered in several parts of the island above forty years ago. The quarry is of great depth, the ore lying embedded, apparently in abundance, in veins through the rock of which the hill is composed. The working of this mine gives employment to upwards of fifty men and boys each summer, and many hundreds of tons of the metal are annually exported. It is used chiefly as a pigment, producing a fine bright yellow paint; and as none is elsewhere found in Britain, it is the source of considerable revenue to the proprietors.

In the evening, it was arranged that next morning, after an early breakfast, we should proceed on an expedition by sea round the northern coast of the island. The weather was fortunately propitious. The sun rose to our wish in unclouded splendour, though not with that overpowering heat of July in more southern latitudes. Not a breeze rippled the surface of the water, and sails were accordingly useless. The boat in which we embarked was like that already described, but fitted up with much comfort as a pleasure-barge. Passing some rugged and precipitous cliffs, and one or two small bays, we reached the north-east point of the land, and here we met numerous boats returning from the deep-sea fishery. Nearly forty miles had these canoe-like skiffs been distant from the land, and two nights at sea; and we rejoiced to see them now filled with fine cargoes of ling and tusk—two kinds of white fish caught for the purpose of exporting in a dried and salted state. Passing this fleet of boats, manned by a hardy race of seamen, we at length reached the two precipitous headlands which form the northern point of British land. The western promontory consists of an uncultivated waste of coarse pasture; but near the sea the ground is thickly strewn with the nests of a variety of sea-fowl; and here is one of the rare breeding-places of the skua-gull. The other promontory is still

higher; and between the two is a narrow firth, which penetrates a certain distance into the island. We had determined to proceed as far westward as we could, before stopping at any point, keeping, however, close to the rocks, and exploring various caves and indentations—the latter called *gios*—in hopes of finding some of the seal-tribe. Once, by the aid of a pocket-glass, we saw several of these creatures reposing on the rocks, and apparently unaware of our approach. We immediately took measures to approach them stealthily; but a few herring-gulls being on the outlook, dashed down among the seals, even to touching them, and roused them with a peculiar cry, so that, alarmed for their safety, they plunged into the sea and disappeared. This curious method of giving the alarm to slumbering seals is invariably practised by the herring-gull, which seems to constitute himself the sentinel to watch over this persecuted tribe of amphibii.

Crossing the mouth of the voe, we were rowed among some striking scenery—precipitous cliffs indented by narrow ravines, down which tumbled the mountain rill like a thread of silver; detached rocks scattered along the shore; and, most striking of all, the wide ocean stretching westward and northward, sublime in its extent, desolation, and repose. From a contemplation of inanimate nature, we were recalled by the screaming of the multitudes of birds which rose in clouds from the rocky cliffs. At this season the animals were tending their young, and more than usually alive to the presence of strangers. Each species of birds, I was informed, has its own domain on the rocks. Some of the cliffs were appropriated entirely to the kittiwake (*Larus rissa*), the smallest of the gull species; and it is these gentle and beautiful creatures that the fowlers most unsparingly plunder of their eggs and young. A few of the proprietors of the ground are very anxious to prevent depredations among these and other feathered denizens of the shores; for, besides the dangerous nature of fowling, it leads to idle desultory habits. Notwithstanding the general prohibition, we saw several persons on these dizzy heights, hanging by a slender hold on the face of the precipice. They seldom use ropes here, as at Faröe and St Kilda, but clamber, fearlessly and alone, down and up the craggy steeps, where one false movement would consign them to destruction; yet are they enthusiastically fond of these feats of daring, and rarely any accidents occur.

Proceeding on our excursion, we now took a sweep farther from the land, to the Utsta, or Outstack, an insulated rock, of a form not unlike a lion rampant. We approached it cautiously from the lee-side, as here we hoped to find one or two seals. Landing in silence, we scrambled up the side, and one of the party best acquainted with this kind of sport peeped over the top; and there, to be sure, was a pair of seals lying close to the water's edge, unconscious of approaching danger. Creeping round the edge of the rock, to gain a better position, he fired, which was the signal for us to rush

forward. The shot had been successful. A male seal, an enormous animal, lay dead in his resting-place; and it was not without a pang that I learned that it was the mate of a female which, with a wailing cry, had plunged into the water. The female was not again seen; but she wandered near the spot, and was shot a few days afterwards. The seal which had been killed was truly a noble specimen of its species. He was almost black in colour, with a beard on his muzzle (*Phoca barbata*), was twenty feet in length, and yielded twenty gallons of oil. After heaving him, with some difficulty, into our boat, we paused to consider our adventurous position. The rock on which we stood is, for the most part, submerged in the waves of the North Sea, and there are very few days in a season when a landing on it can be effected. Being thus continually washed by the salt spray, there is no vestige of vegetation on its surface, except a few tufts of scurvy-grass. Bare and slippery as it was, we found on it a level spot, where, exhilarated by our success, and appetised by the pure air of the sea, we sat down to a sumptuous fête-champêtre, if that name can be applied to a picnic feast on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In this hearty meal our boatmen performed an active part, quenching their thirst with a liquid called *bland*, which I had never before seen or tasted. It is the whey of churned milk, separated from the milk by heating; and, being slightly acidulous, is grateful and refreshing, and will keep, if bottled, for a considerable time. I believe this method of using butter-milk is common only in Shetland, where the whole milk of the cow, not the cream alone, is regularly churned. The practice is economical; for the curd forms a solid food, and the preserved whey a wholesome and inexpensive drink — the invariable beverage of the Shetland peasant at home, and of the fisherman when at sea.

Having finished our meal, and packed everything up, we bade adieu to the Utsta, and turned our course homewards, landing by the way on several skerries or small islets, which afford pasture for two or three sheep during the summer months. In winter, they are shrouded for the most part in tempestuous spray. We took occasion to stop also at the foot of the tallest precipice on the mainland of Unst, in order to view a rocky arch by which it is perforated. The opening on the sea is fifty feet across, and a hundred feet high; and when fired into by a gun, the echoes reverberated like the rattling peal of thunder. After passing through this magnificent archway, in length 300 feet, we proceeded with our boat to explore the interior of several other caverns. In these the boat was pushed forwards by the hands on the sides of the rock, and the swell of the sea caused it to rise and fall with a somewhat unpleasant motion. At the farther end, in solemn darkness, on a low pebbly beach, the great seals bring forth and nurse their young; but the season was yet too early to find them there. These caves are called *hellyers;* and in September, the seals are often captured by spreading a net across

the mouth, and then alarming the inhabitants within, who, rushing out to escape, fall into the snare, get entangled in the net, and are either shot or drowned; for a seal will be drowned as effectually as a man, only it takes longer time to accomplish. They must respire atmospheric air every fifteen, or at most twenty minutes, or else their blood becomes black or venoid, causing apoplexy and death.

Still one novelty awaited us: by the kind attention of our host, a fishing-line had been set at the mouth of the firth, and it having remained the proper time, we had the pleasure of seeing it hauled by our boatmen. It was the same kind, though not so large, as that used at the deep-sea or haff fishing. A rope of about 400 fathoms long, with buoys and corks to float it, is stretched in a tide-way, if near shore, or on the well-known bank, when far at sea; to this is attached at regular distances short lines, with lead for sinking, and one or two powerful hooks baited with the young of the coal-fish. Beginning at one end, the lines are drawn in. We were extremely successful; almost every hook held a fish: small tusk, large beautiful cod, like that for which a Londoner would give half a guinea a piece; skate, conger-eels, saithe or full-grown coal-fish, but, above all, halibut of various sizes, some of them gigantic, above six feet long. When these large fish, or a powerful cod or skate, appeared on the surface approaching the boat, the poor animal's struggles became frantic; and a skilful hand, armed with a short staff, with a large and very strong hook attached, strikes his weapon into the gills, and thus assists in dragging it into the boat. Our excitement at this novel spectacle was quite intoxicating, and frequently we received showers of brine, which the floundering of the fish and the yielding of the boat washed in upon us. What signified that? We got a noble haul, and in the highest good-humour proceeded home, which we did not reach till nearly midnight, by the soft twilight and lovely moon, the most exquisitely beautiful of all hours in this latitude. Need it be said we slept soundly after the many hours' exposure to the pure and healthful sea-air, and the pleasurable excitement we had undergone?

It was now the 5th of July, and the weather still continuing favourable for boating, we went to a neighbouring island to see one of the principal stations where the boats rendezvous during the three summer months for the prosecution of the ling-fishery. Most of the men are several miles distant from their families, whom they only visit on the Saturday evenings till Monday morning; consequently, they erect slight lodges at these temporary stations, in which they cook and shelter when on shore. We landed on a beach of large rough stones, of some extent, partly natural, and partly set for the purpose; this was spread with ling, tusk, and cod, in the course of being dried, a score of boys being in constant attendance to turn them, and, in case of showers, gather them in heaps. The boats were just about putting off to sea as we arrived a little after mid-day.

Each boat is manned by six men, or more usually five men and a boy, the latter being a kind of apprentice the first year, and receiving only a small share of the earnings. The dress of the men going to sea consists of a loose covering of barked sheep-skin, the form of an English labourer's smock, over trousers of oiled cotton or linen, and high boots of barked horse-hides, with generally a knitted woollen cap of divers colours. A small jar of bland, with a thick cake of oatmeal, is all the refreshment they carry with them on these excursions. When they have reached their fishing-ground, which from this point may be about twenty-five miles off the land, they set their lines towards evening, and some of the men may have a short nap by turns. Having hauled before midnight, if the weather be favourable, they bait and set again, and return in the morning. Should the weather look unsettled, they return without the second haul. Sometimes they remain out two nights, and fill their boats. When they have taken much fish, every interval is busily employed in gutting them; all the entrails being thrown overboard. The heads and livers are alone preserved, and are the perquisites of the men. The livers are cooked fresh, with oatmeal in bread, or a sort of fish haggis; and what is not so used, is allowed to become rancid, and boiled for oil. Skate and halibut, when caught, are also reserved by the men for the use of their families. All Shetlanders, both high and low, prefer fish for eating, of whatever sort (except herring and halibut), in a half-putrid state. It is simply washed in sea-water, and hung up in the air for ten days or a fortnight; or the ling and cod heads, and the small sillacks, are laid in heaps in a dark place, for four or five days, till they have acquired the favourite flavour.

When the fresh fish are landed, they are weighed and delivered to the curer, who keeps an account of the quantity brought by each boat. Ling and tusk are allowed the highest price per hundredweight. The cod-fishing was hardly thought of in Shetland till a very few years ago, but now it is extensively carried on; and the cod in the cured state, which formerly fetched not above two-thirds, now brings as much as the others; which appears to me singular, as I should think there could be no comparison in the delicacy of the food they form. But the cod, I believe, are chiefly sent abroad, the Catholic countries of the continent taking many cargoes both from Shetland and Norway. I had often heard that the stock-fish of Norway were preferred to those of Shetland; and it became a great object to obtain for the latter a higher character, and constant good market.

We now witnessed a numerous fleet of boats put to sea, not, it will be believed, without breathing heartfelt wishes for their safety and success, as we reflected how many a stay of helpless families these little skiffs bore to a scene of peril. Afterwards, we turned to look into the fishermen's temporary dwellings, or lodges as they are called. The walls are so low that one can hardly stand upright

within, and are built of loose stones and turf; about fifteen feet long, and half that width. At one end is a broad *dais* of turf, on which straw and blankets are spread: this is all the sleeping-place. A hole in the roof at the other end shews that beneath is the hearth for the peat-fire, with a raised seat of turf around it. Here each boat's crew sleep and eat when on shore, both operations being as uncertain as the wind and weather—snatches of repose, and hasty meals of porridge, or fish and potatoes, being all that these hardy men can command; yet do they never enjoy such excellent health as at these seasons. I find that the herring-fishery is not likely ever to compensate its prosecution in Shetland, though it has been attempted with very unequal success for more than forty years. The season for the herring does not commence here till after the summer ling-fishery is over—that is, the end of August—and then the weather becomes squally, and the men's attention is occupied with reaping the little harvest of their fields; for, be it always remembered, a Shetland peasant is not merely a fisherman. In his variable climate, he could not make a subsistence by fishing alone; he must have his little farm to help to furnish food for his household. And though the females do a great part of the farm-work, yet still, in many instances, especially when the families are young, the father's assistance on land in spring and autumn is absolutely necessary. Before leaving the interesting and busy scene we had been contemplating, we partook with the superintendent of delicious fresh tusk and potatoes, both boiled in sea-water, which is, I do not know why, a great improvement in their preparation.

Returning from this visit, we landed at the nearest point of Unst, and sent the boat round, intending to walk home across the island. In the course of our ramble, we visited a gentleman's house, when, after being kindly entertained with tea, we went to a hamlet in the neighbourhood, in which the inhabitants were keeping an annual festival, in honour of having finished their peat-harvest. Peats, as I formerly mentioned, are the only native fuel in Shetland, and are dug in May. At the middle or end of June, according as the weather has been favourable, they are ready for being brought home, sometimes a distance of several miles; and this is done on the backs of ponies, in open straw baskets hung on wooden pack-saddles.

The different gangs of ponies are driven by boys. A young female of the family remains for the purpose of lading and taking care of the ponies, till all the peats are carried away, which may occupy from one to four weeks. Though the labour is heavy and incessant, the young women rather enjoy it as a relaxation than endure it as a task, and always lay in a stock of robust health with their embrowned complexions. In each hill or peat-moor, therefore, is formed quite a village of lodges, like those of the fishermen, but much smaller, and built wholly of turf, the roof being removed each

season when it ceases to be wanted. As we approached one of these groups of singular and most primitive habitations, we found bonfires blazing in different places in honour of the festival, round which the boys were congregated, supplying fuel, and amusing themselves, as other boys do around a bonfire. In the green huts, on a sofa of turf, round a table of the same, were gathered the girls and their guests, among whom were hardly any of the other sex; and here, even amidst smoke and darkness, we might distinguish fair faces and modest looks, which might have graced more polished scenes—and, moreover, it is always refreshing to see young countenances beaming with mirth and happiness. The feast, which is the main thing, consisted of tea, smoked mutton, and pork; eggs and oatmeal cake, or ship-biscuit, and, in some instances, pancakes or buttered cake of flour or barley-meal. Each maiden was dressed in a neat cotton gown, and ribbons in her cap. By and by were heard the sounds of a violin, though by no very practised hand, and the young people danced on the turf around their bonfire. The Shetlanders appear to be excessively fond of music, and its natural accompaniment, dancing; and, as may be supposed, seize all proper opportunities for indulging in them.

July 17.—Yesterday we enjoyed the sport of a whale-hunt. Early in the morning, a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying round the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales, of the smaller species, were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time, many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as of slaughter. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to, all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighbouring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord: all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, which were seen

floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling caldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be dreaded. The laird and his first-lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean.

Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the day drew to its close; the evening twilight came; but, though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon: the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey through the short night: so the laird having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and, after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense, the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly

followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters of course rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, which were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight, the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

This morning there were important doings. The laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases, the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral, as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favour of the captors. On this occasion, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participators chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. Amused and excited with all I had seen, I mentioned that I should like to taste the flesh of a young whale, which is considered a great dainty, as I was told, in the Faröe Islands. At dinner, my desire was gratified. A young whale was selected, and from it were cut some very nice-looking steaks, which were broiled over a glowing fire. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than the delicate Shetland beef indeed, but with no peculiar flavour or odour to distinguish it from ox-flesh, or to betray its origin. It is something for me to say that I have made my dinner off a whale!

Notwithstanding the nutritious and palatable qualities of whale-flesh, the Shetlanders have a great prejudice against it, which is unfortunate. Could the repugnance be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcasses prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea; while the natives of Faröe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or

fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

July 23.—To-day we visited the ruined castle of Muness, which occupies a commanding situation among some cottages, at the distance of a mile from the sea-shore. It is a large massive structure, of the date 1598, and appears, from a tablet on the wall, to have been built by Lawrence Bruce, a gentleman of Perthshire, who had fled to these distant islands in consequence of having slain a neighbour in an affray. The building is tolerably entire, but has been long dismantled and deserted.

July 24.—Weather rainy and misty, and the day has been spent reading, and otherwise amusing ourselves within doors. An old woman, full of old stories and legends of Hialtland, sung us some curious ballads, illustrative of the ancient state of society in the islands. In listening to them, I almost fancied that I was transported back to the rude times of the Vikingr and northern sagas.

July 26.—The weather is again clear and pleasant, and I begin to think of packing up and leaving my kind friends. To-day, intelligence has arrived of a revenue cutter being seen in the Sound of Yell; and if she visit Unst, perhaps I may obtain a passage on board to Lerwick or Kirkwall.

Having some days ago asked my accomplished hostess to furnish me with a few notes of Shetland life and manners before my departure, she has obligingly handed me the following

TRAITS OF LIFE AND MANNERS IN SHETLAND.

The Shetlanders, high and low, are distinguished for the love of their native country. The gentry, unlike the same class of persons in the Highlands and in Ireland, have never been absentees. Sent to the metropolis or elsewhere for education, or travelling to see the world, they return to their island-homes with delight. Though their means might easily admit of their living in comfort in any more favoured latitude, they are nobly and wisely content to spend the long dull winter, as well as the short cold summer, among those whom Providence has appointed to be dependent on their indulgence and liberality for much of their comfort. Exclusiveness is no vice of Shetland society; there prevails among the higher classes a genial sociality of manners, accompanied with a rare spirit of hospitality, which never abates the respect justly their due. In these families, well-conducted housekeeping in Shetland must be somewhat as in Norway—a complicated and arduous concern, requiring no small forethought and management in the direction. A farm, of course, is attached to the mansion-house, and several additional servants, male and female, are kept on that account, and to attend to the live stock. Seed-time, harvest, and peat-work are performed

chiefly by day-labourers, mostly females, whose wages are about sixpence a day. There being no markets and no shops, of course each family must lay in a stock of every article requisite in clothing and foreign produce, and, besides, have duplicates of many of the most indispensable articles of furniture, since weeks may elapse before accidents can be repaired. For the daily table consumption, they have, in spring, the superfluous calves; in summer, lambs and sheep; in winter, fowls: these are all drawn from the farm stock, or purchased from neighbours who may have them to spare. At Martinmas comes the grand slaughtering of the summer-fatted beef, together with the attendant pickling, smoking, pudding and sausage making, for the winter; immediately following is the candle-making from the tallow of the animals that have been killed; then succeed the drying, grinding, and sifting of the oats and bere for meal. This is besides the constant dairy-work, and is all included in the cares of the Shetland lady and her assistants; and yet, on the often unexpected arrival of guests and strangers, they will find all things as much *comme il faut* as if shops and markets were at hand. There are indeed no morning visitors to receive, and few dinner-parties to prepare for; but, instead, when the Shetland gentry visit each other, it is for days together. Ponies are the only means of travelling, when the distance is in the same island; and these familiar animals, with an attendant, are therefore included in the requisite hospitality. They are, though the smallest variety of the horse kind, very strong and spirited. In some islands, where the ground is firm and stony, they run along with head drooping, picking their own way, and requiring very little of the bridle management; in others, where quagmires, peat-moss, and brooks abound, the sagacious animals go invariably at a canter; and the rider requires to be on his guard constantly, lest a flying leap over what his well-instructed steed knows to be unsound footing, should startle him into a somersault.

In the more remote islands, families of a humble rank are perhaps the best off for society; those of a higher grade are, in some situations, nearly deprived of any congenial acquaintanceship, and, to fill up the void, are accustomed to occupy their leisure with attention to the animal creation, in all the varieties within their reach. Ponies, dogs, cats, gulls, geese, seals, and sea-otters are among the ordinary domestic pets; and it is astonishing how friendly all live with each other; an otter and dog being perhaps seen gamboling together round the kitchen-fire, or nestling on the same couch. Seals are not easily tamed. We have frequently attempted to rear the cubs of two species common in these islands; but unsuccessfully, except in one instance. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigour by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish (of which she devoured an incredible quantity), and grew very rapidly; but,

on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and, strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a time, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or perhaps one might fancy (we often did) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, which, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that gives rise to the powerful odour of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *sealchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel-walks to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her: the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protégée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the

weather; for next day our favourite found her way into a neighbouring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed to, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed or sea eagle breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. Some years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighbouring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favourite recreation it was to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which was familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest; but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. Again he visited the spot; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed their residence to a place still more concealed and inaccessible. Not discouraged, the enthusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and, after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles at their nest, but in a situation so lofty, and encompassed by so many difficulties, that it appeared altogether beyond his reach. The daring cragsman, however, resolved to make the attempt; and after many perils, and much fatigue in climbing, he reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, rendered wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length,

one season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as, brooding on the nest, it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance, we have been often told, the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position: but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though, to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

Ponies, I have said, are the only means of travelling in this generally roadless country. What the camel is to the Arabian, the pony is to the Shetlander. Without boats for external, and ponies for internal communication, the islands would indeed be very unendurable. Ponies form a remarkable feature in all the larger rural establishments. Left very much to themselves, and growing up without the refinements of grooming, troops of these hardy animals may be seen browsing on the hills and heaths, and flocking on occasions to the shelter which the walls of the outhouses afford. In summer, these diminutive specimens of the pachydermata —diminutive, probably, from climate and slender fare—thrive on the wide wastes; but in winter they are to be pitied for their privations.

At this inclement season, when a storm is apprehended, the farmer and his family are careful in seeing that the flock of ponies comes home for food and protection. Arriving at a trot from the hills, all go out to welcome them. There they are, twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavour to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together. Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavouring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk, all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

These hardy little horses are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift sea-weed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. It is observed amongst us that the horse is not nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity: he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-coloured mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady who is rather *petite* could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal

she had with her was found, and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in colour, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favour of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow I have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labour. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints; and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before. This was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work-ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigour as ever. No animal could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known,

and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavoured and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Sheep are a leading source of revenue to the Shetland farmers and proprietors, the short scanty herbage being suitable for these animals. On every islet having food for no more than one or two sheep, there are they found, being taken and brought away in boats by the shepherds at the proper seasons. The mutton of the Shetland sheep is highly flavoured and dark coloured, like the Welsh; but the animal is as much prized for its wool as its flesh. The wool is exceedingly soft and fine, and this quality appears to arise from peculiarities in the climate and herbage; for when the animals are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures, their wool degenerates. Nature is always bountiful in providing a covering suitable to the necessities of animal existence. Less as an article of export than of home manufacture is the wool of Shetland prized by the natives. The manufacture is domestic, and affords universal employment. While the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and at least always provide their own clothing by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine that it may be spun into a thread as small as one of cambric, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact that one thousand yards are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most recherché articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight. These shawls and scarfs, generally pure white, or of a dark gray, are now largely exported to Edinburgh, where they are purchased by ladies as an elegant article of dress. Some have likewise found their way to London, where they are sold at an enormously high price, considering the original cost, and where also they are, like everything rare and valuable, the subject of commonplace imitation. Political economists may perhaps allege that, by employing machinery, the Shetlanders would make more of their wool; but this I take leave to doubt. The time occupied by the females in knitting costs nothing, and is generally worth nothing; while the employment is not only profitable, but amusing.

Unless when afflicted with the calamity of a bad harvest, or a

failure of the white-fishing, the small farmer of Shetland enjoys a reasonable degree of comfort and satisfaction in his existence. Meal, potatoes, and milk his farm affords ; and fuel in abundance is included in his holding. Fish, and oil for the lamp, the bountiful ocean at his cottage-door supplies. On the common or hill, he has the right to keep as many ponies, sheep, and geese as he can attend to, without boundary or restriction, merely putting his own proper mark on them, to distinguish his property ; pigs and poultry, of course, also, he need never want. His cottage is, for the most part, about thirty feet long, and from ten to fifteen wide ; the walls low, and built of stone and clay, but sometimes with lime, and often plastered inside and outside with mortar ; the roof covered with turf, and then scantily thatched. It consists of two divisions : the larger and outer one is the common family apartment, with an earthen floor ; it has no chimney, but only a hole in the roof above a raised hearth at the one end ; the beds, enclosed like a cupboard, and one over the other as on shipboard, serve as a partition from the smaller or *ben end;* this latter is wooden-roofed and floored, is the sleeping-place of the heads of the family, a parlour in which to receive guests, provided with a glazed window and a chimney, but no grate ; the peats, indeed, burn much better and more cheerily on the ample well-swept hearth. Sometimes the space above this latter room is boarded in, and forms a sleeping-place for the young men of the family. Very few households do not consist of double families ; a son or daughter, and often both, or two, when married, remain with the parents, share the labour and the rent-paying, and thus form quite a patriarchal household, with a community of comforts which separate establishments could not so easily afford. Sociality is greatly desired by the Shetlanders, and no pride in having a house of her own can compensate to a youthful wife for the gossip of her sisters, or the indulgence of her parents' society.

There is one consequence of the association of these family groups which is sometimes lamentable. The father, sons, and sons-in-law frequently purchase a boat for themselves (it is, indeed, their grand object of ambition to do so), or they insist on being placed together for the fishing by their landlord. Should that boat be lost at sea, what desolation falls on one unfortunate family ! It has happened very lately that one female has in this way lost husband, sons, and brother at a stroke.

For such a cottage as I have described, with its appurtenances, and as much land fit for tillage as may measure six to eight acres, the rent is from £4 to £7. The tenants hold their farms from year to year, and they invariably prefer this to leases, though often the same family keeps the same farm from generation to generation. The mode of agriculture would be called slovenly elsewhere, but the soil being poor and shallow, it is perhaps best adapted to the circumstances. Ploughs are little used by the peasantry : the spade

alone is employed, and it is a primitive and unique implement. The blade is only $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and the same broad : the handle is 45 inches long. Three or four persons stand in a row together, press their spades into the ground with the right foot on the small cross-bar, and then simultaneously turn over the turf thus loosened, and step onwards to the right, till the breadth of the furrow is reached. Children, or the weakest hands, are placed in the middle positions, where the strength required is least ; and thus it is amazing how much ground will be turned over in a spring day. The very light harrow is more frequently drawn by a man or woman than by the ponies, which, after the hard winter, are in the labouring season so weak as to be unfit for work. No seed is ever sown in autumn ; but it is a pity that, during the winter, the peasant fisherman thinks too little of his *land* employ : he will hang on in desultory idleness, looking out for a favourable moment to go a-fishing, when he could turn his industry to far better account by keeping his turf fences in proper repair, and especially by collecting manure and making composts, the materials for which are in general suffered to go to entire loss. Sea-weed, for instance, so valuable for the ground, is often allowed to be swept away by the next tide, when, collected, it would fertilise many a field. Kelp is hardly ever made in Shetland now, but the sea-weed called *tangle* is eaten freely by ponies, cattle, and sheep during each ebb of the tide in winter.

Fish of course form at least two of the meals in a Shetland cottage daily. The young of the coal-fish (*Gadus carbonarius*) swarm in every bay and creek of these, in some respects, therefore favoured islands. In their first year's growth, they are about six inches long, and called *sillacks*. About the month of March ensuing, they have grown to the length of about fifteen inches, when they receive the name of *piltacks*. After this period they thrive very fast, attaining the ordinary size of the cod-fish, when they are called *saithes*. So abundant and constant is the supply of the young of this fish, that whenever weather will allow a small boat to swim, they are caught with a rod and shell-fish bait, or with an artificial fly, every evening, even in the winter months. Women and boys also fish them from the rocks in the same manner ; and they often set into the creeks in shoals, when a small net stretched on a hoop, being dipped into the sea, is lifted out full. Their livers yield a large supply of oil, and the fish are prepared for food in every variety of way ; but, as I mentioned before, are preferred when they have been hung up to *sour* for a few days. The liquor in which fish have been boiled is given to calves and pigs ; but very rarely is the fish given to animals, though it is done, I believe, in Norway, and on the coasts of the Red Sea.

On the whole, the mode of living of the Shetland peasantry gives one a favourable impression of their character and situation. They are far superior to the generality of Irish or Highland homes,

and, besides, they are for the most part kept very orderly. The pigsty is always outside ; the little barn is constructed on one end, entering from the house, or occasionally it is placed across the entrance-door, and thus serves as a porch-shelter to the dwelling ; and the cow-house is beyond that again. Inside, with the family, a fostered lamb in winter, or a young calf, may be seen in a corner, sharing the children's meals, and thriving like them ; the fowls, too, are generally picking up the crumbs, so that from warmth and good feeding, they often lay eggs all winter. Occasionally the dwellings are smoky, and personally the people are not very cleanly in their habits ; but they have plenty of fresh air, and abundant springs of the purest water ; and swarms of healthy children, and many very aged persons, attest the favourable circumstances of their lot. Very few young children die : epidemics and convulsions are the rarest things possible. Rheumatism, from the moistness of the climate, is common among all classes ; and pulmonary diseases are also unfortunately too general.*

In Shetland the adult female population greatly preponderates. When the young men grow up, they go off as sailors, few of them ever to return ; and accidents at sea sweep off the prime of manhood : thus the population is in some measure checked, though it has, as elsewhere, greatly increased during the last seventy years. As to clothing, one sees nothing like the squalid rags common in many other parts. Coarse household-made woollens, and bare head and feet, are indeed the home costume of some of the old and of the very young ; but most of the females take pride in being neatly clad ; and this they are able to effect by the returns for their knitting. On Sunday at the churches, therefore, may be seen men and women most respectably, the young girls even tastefully dressed. As respects personal appearance, the stranger will not fail to notice the fair hair, blue eyes, and spare figure which betoken a Scandinavian ancestry.

As in Scotland, there are always schools in each parish—one supported by the heritors, and others by the General Assembly, or the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. These are so generally taken advantage of, even at great distances, that there are

* Superstitions of various kinds are still common among the less educated inhabitants of Shetland, and one in relation to the cure of scrofula is thus alluded to by the Rev. J. Robertson, in his description of Mid and South Yell, in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* : 'For the cure of this fatal disorder, nothing, even at the present day, is deemed so effectual as the royal touch ! And as a substitute for the actual living finger of royalty, a few crowns and half-crowns of the coinage of the first Charles, carefully handed down from father to son, have been effectual, both here and in every other parish in Shetland, towards removing this disease, and that to an extent which may appear somewhat incredible to many whose minds, in reference to the healing virtue still inherent in royalty, may be in a more sophisticated state than those of her Majesty's subjects in this latitude. Be this as it may, there are few localities in Shetland in which a living evidence is not to be found of one said to have been "cured by the coin," and who would instantly be pointed at as a sufficient evidence to warrant confidence in its efficacy, should it happen that a doubt at any time rested thereon.'

none of the present generation, it is believed, who cannot read well, and many can write. The Shetlanders are not, however, fond of reading and improving their minds like so many of the Scottish peasantry. Perhaps want of books may repress the development of any literary taste; and if so, it is to be regretted; for if they liked books more, and had the means, through popular libraries, of gratifying this inclination, they would undoubtedly be more intelligent and prosperous.

Besides retaining the old style in the computation of time, the Shetlanders retain another ancient usage, nowhere else, I suppose, to be found in Britain—namely, that of each generation adopting a new surname, drawn from the Christian name of the father. Thus, the son of James Robertson would not be called Robertson; he would receive the name of Jameson; and so on with all other names. This causes a great confusion of names to a stranger, besides being otherwise inconvenient, and the practice ought by all means to be abandoned. The women, after marriage, always retain their maiden names; but this is also a custom among the Lowland Scotch.

From these sketches it may be gathered that, inclement as is the situation and climate of Shetland, its people are far from being objects of commiseration; nor are they, in point of conduct and habits, to be classed with the unruly population of many lands more favoured by nature. Great crimes are rare amongst them, and nowhere is there any fear of petty depredations. The inhabitant of a great city, who at night bolts his doors and windows, to guard against the midnight thief, and is ever in dread of spoliation, might envy the freedom from care of the Shetland householder, who fears no thieves, and scarcely knows the use of chains or locks. Formerly, the meanest point in the character of the Shetlanders was their acquisitiveness in the case of wrecks on their coast; but this vice, through the rigours of recent acts of parliament, is greatly modified, if not extirpated. Although intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors could be cited as an unfortunate feature in some departments of the population, Shetland is still more remarkable for the ineconomic use of a beverage which is ordinarily considered the antagonist of intemperance—I allude to tea. No kind of beverage is so much relished by the female peasantry of Shetland as tea.* To get tea they will venture as great and as unprincipled lengths as any dram-drinker

* About £25,000 worth of bohea is annually entered at the custom-house in Lerwick, besides which, a great quantity is smuggled by Dutch fishing-boats. One poor man, in the parish of Bressay, who had the expensive infliction of a tea-drinking wife, was cheated by her secretly selling his goods to obtain tea. He was observed once to purchase the same peck of meal three times over in one week, being always assured that his children had eaten it. A Highland Laird once remarked, that the Scotch peasantry were ruined by forsaking 'the good old porridge of their ancestors.'—*Shetland and the Shetlanders, by Catherine Sinclair.*

will go for his favourite liquor. The wool that ought to clothe the family, the oil and butter that should pay the rent, nay, the meal and potatoes that, carefully husbanded, are to feed the children, are all unscrupulously sold or bartered for tea. The females are the chief tea-drinkers, and often without the knowledge of their husbands, whose humble means are pilfered in order to gratify this ruling propensity. Tea is a universal means of payment for any little services in Shetland. An errand will be run for a small quantity of tea; some spinning will be done for tea; and tea will form a most acceptable present on leaving a dwelling where you have received any attentions. The quantity of tobacco and spirits consumed is also considerable; and it is from an excessive indulgence in these foreign luxuries, that the Shetland peasant is kept lower in the scale of poverty than he has any just reason to be. Latterly, the introduction of a poor-law has led to dismal consequences. The pressure of the rates acts severely on property, and it would almost appear as if the abject poor were in a fair way of absorbing the rental of the islands.

With all the interesting associations of this group of islands, things are not what we could wish. Remote, and with a generally inclement climate, Shetland is unhappily situated. Great efforts have lately been made to introduce improvements of various kinds. The latest and not the least important measure of the kind has been the connecting Lerwick with Orkney and the mainland by a telegraphic wire, by which, in a way, the principal islands are brought within an intimate relationship with the great centres of intelligence. There is likewise a growing interest in the public mind regarding Shetland. Trips to it by steamer from Granton (a port in the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh) are more common than formerly. The islands are also visited nearly every year by the *Pharos*, a large and commodious steamer belonging to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, for the purpose of inspecting the lighthouses on the coast; one of these being situated on a rocky islet at the extremity of Unst, the most northern habitable spot in the British Islands. By this vessel, the Commissioners, in 1867, visited the solitary island of Foula, which lies between Shetland and Orkney, and is out of the way of ordinary navigators. Here, the inhabitants live in so remarkably primitive and simple a manner, that crime and the more odious vices of civilised society are unknown. On the next page is subjoined a small wood-cut of Foula, which, at its western extremity, presents a lofty precipice of red sandstone to the everlasting buffetings of the Atlantic.

RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

For several days no cutter appeared, and I began to fancy that the rumour of her visit to the Sound of Yell must have been a

mistake; at length she was seen entering Balta Sound, and in due time came to anchor not far from our residence. By the politeness of my Shetland friends, I was introduced to the commander, a gentleman well known on these shores, and was kindly offered by him a passage to Kirkwall; the offer was to me the more acceptable, for he proposed to sail down the western coast of the islands.

It was a sad parting with the good folks of Unst, who would not let me go till I had promised, if at all possible, once more to spend a month with them in some succeeding summer. A fine breeze having sprung up, the sails of the cutter were shaken out, and we soon sped rapidly on our course. In the evening, we were off the coast of Northmaven, a peninsula of the mainland of Shetland, which, as it died away on the horizon, reminded me of the carol of the poetic Claud Halcro:

'Farewell to Northmaven;
Gray Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again.'

How, during a run of three days in one of the handsomest of her Majesty's cruisers, I was kindly entertained by my new naval friends in a way I can never forget—how I reached Kirkwall in Orkney, and bade them adieu, must all be left to the vivid imagination of the reader. Again catching the steamer, I was in due course borne, with twenty other passengers, to Wick, and thence to Aberdeen and Leith, without a single adventure to form the subject of an anecdote. And so ends my account of a month's visit to Shetland.

STORY OF LAVALETTE.

EARLY LIFE.

MARIE CHAMANS, Count de Lavalette, was born at Paris in 1769, his father, it is said, having been an obscure but honest shopkeeper. Being seen to be of a quick apprehension, an effort was made to give him a good education, in order to fit him for one of the learned professions. The church appears to have been what his father ultimately destined him for, as he wore for some time the dress of an abbé; but feeling a disinclination to the clerical profession, he afterwards studied the law, and was preparing to become a barrister, when an entire change was given to his feelings by the outburst of the Revolution. Ardent in the cause of social regeneration, he espoused the revolutionary doctrines, and became an officer in the National Guard; but soon he was shocked at the sanguinary excesses which were committed in the sacred name of liberty, and shrunk from the cause. With a heroic disregard of his own safety, he now attached himself to the falling fortunes of Louis XVI., and narrowly escaped with his life when defending the royal family alongside the Swiss Guard, at the storming of the Tuileries, on the memorable 10th of August 1792.

The horrors to which this formed a prelude, drove the indignant young national guardsman to join, at the suggestion of his friend

and comrade Bertrand, a few young men in seeking service in the French armies abroad. What the party underwent and witnessed in traversing France, at the time in a state of wild commotion, made Lavalette doubly rejoice on joining his regiment; and though the change was at first very great from the ease and comfort of his father's house, to the hardships of a common soldier's life, yet his good-conduct and attention to his duties soon insured his promotion, while his superior education and love of reading led him to devote the scanty leisure of a camp, and all the energies of a strong mind, to acquiring a scientific knowledge of his future profession. While yet only a sergeant, his colonel discovered his merits, and gave him lessons in strategy and fortification, and the construction of military maps.

From the rank of sergeant, young Lavalette rose, by good-conduct and abilities, to that of lieutenant, in which with his brother-officers, all equally poor, he endured many privations when on active service. Of naturally good feelings, and repugnant to everything like the butchery of warfare, he was at first shocked with the horrors of an engagement, and quailed before the storm of bullets to which he was exposed. Viewing this as a weakness of character, he mentions in his memoirs that he resolved to conquer it, and achieve greater strength of mind. Speaking of the part he acted in the army of the Rhine, he observes: 'When I joined, I was full of enthusiasm and desire to do right, but I had only confused ideas of war, and was wholly without experience. I had never yet seen an enemy, and was much taken up as to how I should behave in my first action. It was my good-fortune to be attached to the division under General Dessaix, whose air of calm cheerfulness under the most murderous fire, first taught me that there is no true valour without those fundamental requisites. I took myself severely to task; I found I had not steadiness to keep my horse in the line of the bullets; nay, that I even sometimes caught myself taking a circuit when I might have pushed straightforwards. I felt ashamed of such paltry manœuvres, and got the better of myself so completely, that at last even grape-shot ceased to give me any annoyance. This was by no means the work of a day. How often had I to turn back and take my place in the thick of the fire, and in the midst of the sharp-shooters! But when I had stayed there a good while, I was pleased with myself, and that is so satisfactory! It was this moral courage perhaps which made me worthy of being aide-de-camp to the conqueror of Italy, and contributed to gain me his esteem. To it also I am indebted for having borne prosperity with moderation; and when evil days came, what did I not owe to its invaluable aid!'

At Milan, after the battle of Arcola, he was attached as an aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, who, more than any other man, had the talent of selecting able individuals to assist him in his enterprises. Chosen from among a host of eager competitors to execute some dashing

manœuvres, Lavalette acquitted himself satisfactorily in them all. On one occasion, when wounded in a perilous expedition into the Tyrol, he was complimented by Bonaparte, who said to him, in presence of the army: 'Lavalette, you have behaved like a brave fellow; when I write the history of this campaign, you shall not be forgotten'—a promise he lived to fulfil.

But it was to other than military qualities that the young officer owed his general's special favour. It was his solid information, his acute spirit of observation, his marvellous sagacity, and, above all, the propriety of his manners, which Bonaparte (a great admirer of good-breeding) so highly appreciated; and at a subsequent period shewed that he did so, by employing him first in the most delicate and difficult political missions, and afterwards in an important post in the state.

Desirous at once of rewarding and attaching to himself his confidential agent with the Directory, at a time when he had as yet little in his power in the way of recompense, Napoleon sought to promote his protégé's interests by uniting him in marriage with the amiable heroine of our story, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais.

This lady was the daughter of François, Marquis de Beauharnais, the elder brother of Alexander, Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband to Josephine, and father of Eugène: Emilie and Eugène thus were cousins. At the period to which we refer, Emilie was receiving her education in the well-known seminary of Madame Campan, where she had been placed with the concurrence of her aunt Josephine, now the wife of General Bonaparte. The manner in which Josephine, widowed by the execution of her husband, Viscount de Beauharnais, became known to Bonaparte is worth mentioning.

After putting down, by the most unscrupulous exercise of the military means in his power, the insurrections by which Paris was still harassed, Bonaparte issued peremptory orders for disarming the citizens, and weapons of every description were obliged to be given up. Among these, Madame Beauharnais was about to deliver up her late husband's sword, when her son Eugène, a boy of thirteen, threw himself on it, and declared that nothing in the world should induce him to part with it. The functionary employed refused to leave it without the express authority of General Bonaparte, but offered to take the boy to him. The beauty of the child, his deep emotion, the warmth and *naïveté* of his entreaties, and his father's well-known name and fame, all combined to touch the general. He gave him leave to retain his beloved sword, and begged to be introduced to his mother. She was young, amiable, and possessed a grace beyond beauty's self. The conqueror saw, loved, and married her; and their union, long even more happy than it was brilliant, owed its origin to a trait of filial piety to the memory of a beloved parent.

Now united to Josephine, Bonaparte considered himself entitled to negotiate the marriage of Emilie, and in looking about for a match, none appeared to him so eligible as that of his favourite aide-de-camp, Lavalette. Sudden and energetic in all his movements, Bonaparte adopted the idea of the marriage when on the eve of his expedition to Egypt, in which, as a matter of course, his aide-de-camp was to accompany him. In vain did Lavalette remonstrate against so hasty and ill-timed a union, urging the probable disinclination of the young lady, and the chance of her being left a widow.

'In that case, and supposing the worst,' said her imperious uncle, 'she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp, and enjoy a pension and a place in society. As she is, the daughter of an emigré, no one will look at her, even under my wife's wing; and 'tis a pity, for she is a nice, pretty, accomplished, well brought-up girl. Come! marry her you must, and within eight days. I'll give you a fortnight's leave afterwards.'

'At first I only laughed,' says Lavalette, 'during this harangue; then I began to get serious, and said: "But the young lady!—I would not for the world force her inclination."'

'Oh, she is a child. She must by this time be dead tired of school, and never would be happy at her mother's. While you are away, she can go and live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed, and in two years you will be back to her. Come! 'tis a settled thing. I'll talk of it to my wife.'

On the evening of the day in which this proposal was broached, Lavalette visited Josephine, who expressed her satisfaction with the match, and promised to take him next day to St Germains, to introduce him to her niece.

'Next morn, accordingly,' says Lavalette, 'we—that is, Bonaparte, Josephine, her son Eugène, and I—got into a carriage, and drove to Madame Campan's. It was a great event; and as a holiday had been given, all the girls were either at the windows or in the drawing-room. We adjourned to the garden, and amid this flock of forty young ladies I looked out with no small anxiety for my intended. Her cousin Hortense soon brought her forward to salute her aunt and the general; and I was not sorry to recognise in her really the prettiest person present; a fine tall figure, full of grace and elegance, a beautiful complexion, heightened by natural confusion, but, withal, a timidity and embarrassment which set the emperor a-laughing. It was settled that we should breakfast in the garden on the grass. For my own part, I confess I was very thoughtful. Would this sweet creature be mine, or at least would she obey without reluctance? And if she did, this abrupt marriage and sudden departure were sufficiently annoying.

'When the party broke up, I requested Eugène to lead his cousin into a solitary walk, where I joined them, and he left us together. I then opened the conversation, and concealed from her neither my

birth nor my lack of fortune. "I have only," said I, "my sword and the good-will of the general; and in a fortnight I must bid you adieu. Open your heart as freely as I do mine. I feel that I could love you with all my soul; but this on one side only will not suffice. If this union is not to your taste, confide in me frankly, and I engage to find a pretext for breaking it off without your secret transpiring, or your being tormented on the subject."

'Without raising her eyes, which had been bent on the ground during the whole of my address, she answered it by a timid smile, and by putting into my hand the bouquet which she carried in hers. I embraced her, and we returned slowly to the party. Eight days after, we were married, not only civilly at the municipality, but in the chapel of a convent by a little, nonjuring, concealed priest, a thing at that time all but absolutely prohibited, but on which Emilie insisted, for her piety was as sincere as it was fervent. When a very few days after, I quitted her for Toulon, it was without a formal farewell, which would have been too painful for both. Eighteen months later, I returned to falsify my own evil auguries. Of eight aides-de-camp, four had perished—Julien and Sulkowski murdered by the Arabs, Croisier killed at St Jean d'Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugène Beauharnais were severely wounded; Mulin and I alone escaped unscathed.'

We are left to gather from other sources what Lavalette's modesty forbade him to mention, that this impunity was the more wonderful, from his being foremost in all the most perilous encounters of the romantic Egyptian campaigns, during which he rarely left Bonaparte, at whose side he fought at the battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, as well as at the murderous siege of St Jean d'Acre. The prominent part borne in these conflicts by our gallant countrymen has made them matter of British history, and would render repetition of their details useless. A few anecdotes only of a more personal nature, from the graphic pages of Lavalette's memoirs, who to the close of life loved to dwell on scenes which his education and temperament rendered doubly interesting, may be preserved from oblivion.

On one occasion he was ordered on a mission of no small difficulty and danger to Ali Pasha, whose character of Djezzar, or 'the butcher,' and his notorious want of faith and humanity, rendered the fate of any envoy to his barbaric court extremely doubtful. Fortunately, the pasha was absent; but Lavalette, though much relieved, had only escaped one danger to encounter another. Being ordered to sea, for the purpose of bringing tidings of the French fleet expected on the coast, he was chased and nearly captured by an English frigate, ere he could get on board *L'Orient* to communicate with the commander-in-chief, Admiral Brueys. He was not even here in security, or in a creditable situation, and he was anxious to leave the vessel, which had already landed a large part of the forces it had brought from France. After a long conversation with

the admiral, 'I walked,' says he, 'alone during the night up and down this immense vessel of 130 guns, without meeting a single soul. I could have fancied myself in the cathedral of Notre Dame; and what added to the singularity of this solitude was, that, before being reduced by the disembarkation, its complement, now reduced to 600 persons, had been 2145! The more I contemplated this vast half-manned citadel, the less desire I felt to take part in the conflict. In fact, not being a marine officer, my evident duty was to rejoin the general. In the event of a victory, there would be found plenty of willing messengers, while I was sure of much blame and little pity if, in case of disaster, I should be made prisoner or killed. I therefore went to the admiral and said: "Upon mature reflection, I have made up my mind to proceed and give an account of my mission, and of the position in which I have found you."'

Having no reason to oppose this resolution, the admiral gave him a skiff to take him to Rosetta; but during the voyage, he had ample leisure to repent his decision. 'The swell,' he says, 'created by the strife of the sea and the Nile was tremendous,' and a violent storm came on to add to the danger. One vessel, laden with provisions, was lost before their eyes; another, rather stouter built, still struggled on, and, by charitably casting them a tow-rope, saved their little craft from being swamped in the waves or hurled upon the breakers. 'Seventeen hours,' says Lavalette, 'were thus passed, when the sea having calmed a little, I insisted on pushing forward for the mouth of the Nile. The sailors were very unwilling; but I was seconded by the officer commanding the boat, a young man full of energy and intrepidity. The first wave that came after us covered and well-nigh sunk us. One pull more was necessary; and though the men were as pale as death with fear, it was made, and we reached Rosetta.'

The good-fortune of our hero was not yet exhausted. While he achieved in safety the passage up the Nile, his less fortunate brother aide-de-camp, Julien, was massacred during the night by the Arabs, with all his escort. By the victory achieved by Nelson off Aboukir between the 1st and 3d of August 1798, the French fleet was annihilated, and the land forces of Bonaparte were necessarily deprived of any immediate succours from France. The manner in which the tidings of the defeat were received and communicated by Napoleon, is thus related by its eye-witness:

'It was in returning from beating the Mamelukes at Salahieh that the commander-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news had been brought by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber's, whose horse being knocked up, he had written a few details in an open letter which I took from the hands of a peasant. I read it, and begged the general to come aside a little from the midst of his staff. I then gave him the note, and when he had read it: 'You know the contents,' said he; 'of course you will

keep them secret.' We then returned to Balbeys, where breakfast was already on the table, and every one in the highest spirits, the troops having retaken from the Mamelukes the rich merchandise of which they had recently plundered the caravan. The soldiers would have sold them on the spot for half nothing, but Bonaparte strictly forbade any officer to become a purchaser, till there should be an opportunity of disposing of them for a fair price by the captors on their arrival at Cairo. In the middle of breakfast, the commander-in-chief said to his guests: 'Well, gentlemen, you say you like this country; it is very fortunate, as we have no longer any fleet to take us back to Europe!' The news was received with the same *sang-froid* with which it was told; every one's mind was made up, and there was no more about it.'

Of a piece with his former escapes was the charmed life which Lavalette seemed to bear in the midst of a six weeks' sojourn in Alexandria, when the plague raged with such virulence, that two days after an inspector-general and ten assistants had arrived there, one alone survived; and a secretary, who had merely, in signing some billets for the troops, come in contact for a moment with an infected paper, was a dead man in fifteen hours; while surgeons, physicians, and hospital attendants were successively swept away. The escape of one alone of these last, who habitually washed himself with oil, confirmed the well-known fact of the impunity enjoyed by the oil-porters of Constantinople.

A melancholy example of the summary punishments inflicted by oriental functionaries came under the notice of Lavalette, while deputed by his general, then absent, to accompany the aga of police in a tour of inspection through the streets of Cairo. The aga, a Greek, was as usual accompanied by the executioner and his myrmidons, the sight of whom sufficed to clear the streets of all their petty traffickers, and of all such persons as had any peccadilloes on their conscience. While stopping a moment in front of a café, a man was dragged violently to the feet of the cadi's horse, who, after a very brief interrogatory, replied to by the trembling criminal, gave a slight horizontal wave with his hand, on which the cavalcade moved on. 'Something in the cadi's gesture had struck me,' says Lavalette, 'and turning my head after we had got on a few paces, I saw a group assembled before the coffee-house, and galloped back to the spot. Imagine my horror when I saw a decapitated body, and the executioner very quietly putting the head into his bag! "What does this mean?" said I to the aga. "Oh," replied he coolly, "the fellow was a ringleader in the late revolt, and had hitherto contrived to escape me!" I made a point of his reporting the case to the general, and very likely the man was guilty: but I could not help suspecting that my presence, and the desire to give me a specimen of Ottoman inflexibility, cost the poor wretch his life. It must be confessed, however, that such examples are not

unfrequent, and that the cadi never moves unaccompanied by the executioner.'

At the memorable siege of St Jean d'Acre, fresh instances were afforded of the good-fortune of Bonaparte and his companion Lavalette, in escaping dangers which carried off thousands around them. While one of the shells, thrown with unerring precision from the fortress, buried itself harmlessly in the earth at the very feet of Bonaparte, and in the midst of his staff, another exploded not far off, among eleven soldiers lying on the ground at their breakfast, not one of whom survived the explosion a single instant.

MIDDLE LIFE AND DANGERS.

After Bonaparte's return to Europe, he deputed Lavalette to act as plenipotentiary to Saxony. On this expedition he was accompanied by his young wife, Emilie, who, while in Germany, had the pleasing satisfaction of vindicating the ladies of France from the then too well-founded imputation of shamelessness in dress and behaviour, by the retiring delicacy of her manners and rigid propriety of her costume. Lavalette afterwards visited Berlin, where the queen and court loaded his wife with flattering distinctions. Returning to France, Emilie was appointed mistress of the robes to her aunt Josephine, and this office she held until the divorce of her respected relative. She now retired into private life. Lavalette, however, continued in the service and confidence of Napoleon, by whom he was appointed to the onerous office of director-general of the posts, to which were successively added the dignities of councillor of state, and grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and finally the title of count. Lavalette discharged the offices so imposed on him for a period of twelve years, and all parties agree in bearing testimony to the honourableness of his conduct in the trying situation in which he was placed. While at the head of the post-office, he abolished the base practice of opening letters for purposes of state or private curiosity, and for this reform he drew on himself the hatred of many in power, and especially the relentless and treacherous Fouché.

It had not been without misgivings and remonstrances that Count Lavalette beheld the latter steps of Napoleon's ambitious and ill-advised career; and however these might interrupt the cordiality of their intercourse, the emperor never failed in any emergency to resort for truth, or in any disaster for consolation, to his disinterested counsellor. The confidence reposed in his integrity by that undoubted judge of character, Bonaparte, may be gathered from his having insisted on depositing with Lavalette, on the eve of his departure on the unfortunate Russian expedition, bills on the treasury for a million and a half of francs, with directions to convert

them into gold, and keep them until further orders. At a loss, he says, how to secrete such a mass of bullion, Lavalette had made, through an artillery officer of his acquaintance, boxes exactly resembling gigantic volumes, and lettered *Ancient and Modern History*, each capable of containing 30,000 francs, and put them into his bookcase. When the emperor came back, he seemed to have forgotten all about this money, and returned to Germany without giving any precise orders as to its disposal, only saying, when pressed on the subject: 'We'll see when I come back.' 'At length,' says Lavalette, 'when, some months after, he was leaving Paris for his final campaign in France, I insisted on his ridding me of a deposit I could no longer be responsible for, amid the events with which Paris was threatened. "Well," said he to me, "can't you hide it in your house in the country?" It was in vain I represented to him that this château, situated on the high-road from Versailles, was liable to be pillaged and occupied by adverse parties, and that the slightest imprudence might betray the treasure. He would not listen to me, and there was nothing for it but to obey. I had a faithful steward, whom I employed for several nights in digging a hole under the flooring of a closet, which, after depositing beneath it the fifty-four volumes of a work, sure, if discovered, to be highly relished, we carefully replaced the floor. Shortly after, the chateau was occupied by 300 Prussians, fifteen of whom slept in the room, a plank of whose floor they had only to raise with their sabres to come upon these heaps of gold. My life during the two months they stayed was one perpetual agony, lest they should find out all, and I only breathed when they were gone.' What ultimately became of the money we have not heard.

Pressed upon on all sides, and with a tottering power, Napoleon found it advisable to abdicate the throne of France in April 1814, and to retire to the island of Elba, where it was arranged he should continue to enjoy the title of sovereign and an income of two millions of francs. On this dissolution of the imperial power, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., Lavalette, with the greater number of functionaries, civil and military, gave in their adhesion to the new dynasty; and to that dynasty they might have continued faithful, had it been faithful to itself, or cultivated the confidence and affections of the nation. The Bourbons, however, as was observed, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They were neither respected nor loved by the French people, while the discord of the European powers at the congress of Vienna disposed many to anticipate a new revolution in France. Taking advantage of the general dissensions, Napoleon once more appeared on the scene. Quitting his mock empire of Elba, he landed in France on the 1st of March 1815, and with what adherents could be collected, marched on to Paris, which he reached on the 13th; Louis XVIII. having previously fled—an event which, morally speaking, may be said to

have dissolved the allegiance of his servants, and left them free to follow a new master. Influenced by old attachment, gratitude for past favours, as well as admiration of his genius, many of Napoleon's former generals and ministers either flocked to him before he entered Paris, or afterwards took office under him. Among these were Labédoyère, Ney, and Lavalette. With respect to the latter, it appears that, no sooner had the royal family quitted Paris, or the approach of the emperor become matter of certainty, than, urged on by a professional impulse which it is difficult to reconcile with our previous knowledge of his calm and considerate character, Lavalette proceeded, as early as seven in the morning, to take possession of his former office, vacated in his favour by its timid elderly occupant, the Comte de Ferrand. Some difficulty made in furnishing to the latter the order for horses to expedite his leaving Paris, and the refusal to permit him to follow the royal family to Ghent, were circumstances afterwards brought up against Lavalette, who, however, always declared that the whole arose from a misunderstanding.

More serious imputations, however, were ere long incurred, by the new director taking upon him not only to suppress and keep back the mails which were to circulate in the departments the royal proclamation enjoining tranquillity and obedience, but to despatch in their stead a circular addressed to the different postmasters, in which the capital was stated to be enthusiastically in favour of the emperor, and deprecating all idea of resistance to his authority. To these steps, by which Lavalette unquestionably committed himself, he added the still more decisive one of sending a courier to meet his old master with a note, the satisfied smile of Napoleon on the perusal of which, and his verbal message in return: 'So I am expected in Paris! Tell Lavalette to meet me to-night at the Tuileries!' sufficiently indicated its flattering, and, as it afterwards appeared, too sanguine tenor. That the sentiments it contained were sincere, and that the writer really rejoiced at the moment in the return of his benefactor, it is only natural to imagine, strenuously as he denies all conspiracy to bring it about, and early and painfully as he learnt to appreciate the hollow and delusive nature of the power thus marvellously resumed.

His account of the first interview with the emperor is striking, and a satire on the evanescence of all earthly greatness. On receiving, about eleven in the evening, the order to attend at the palace, he found Napoleon surrounded by his former ministers, talking as quietly over the details of the administration as if they had all been shoved ten years back. The subject and tone of the conversation, the presence of so many persons habitually employed under the emperor, would have completely effaced from the memory of Lavalette the existence of the Bourbons, and their reign of scarcely a year, had not some busts of the family been left in the confusion on a side-table, which next morning quickly disappeared.

'The emperor, on seeing me,' says the count, 'advanced a few steps towards me, and pushing me gently before him into the next room, and pulling me by the ear: "Ah! so you are there, Mr Conspirator!"

"No, indeed, sire; you must be aware, if you have been told the truth, that I would have nothing to do"——

"Well, well!" said he, interrupting me, and resuming his endless interrogatories. The conversation ended by his offering me the ministry of the interior, which I declined, pointing out the necessity of naming one already well known in the Revolution. The choice, an excellent one, fell on Carnot. My audience and others lasted great part of the night. At length, about three o'clock, the emperor returned to the *salon*. "You will make out commissions," said he to the proper functionary, "for all these gentlemen. As for Lavalette, he has no need of one—he has taken the post by storm." A slight shade of bitterness in the tone with which this was uttered, shewed he had been piqued by my conduct.'

Scarcely eight days had elapsed ere the sagacity of Lavalette enabled him to fathom the abyss about to open under their feet. Not only had the famous proclamation of the congress of allies convinced the emperor that the storm would ere long burst over France, but the revolutionary spirit which pervaded the country itself alarmed and perplexed him, and he sought in vain the profound respect and submission, nay, the etiquette, of the imperial court.

'He would send for me,' says Lavalette, 'two or three times a day, to talk for hours together; but sometimes the conversation languished; and one day, after pacing several times in silence up and down the room, tired of this sort of work, and pressed by my own urgent duties, I bowed and took my leave. "What!" exclaimed the emperor, astonished, but with a good-humoured smile, "is this the way I am left?" I certainly should not have dreamt of doing it a year before; but somehow I had lost my courtier's routine, and could not again acquire it. One thing I have no doubt of. Had the emperor beaten the allies, and enjoined a peace, his power would have encountered the most imminent danger from intestine commotions. In appearance at least, however, no man could conform more admirably to his position. At no period of his life did I see him more imperturbably calm; not a word of anger or impatience, but listening patiently to everything—confessing his errors with affecting ingenuousness, and discussing his situation with a penetration his very enemies failed to equal.' The result is matter of history. The battle of Waterloo caused Napoleon to abdicate the throne, and to flee from the country. It would appear, from the parting interview at Malmaison between the abdicated sovereign and his minister, that mutual presentiments as to the fate of each weighed on the other's mind. These were shared, on Lavalette's account, by nearly all his friends, who no sooner became aware

that an extensive proscription was meditated, than they urged him, as its certain victim, to immediate flight.

From this step his wife's delicate health and advanced pregnancy might have probably sufficed to deter him; but so little apprehensive was one of the three state criminals to be excepted by the Bourbon family from their general amnesty, of the blow about to fall upon him, that while vainly bending all his energies to urge the escape from Paris of the young General Labédoyère, a similar infatuation prevailed, over all the hints and remonstrances of his friends, to detain Lavalette himself on the fatal spot.

Strong in the impression, if not of his entire innocence, yet that he had not committed any serious error in having resumed office during the Hundred Days under his old master Napoleon, he persisted in remaining in Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons by the allies. He was at length arrested, and henceforward the account of what befell him must be given in his own words.

CAPTIVITY.

'On the 18th of July,' says Lavalette, 'I was at dinner with my wife and a friend, when an officer came to request me to speak to Monsieur de Cayes, the prefect of police. I was set down by a hackney coach, with two or three officers of police mounted behind it for footmen, in the outer office of the prison of the prefecture, where for some time (the turnkey being busy assigning lodgings to various new-comers) nobody took any notice of me; and seeing among them a Monsieur ——, long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, whom I knew well, looking very sad and sorrowful at seeing me there, I naturally experienced a reciprocal feeling, and was condoling with him on his misfortune, when, suddenly averting his head as he pointed to me, and rushing out of the place, he said to the turnkey: "Take that gentleman to No. 17." "Yonder goes a man who has turned his coat quickly!" thought I, as, a little ashamed of my blunder, I followed my conductor.

'It was to a filthy garret, whose only window was in the roof, at a height of twelve feet, my only means of opening which was by an iron bar, so heavy that I was never able to move it a single notch. I suppose every one's first impulse on being put in prison, after the surprise is over, is to be very angry; and I launched out in pretty strong invectives against the head of the establishment, for not having condescended to see one whom he had sent for to speak with him. I was not yet *au fait* as to the code of politeness of prefects of police.

'There being no bell, I had to wait for three hours till the arrival of the jailer, who brought my sorry prison dinner, and I could not help asking him who were my next neighbours; as I had seen, through the key-hole, men carrying bottles, and all the apparatus

of a feast. "They are two aides-de-camp of General Labédoyère," said he. "What!" exclaimed I, "is he then arrested?" "I believe so." Little did I then know that these two wretches—who had denounced their late commander, when that ill-advised young man insisted on revisiting Paris and his family before proceeding to take refuge in America—were thus carousing with the rewards of their treachery!

'Towards ten at night I was sent for to go down to the chief of division, whose business it was to interrogate me; and as an examination was a relief from my own thoughts, I readily obeyed. The functionary, after a few pages of questions and answers, amused himself by telling me anecdotes, almost too atrocious for belief, of his skill in making prisoners criminate themselves; which he wound up by saying: "As for you, your affair will not go far—it is not of consequence enough for me."

'I remained a week longer in this preliminary incarceration, during which the bad air and prison hardships brought on an inflammatory illness, to which I owed my removal, and the hastening on of my trial, lest I should escape, by a natural death, the one intended for me.

'On the 24th of July I was abruptly put in a coach, and transferred to the too famous Conciergerie, of the very existence of whose dungeons, beneath the noble halls of the Palais de Justice, many even in Paris have not an idea. A tall and insolent turnkey, after reading aloud my description, marshalled me along a dark passage to my new abode. It was a long narrow slip of a place, having at one end a window so overhung by *jalousies* as to afford one a glimpse of about a foot square of sky, and its bare walls blackened with prisoners' names and effusions of despair. A wretched pallet, an old table, and two buckets were its sole furniture, in the description of which I should not have been so particular, had it not formed for the previous three weeks the abode of Marshal Ney.

'I shewed myself to be weaker than he, for he never complained, while I did; for when I found it would be impossible for me to read more than half an hour in the day, I wrote to the prefect of police to tell him I should soon be a dead man if they did not change my lodgings. That evening the turnkey came to take me out to walk in the courtyard called the Préau, and at nine, instead of taking me up again to my hole, he led me to a ground-floor room, which boasted of a fireplace, and a window looking into a smaller court, separated from that of the women by a pretty high wall. "I could not put you here this morning," said he, "because General Labédoyère was confined next door; but he is removed to the Abbaye. Next day I got him to shew me the chamber, which was still more inconvenient than that I had left, and where the poor fellow had remained in total solitude for eight days, without books or any other recreation, seeing even a jailer only twice in the

twenty-four hours, and deprived, by the narrowness of his cabin, from even such exercise as pacing its length would have afforded.

'I, too, was to spend six long weeks in secret, receiving no letters that were not first opened, nor seeing any friend except in presence of the prison clerk. I had but sorry news of my wife, whose assurances of perfect health were sadly belied by her trembling handwriting, and the sufferings I knew to be inseparable from her situation of advanced pregnancy, to which she carefully abstained from alluding. My slumbers, which these tidings were not likely to render sounder, were broken at all hours by the vicinity to my cell of a huge iron door, the incessant opening and shutting of which, when the sentries were relieving, shook me in my bed, and often made me start up in alarm; while the cold and damp obliged me, even at midsummer, to keep up a fire night and day.'

During this period of suspense, Lavalette seems to have been chiefly supported under his misfortunes by reflections on the yet greater reverses of the emperor. It was not without a degree of melancholy satisfaction that he was permitted occasional short interviews at his window with Marshal Ney, who was confined in the same prison, and on a similar charge of breaking his faith with the Bourbons, and going over to Napoleon. Ney was cheerful under his reverses, consoling himself, like Lavalette, with the reflection that he had only done as his sense of duty and gratitude had dictated. Not a little of his time he spent in playing the flute, and when his companions in misfortune could not see him, they knew from the notes of his flute that he was still a living man. Of the three victims confined on a similar charge, Labédoyère was first tried and executed. 'Labédoyère is gone,' said Ney to Lavalette at their last interview; 'it will be your turn next, dear Lavalette, and then mine.' This anticipation proved correct. Lavalette was brought to trial in the course of November; but before proceeding with his story, we may present a few details respecting the unfortunate Ney.

MARSHAL NEY.

Michel Ney was the son of a poor tradesman of Saarlouis, on the borders of Germany, and, like Lavalette, rose to a high post in the army entirely by the force of his character. At first he was intrusted with only the command of a body of irregular troops, called partisans, who, knowing very little of discipline, yet exceeded all other men in the impetuosity of their attacks, and were ready for any enterprise, however daring or desperate. To execute missions of extraordinary peril, to traverse the enemy's lines, to reconnoitre his positions and strength, to cut off his convoys, and to destroy or make prisoners such separate detachments as they might encounter—such were their usual tasks; and it was in this adventurous service that Ney acquired the surname of the *Indefatigable*.

A daring act of intrepidity which he performed at the siege of Mannheim in 1799, raised him to the head of a division in the regular army. This act was his assumption of the character and costume of a peasant, and entering the town to spy the nature of its defences. German being his native language, and being well acquainted with the manners of the peasantry, he escaped suspicion, and returned in safety to the French camp. With the knowledge he had so gained, he proceeded, during the darkness of night, with a chosen band, and by the fury of his attack captured the place.

Now installed in the favour of Napoleon, Ney rose to distinction, and was created Duke of Elchingen, in reward for the victory he achieved at the battle of that name. In the French campaigns in the Peninsula, he was in active service, and conducted the retreat from Torres-Vedras with an ability which greatly increased his fame. Colonel Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, has an anecdote about his brother, honourable alike to Marshal Ney and the French commander-in-chief, Soult. Major Napier, at the battle of Corunna, having been wounded and made prisoner, 'he was returned among the killed. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia, being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges) would have been destruction to his professional prospects. The marshal also obtained for the drummer (who had saved him from being murdered by a French soldier) the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days from Corunna, but he recommended Major Napier to the attention of Marshal Ney; and that marshal also treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did Marshal Ney's kindness stop there; for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waived all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold intimation of the captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve until regularly exchanged. I should not have dwelt thus long upon the private adventures of an officer, but that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and the demand is rendered imperative by the after-misfortunes of Marshal Ney.'

Ney served in the Russian campaign, and for his gallantry during this disastrous expedition he was created Prince of Moskwa. In 1813, when the power of Napoleon was crumbling to ruin, Ney still adhered faithfully to him. Like others, however, as has been

already said, he went over to the Bourbons, and, more fortunate than many of his brethren in arms, was intrusted by them with a high military command, and created a knight of St Louis, and a peer of France. But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted. During the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew nor wished to know the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good-nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he shewed it not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which during twenty-five years had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity. Contrary to his wife's inclinations, Ney seldom appeared at court, and it was while at his country seat, in March 1815, that he was surprised by a summons to join the division of the army of which he was commander. He undertook the commission, but the universal defection of the army caused him to abandon the attempt, and he hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.*

In the brief campaign of 1815, Ney had an important command, and at Waterloo, where the whole energies of Bonaparte were concentrated for a final effort, he led the attack on the enemy's centre; and after five horses had been killed under him, he remained the last French general on the bloody field. His clothes were full of bullet-holes, and he fought on foot till night, in the midst of the plain. All being lost, and aware of the dangers to which he was exposed, he fled to Auvergne, a remote part of France, and found shelter and concealment in the castle of a friend at Aurillac. During an entertainment given by his friend, one of the guests observed a splendid sabre. The account of it reached the ears of the sub-prefect, and it was immediately recognised as the sabre of Ney. The castle was searched, the marshal taken, and imprisoned on the 5th of August. Ney might have escaped with ease, but he

* Court and Camp of Napoleon.

was confident of acquittal. He was brought before a court-martial, which on the 10th of November declared itself incompetent to take cognizance of his case. His trial was therefore referred to the Chamber of Peers, where the minister, the Duke de Richelieu, was eager for his punishment. His advocate was Dupin. The twelfth article of the capitulation of Paris, signed July 3, 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favour; but Wellington affirmed that this was not the true construction of the article. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Marshal Davoust, who had made the treaty, and who explained it in favour of Ney, he was sentenced to death by 169 votes against 17. With the calmness which had distinguished him through the whole trial he listened to the sentence; but when the person who read it came to his titles, he interrupted him: 'What need of titles now? I am Michel Ney, and soon shall be a handful of dust.' When the assistance of a priest was offered him, he replied: 'I need no priest to teach me how to die; I have learned it in the school of battle.' He permitted, however, the curate of St Sulpice to accompany him to the scaffold, and compelled him to enter the carriage first, saying: 'You mount before me now, sir, but I shall soonest reach a higher region.' On the 7th of December 1815, at nine o'clock A.M., he was shot in the garden of the Luxembourg. When an attempt was made to blindfold him, he tore away the bandage, and indignantly exclaimed: 'Have you forgotten that for twenty-six years I have lived among bullets?' Then turning to the soldiers, he solemnly declared that he had never been a traitor to his country, and, laying his hand upon his heart, called out, with a steady voice: 'Aim true. France for ever! Fire!' He fell, pierced with bullets; and his melancholy fate will long be remembered as one of the most vengeful and imprudent acts of the elder Bourbons.

STORY OF LAVALETTE'S CAPTIVITY CONTINUED.

We now turn to Ney's companion in captivity, the Count Lavalette, the period of whose confinement previous to his trial in November 1815 was extremely irksome. 'Time in prison passes but slowly,' says he in his memoirs, 'and to the evils of my own situation were now added deep anxieties about my wife, whom I had won upon to promise not to come and see me till after her confinement, well knowing the interview would be enough to kill her. On her account, and that of my family, I succeeded in persuading myself that I should get off with a few years' imprisonment, during which I could watch over and occasionally see them; and though the idea of the scaffold would intrude, it was as yet but as a vague threat, scarce likely, I flattered myself, to be realised. When such thoughts became too oppressive, I escaped from them by mentally following the bark which bore Napoleon over the wide waters to St Helena.

'One of the worst features of my domicile was the vicinity to it, right opposite, though separated by a wall, of the women's court, whence, from eight in the morning till seven at night, issued a perfect torrent of stunning vociferation, couched in the lowest and coarsest and most depraved terms to be found in our own or any language, and sounds of riot, which the jailers were often obliged to rush in to quell. On this same court, be it remembered, had looked out the two windows of the prison of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette! This chamber, which I had daily to pass through during my sojourn, was a large waste place, divided by a sort of pillar forming two arches, with a brick floor whose obsolete designs indicated extreme antiquity. How often did I walk up and down this prison when about to become a prey to despondency! How often did I blush there for complaining of a lot which, be it what it might, could not transcend in horror that endured by a queen of France!

I had denied myself, since my imprisonment, the visits of my daughter, now nearly fourteen, from the dread of deepening her sorrows by the sad realities of a dungeon. But my wife having sent her to receive my blessing on the eve of her first communion, it was in vain that I strove to keep within bounds my long-repressed affections. On seeing before me my only child, adorned with all the charms of youth, first drowned in tears in my arms, and then stretched in a deep swoon at my feet, my heart was torn with inexpressible parental anguish, and for the first time awakened to the full extent of my misfortunes. I was wholly unable to control my grief; my silent tears mingled with the sobs of my child; and when I laid my hands on her head, the words of blessing died away on my lips.

'This scene, as I have said, first roused me to a true sense of my situation, and my kind and zealous legal defenders drew aside, in their consultations, a part at least of the veil which had hitherto blinded me to it. My chief adviser, Monsieur Tripier, a clear, logical-headed man, prepared for my defence by first attacking me on every vulnerable point of my case. "What business had I at the post-office? Why had I gone thither so early? Why did I despatch a courier to meet the emperor? Why take upon me to stop the royal proclamation, while accelerating by the same posts the bulletin of Napoleon?" My answers appeared to him candid and straightforward, but insufficient to secure my acquittal. Yet up to the eve of my sentence, his opinion was, that I should be condemned to five years' imprisonment for my unauthorised resumption of office. What, however, engrossed far more of my thoughts than even my trial, was the situation of my wife, whose new-born infant—the long-wished-for son on whom I reckoned to console her in the event of my loss, and her cares for whom might reconcile her to survive me—had been taken from her suddenly, after an illness

of a few short hours. My anxieties on her account, in the event of my condemnation, grew quite dreadful—the calamities attendant on revolutions having deprived her of nearly all her near relatives. Her father, indeed, survived, and had returned to France, but bringing with him a second wife and family; and residing, as he did, at a distance from Paris, could offer little in the way of present protection.

'It was amid these dismal reflections that my trial began, the first day of which was marked by animosity, and was stormy and unfavourable; though towards its close, prejudices seemed giving way, and on the second, matters appeared taking a more favourable turn. Just as the jury, about six in the evening, were going to retire to consider their verdict, a question arose, on which its fate turned, between my counsel and that for the crown, as to the order of putting the questions: 'Was I guilty of conspiracy, or only of a usurpation of power?' If put in this order, and separately, no act of conspiracy having been proved, the capital offence and consequent penalty fell to the ground, and the misdemeanour, carrying imprisonment, alone remained. But this was not the aim of my prosecutors, and they prevailed to have the questions joined in one; and thus working partly on the timidity and partly on the humanity of the jury, by assuring them that an example of clemency was alone now wanted by the government, and an opportunity of pardoning in my person (Ney being already executed) the third great state offender.

'During the deliberation I was taken back to prison, and a kind young friend volunteered to keep me company. After a very melancholy dinner, wishing to keep up his hopes, though my own were at an end, I proposed to him our usual game at chess, and won it, contrary to my custom, as he was more than my match. But indeed, poor fellow! as the night wore on, his firmness gave way with it, and when, at ten o'clock, obliged to take leave, he fairly melted into tears. I remained alone two endless hours longer, and at midnight was summoned back to hear my sentence. The verdict had been read in my absence, and it was easy for me to gather its tenor from the ominous silence which reigned in the vast hall, whose benches were still occupied, and even by women, among whom I in vain sought for a single compassionate glance. One juryman alone had his face buried in his handkerchief. It was Monsieur Jurien, a returned emigrant, whose nomination I had looked upon as peculiarly disastrous, yet who, I afterwards learned, had for six hours advocated my cause in a jury where eight out of twelve had voted against me.

'The judges returned, for form's sake, for a few moments; but I had read my doom in many a countenance ere the president pronounced aloud the article of the code which involved capital punishment! I was pronounced guilty, and doomed to death under the guillotine. As I went back to my cell, the turnkey met and

questioned me. "All is up with me!" said I; and the man recoiled as if he had received a shot. Hitherto, and in public, I had kept up; but night and solitude gave full effect to the terrible words: 'Guilty of death!' My first impulse was again an indignant one. I strode rapidly through my cell, appealing to France and the whole world against an iniquitous sentence; but by degrees I grew calm, and exhausted nature found oblivion in sleep.

'My earliest care next day was how to break the sad tidings to Madame Lavalette. I wrote to the Princess de Vaudemont and another old female friend, who hastened to her, and whose deep mourning garb made her at once aware of their mission. But the princess, a woman of firm, decided character insisted on dictating a letter to the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the bedchamber, soliciting an interview with the king. It was granted, contrary to all expectation, Mesdames Ney and Labédoyère having been refused; but the hopes it gave rise to proved cruelly delusive.

'Led by the hand by Monsieur de Duras through all the assembled courtiers to the king's closet, my wife fell at the feet of Louis XVIII., who said to her: "Madam, I have at once received you, to give you a mark of my deep interest." He added no more; but the words had been overheard, and were whispered abroad in the ante-room as Madame Lavalette passed. Her grief, her beauty, the grace and nobleness of her demeanour, notwithstanding her deep dejection, affected all who beheld her. It was remembered that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and no one doubted that a pardon would follow, since the king had granted the audience. It was not, however, thus to be.

'The next day, for the first time during four months, we met, and her paleness, her thinness, her deep depression, shocked me dreadfully. She fell speechless into my arms, unable during the first hour to articulate a single word. At length she slowly came to herself, and I drew from her the particulars of her interview with the king. For her sake and that of my child I assented to appeal, as I had the right of doing, against my sentence to the Court of Cassation; though my first impulse had been to shrink from the torturing suspense of the month, perhaps, which might intervene before its decision. During this period I strove to familiarise myself, by means of closely interrogating the jailers, with all the horrible minutiæ of the scaffold and its preliminaries; and though at first the very marrow in my bones seemed frozen at their cold circumstantial recitals, by degrees I got wonderfully hardened, and could listen without blenching. The mode of execution alone revolted and disgusted me; and while the jailer, who informed me of poor Ney's fate, and told me he had been shot, thought me mad because I said he was "a happy fellow!" I left no stone unturned to procure for myself a similar soldier's death.

'I failed; and not death itself could be more bitter than the

terms in which this was conveyed by some on whose gratitude I had strong claims; while from others, especially the Duke of Ragusa (from whom circumstances had estranged me), I received the most unexpected testimonies of devoted interest. He proved it when, on the confirmation of my sentence, and the extinction of all hope, save from the royal clemency, he risked, and actually lost his favour at court, by introducing my poor wife once more to the presence of the monarch. It was in vain. Repulsed in all directions, she remained sitting for above an hour on the stone steps of the court, without one of the numerous comers and goers venturing to bestow on her the smallest token of recognition or compassion; and at length, worn out in body and mind, and deprived of all hope from man, she returned, broken-hearted, to my dungeon.

'My hours, I felt, were now literally numbered, only forty-eight remaining of the three days allowed for the condemned to apply for a pardon. All my friends were in consternation; the jailers themselves avoided my presence; even Eberle, the one employed about my prison, had no longer the heart to address me, but moved silently about the room, scarcely seeming to know what he was doing.

'On the Tuesday night I said to him: "It is usually on Friday, is it not, that executions take place?" "Sometimes on Thursdays," said he, smothering a sigh. "At four o'clock in the afternoon generally?" asked I. "Sometimes in the morning," he replied, hastily running out, without ever remembering to shut the door behind him. A female turnkey from the women's ward happening to pass by, and observing this, slipped into my room, and passionately kissing my cross of the Legion of Honour, rushed out again, drowned in tears; and thus it was to a woman I had scarcely seen, and never spoken to, I owed the certain knowledge of my impending fate.

'My wife came as usual at six o'clock to dine with me, accompanied by a female relation. When we were alone, she said: "There no longer remains a hope for us but in one plan, which I am going to propose. You must leave this at eight o'clock in my clothes, along with my cousin, and go in my sedan-chair to such a street; Monsieur Baudus will have a cabriolet in waiting, to conduct you to a retreat he has secured for you, where you will remain in safety till you can quit the country." I listened and looked at her in silence. Her voice was so firm, and her aspect so calm, she seemed so persuaded of success, that I hesitated to reply; and yet her project appeared to me sheer madness, and I was obliged at last to tell her so. At the first word she interrupted me. "No objections," said she; "your death will be mine; so do not reject my proposal. My conviction of its success is deep, for God, I feel, sustains me."

'In vain did I urge the innumerable jailers who surrounded her

every night when she left, the turnkey who always handed her to her chair, the impossibility of so disguising myself as to deceive them; and, above all, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of miscreants who, in their first rage at my escape, might actually maltreat her. I was forced to leave off, her increasing paleness and agitation precluding all remonstrance. I could only pacify her by a seeming consent, remarking, however, that if success could be looked for in such a wild scheme, it could only be by stationing the cabriolet much nearer to the prison, as, in the course of nearly an hour's journey, a sedan-chair could not fail to be overtaken, nor could I perform the distance on foot in women's garb without similar danger.

These considerations induced her to agree to defer till next day (the last I had to call my own) the execution of her plan; and exacting my solemn promise then to make the attempt, she left me, in some degree quieted and comforted.'

ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

The plan of escape proposed by Madam Lavalette was not new in the annals of female devotedness. The same means had been successfully employed by the Countess of Nithsdale to aid the escape of her husband from the Tower of London, on the night preceding that designed for his execution (February 23, 1716).* Whether Madame Lavalette was acquainted with the particulars of this heroic incident, is unknown: they were not at least likely to be remembered on the present occasion by the functionaries of the conciergerie, and hence the plan of escape had all the benefit of being new and unexpected.

Lavalette himself, however, had serious misgivings as to the propriety of so hazardous a project. 'The more,' says he, 'I reflected on the scheme suggested for my escape by my wife, the more hopeless did it appear. Not only was she taller than myself, but her figure was slight and agile; while I, greatly as confinement had reduced me, was still too much the reverse for the jailers, who saw both daily, to be taken in. And then I was so thoroughly prepared to die! I had so often, and at length so firmly rehearsed the cruel drama, even to the dreary journey in the cart, and the last offices of the executioner; and now I was to mingle a possible burlesque with all this tragedy, most likely to be retaken in my woman's disguise, nay, perhaps exposed in it to the derision of the public! But, on the other hand, my poor wife, so happy, so secure in the success of her project, to refuse my concurrence in it would be to kill her.

'While lost in these tormenting conflicts, she arrived, and after communicating to me the distressing results of some other unavail-

* See Tract, 'Last Earl of Derwentwater.'

ing efforts she had been making on royal clemency and ministerial sympathy, she said: "I am coming as usual to dine with you. Keep up your courage, for we shall require it all! As for myself," added she, with a deep sigh of exhaustion, "I feel I have just strength left for four-and-twenty hours, and not one moment longer, I am so thoroughly worn out!" Poor thing! her hours of energy and consciousness were indeed numbered!

'I had gone through a sad scene in taking leave, as I thought, of my daughter (who had been brought to me the day before by the porteress of her convent), when, to my surprise, she reappeared, along with her mother. "I have bethought me," said she, "that you had better have our child to accompany you. She will do more punctually as I desire."

'My wife had put on over her dress a merino pelisse, richly lined with fur, which she used to wear in coming home from balls, and had brought in her bag a black silk petticoat. Having sent the child out of hearing, she said to me rapidly in a whisper: "These will suffice to disguise you perfectly. I could have wished to add a veil, but having, unfortunately, not been in the habit of wearing one, it is out of the question now. Be sure, before going into the outer room, to draw on these gloves, and put my handkerchief to your face. Walk very slowly, leaning on Josephine, and take care to stoop as you go out at these low doors, for if they should catch the feathers of your bonnet, all would be lost. The jailers will be as usual in the ante-room, and remember the turnkey always hands me out. The chair to-day will be drawn up close to the staircase. Monsieur Baudus will meet you very soon, and point out your hiding-place. God guide and protect you, my dearest husband! But oh, be sure and mind my directions, and keep calm! Give me your hand; I wish to feel your pulse. Now, feel mine, and see how quietly it beats; there is not the slightest quickness." Poor thing! I ascertained she was in a strong fever! "Nor, above all," added she, "no giving way to our feelings; we should be ruined." I could not, however, forbear giving her my wedding ring, on the pretext that if stopped, it might help to betray me.

'She now called back her daughter. "Listen well, my child," said she, "to what I am going to say, as I shall ask you to repeat it. I shall leave this evening at seven instead of eight o'clock. Keep behind me in going out, as you know the doors are narrow; but when we come into the outer hall, take care to be on my left, the side the turnkey comes on to hand me out, which I hate. When we are beyond the grating, and going up the outer stair, then come to my right, that the odious gendarmes at the guardhouse may not come and stare under my bonnet, as they always try to do. Do you understand me?" The dear girl rehearsed her lesson very faithfully.

'One or two friends who had dropped in with the kindest

intentions, but whose emotions would have been fatal to the firmness of the parties, had to be got rid of ere dinner was served; and, more perplexing still, a poor old nurse of Madame Lavalette's, who had been left waiting outside, but whom grief and the heat of the stove had upset, was to be allowed to sit in the room, and yet be kept in ignorance of the scheme, which the slightest alarm or indiscretion on her part might have betrayed.

'This dinner, which might prove my last upon earth, was very frightful. The morsels stuck in our throats, and not a word was exchanged; and thus nearly an hour had to be spent. Three-quarters past six at length struck, and my wife rung for the faithful valet, whose services I had dispensed with, that he might attend her. She spoke a few words to him in a whisper, and then added aloud: "Take care that the chairmen are at hand; I am just coming." And when he was gone, turning to me: "Now you must be dressed."

'For want of a dressing-room, I had luckily made them place a large screen in my apartment, behind which we now retired, and while my dear wife made my toilet with equal quickness and dexterity, she kept saying: "Mind you stoop your head at the doors; be sure and walk slowly through the hall, like a person worn out with suffering." In three minutes my disguise was complete, and we were back into the room; and Emilie said to her daughter: "What do you think of your papa?" An incredulous smile was the poor child's only answer. 'But seriously, my dear, will he do?" "Not very badly," said she, on seeing me walk a few steps before her; but her head sunk on her breast, and her dejected tone betrayed her apprehensions. Not a word more was spoken till I was close to the door. I then said to Emilie: "The turnkey looks in every evening as soon as he has seen you off. Take care and remain until then behind the screen, and make a noise by moving about some of the things: he will conclude all right, and give me the few minutes indispensable for my getting clear away." She understood me, and as I put forth my hand to ring the bell, I gently pressed her arm: we exchanged looks: "Adieu!" said she, lifting up her eyes to heaven. Had we ventured on an embrace, all would have been lost.

'The jailer's step was now heard. Emilie sprung behind the screen—the door opened: I passed out first, next my daughter, then the old nurse. On coming to the door leading from the passage to the outer room, I had at the same time to lift my foot and stoop my head, to prevent the catching of my feathers—no easy matter: but I succeeded; and had now to face in this large room a file of five seated jailers ranged along the wall. I held my handkerchief to my eyes of course, and expected my daughter to come, as directed, on my left; but in her flurry the poor child took the right, thus leaving the jailer at liberty to hand me out as usual. He laid his hand on

my arm, evidently much moved (for he concluded we had taken an eternal leave of each other), and said: "You leave early to-night, madam?" It has been said that my child and I gave way to screams and sobs. So far from that, we durst not so much as indulge in a sigh. At length I got to the further end, where, night and day, sat a jailer in a huge arm-chair, in a space sufficiently contracted to allow him to place his two hands on the keys of two doors; one an iron grating, the other (the outer one), called the first wicket. This man looked at me, but did not open. I had to put my hand through the bars to hurry him. At length he turned his two keys, and we were out! And now, recollecting herself, my daughter took my right arm. We had twelve steps of a stair to go up to get at the court where the chair waited; and at the foot of them was the guardhouse, where twenty soldiers, with an officer at their head, stood within three steps of me, to see Madame Lavalette pass! My foot was at length on the last step, and I got into the sedan, which was close by. But not a chairman was there—not a servant! only my daughter and the old woman standing beside it, and a sentry not six feet off, immovable on his post, staring at me. My first surprise was giving way to violent agitation: I felt my eyes fixed like a basilisk's on that sentry's musket, which, at the smallest noise or difficulty, I should certainly have sprung on, and used it against any one who offered to take me. This dreadful suspense may haved lasted some two minutes, which to me appeared the length of a night. At length I heard the voice of Bonneville, my valet, whispering to me: "One of the bearers has failed me, but I have found another!"

'I then felt myself caught up, the chair crossed the court, and we went down a street or two. When it was set down, the door opened, and my friend Baudus offering me his arm, said aloud: "Madam, you know you have a visit to make to the president." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet which stood a short way off down a little dark street. I sprang into it, and the driver said to me: "Hand me my whip." I sought it in vain; it had fallen. "Never mind," said my companion, giving the reins a shake, which set off the horses at a round trot. As I passed, I caught sight of my daughter Josephine standing on the quay, with her hands joined, praying for me with all her soul before getting into the chair; which, as I had predicted, was quickly overtaken, and finding her only in it, was allowed to proceed.

'Beginning to breathe at length, when we had driven a long way, I had time to look at my coachman, and what was my astonishment to recognise the Count de Chassenon, whom I little thought of seeing in that capacity. "Is that you?" asked I in unfeigned surprise. "Yes; and you have at your back four well-loaded pistols, which I hope you will use in case of need." "Not I, indeed; I have no mind to involve you in ruin!" "Well, then, I suppose I must shew

you the example, and woe to whoever attempts to stop us!" We drove on to the Boulevard Neuf, where we stopped, and I displayed my handkerchief, as agreed, on the apron of the cab; having, by the way, got rid of all my female paraphernalia, and slipped on a groom's frock, with a round laced livery hat. Monsieur Baudus soon joined us: I took leave of the good count, and modestly followed in the wake of my new master. It was now past eight; the rain fell in torrents; the night was dark; and nothing could be more lonely than this part of the town. It was with the greatest difficulty I could keep pace with Monsieur Baudus before I lost one of my shoes, which did not mend matters. We met several gendarmes at full gallop, little aware that he whom they were probably in quest of was so near them! At length, after an hour's march, worn out with fatigue, and with one foot bare, we came to a large mansion. "I am going in here," said Monsieur Baudus; "and while I engage the porter in conversation, slip into the courtyard; you will find a staircase on the left; go up it to the highest story. At the end of a dark passage to the right is a pile of firewood; stand behind it, and wait." I grew dizzy, and almost sunk on seeing Monsieur Baudus knock at the very door of the minister for foreign affairs—the Duke de Richelieu! But while the porter let him in, I passed on quickly. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "Oh, 'tis only my servant." I found the staircase and everything else as directed, and was no sooner on the appointed spot, than I heard the rustling of a gown; my arm was gently taken; I was pushed into a room, and the door closed upon me.'

Lavalette was now concealed in what was in all probability the least suspected place in Paris—the house of the minister of foreign affairs. For an asylum under this roof he was indebted to the gratitude of Madame de Brisson, the wife of the cashier. M. de Brisson, it appears, had been proscribed at the first revolution for voting against the king's death, and was two years in hiding, along with his wife, among the Vosges, a cluster of mountains on the east of France. Here they received so much kindness from the inhabitants, that Madame de Brisson made a vow to save, if ever in her power, a person similarly circumstanced. She now had it in her power to afford a shelter to Lavalette, and nobly did she redeem her vow. Every comfort, down to the minutest luxuries of the toilet (so acceptable to a prisoner long deprived of them), had been provided by this lady's thoughtful kindness; even the felt slippers in which alone he was to dare to move about, and the profusion of books and wax-lights, which were to compensate to a studious man for the necessity of keeping his windows carefully closed all day. When the shades of night permitted him to open them, it was often to hear street-criers bawling forth proclamations, of which he could sometimes catch little more than his own name, threatening with the utmost penalties of the law all landlords or lodgers who might be

giving him a harbour; and truly, considering not only the dangers to which their generous conduct in his behalf was exposing his benefactors, but the fearful risk to all involved, in a nephew (who slept next room to him) and a couple of faithful servants being necessarily in the secret, it may be imagined that Lavalette's was not a bed of roses. His meals had to be literally purloined from their own table by Madame de Brisson, who, on some refreshment not habitually consumed by the family being requested by her prisoner, was obliged to remind him of the recapture and death on the scaffold of Monsieur de Montmorine, from the trifling circumstance of some chicken bones being found near the door of his landlady—a woman too poor to indulge in such dainties. She was, however, able to afford him the more substantial alleviation of hearing that, spite of proclamations, at which every one laughed, his escape was the subject of rejoicing all over Paris; that Madame Lavalette was extolled to the skies, and every possible allusion to her conduct at the theatre received with rapturous applause.

It is now time to return to that interesting woman, whose agitating suspense after her husband's departure may be easily conceived. No sooner was Lavalette beyond the gates, than the jailer peeped as usual into the room, and hearing some one behind the screen, went out. He returned, however, in five minutes, and still seeing no one, bethought him of pushing aside a leaf of the screen, and at sight of Madame Lavalette, gave a loud cry, and ran towards the door. She flew to prevent him, and, in her despair, kept such fast hold of his coat that he left part of it in her hands. 'You have ruined me, madam!' he exclaimed in a rage, and extricating himself by a desperate effort, and calling out as he went along: 'The prisoner has escaped!' he ran, tearing his hair like a madman, to the prefect of police.

The intelligence of Lavalette's escape, hastily communicated to the prefect, spread universal surprise. Indignant at the trick which had been played, the prefect, who was officially responsible for the safety of the prisoner, instantly ordered the widest and most minute search to be made to recover the lost captive. Gendarmes galloped about in all directions, and every suspicious-looking individual was seized. Cafés, hotels, and all places of public resort were visited. Every supposed lurking-place was searched. The pursuit continued all night, and domiciliary visits of the strictest kind were made, not only at the house of every acquaintance of the count, but of all who had ever held official connection with him. The effort was vain. Clever as the police of Paris unquestionably are, they were completely baffled on this memorable occasion. To intercept a possible flight to the country, the barriers were closed, and no one was permitted to pass without undergoing a personal scrutiny. All, however, would not do. Lavalette, safe in the house of the minister of foreign affairs, who little knew what guest he entertained, continued undiscovered; and all Paris chuckled to see the police fairly at fault.

Defeated in their attempts to recover the fugitive, the police and other authorities meanly revenged themselves on Madame Lavalette, who for some time remained in an agony of suspense with respect to the fate of her husband. From the brutal insults of the enraged jailers, she was rescued by the arrival of the attorney-general, but only to be exposed to a set of formal interrogatories and reproaches from that functionary. In the eye of the law, she had been guilty at most of a misdemeanour, for which a severe punishment could not properly be inflicted. By the orders of the attorney-general, however, she was treated with unbecoming disrespect and severity; and being at the time in a poor state of health, this treatment was not only a sore aggravation of her immediate distresses, bodily and mental, but laid the foundation of complaints which afterwards unsettled her reason.

Instead of throwing open to this magnanimous woman the doors of the prison she had hallowed, her confinement was, for six weeks, as close and rigorous as that of the worst criminals. She was subjected to the nuisance of being within hearing of the reprobate of her own sex, while no female attendant was allowed her save a jailer; not a line was she permitted either to despatch or receive, and therefore a continual prey to anxieties on her husband's account, which, at every change of sentries, made her start up, concluding they were bringing him back, and for twenty-five nights wholly deprived her of sleep. Fortunately for her husband, he was kept in ignorance of these distressing details, and taught to believe that, though subject to restraint, she was enjoying every comfort under the roof of the wife of the prefect of police.

To him we must now return. In consequence of the unabated vigilance of the authorities, the friends of Lavalette were anxious to get him conveyed, if possible, beyond the barriers, and thence out of France. Several plans of escape from the country were suggested, without success. One, to escape in the suite of a Russian general, failed, from the dread inspired, by hearing the name of Lavalette, of himself being sent to Siberia. Another, more promising, to join a Bavarian battalion quitting Paris, whose commandant, a friend of Prince Eugène, would have earned praise instead of blame by conniving at it, was frustrated by the surveillance naturally enough exercised by the police over both men and officers of this suspected corps. At length, on the eighteenth day of his seclusion, Monsieur Baudus, in a transport of joy, announced to Lavalette his probable escape through the co-operation of Englishmen.

The political sentiments of some then in Paris had been too openly declared, against the execution of Marshal Ney especially, to make sounding them a matter of difficulty; and the office being undertaken by some French ladies of rank and the most amiable character, had all the success anticipated with Mr Michael Bruce in the first instance, and through him, with yet more efficient

coadjutors, General Sir Robert Wilson, and Captain Hutchinson of the Guards. It was humanely resolved by these gentlemen that Lavalette should, if possible, escape from France by wearing the uniform of a British officer. This plan, which was accordingly put in execution, is described as follows by Sir Robert in a letter to Earl Grey, which was intercepted on its way to England, and led to the subsequent trial and imprisonment of the parties engaged.

'It was agreed,' says Sir Robert, 'that the fugitive, wearing, as well as myself, the British uniform, should accompany me beyond the barriers in an English cab; that I should have a fresh horse stationed at La Chapelle, and from thence get on to Compiègne, where I was to be joined by my own carriage, in which Lavalette and I would proceed by Mons to Cambrai. At my request, and on my responsibility, I easily procured passports from Lord Stewart for General Wallis and Colonel Losack; names which we made choice of, because their initials corresponded with the real ones. On their being taken to be signed at the Foreign Office, one of the secretaries took it in his head to ask who Colonel Losack was, when Hutchinson coolly answered: "Oh, the son of the admiral." Bruce now found out that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aide-de-camp was to leave Paris next day with his horses and baggage. With this young man, reluctantly as we involved him in the affair, it was agreed that he should provide for us a place where an individual, desirous of avoiding publicity, might remain *perdu* a few hours at Compiègne—a precaution which proved of the greatest use.

'Bruce next procured Lavalette's measure, and a uniform was ordered as if for a quarter-master of the Guards; but the regimental tailor happening to observe that it was for a very stout gentleman, and, moreover, that it had not been taken by a professional *snip*, the parties got alarmed, and fell on the plan of borrowing for the expedition the coat of a strapping brother-guardsman—a very young man, whom they persuaded it was wanted to assist in an elopement.'

It is not the least curious of the many odd features of this remarkable escape, that on Lavalette proceeding under cloud of night the previous evening to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings in the Rue de Hilder, he only exchanged one lion's den for another, having for a neighbour under the same roof the very judge who had presided at his trial! He was there met by Mr Bruce (whom he had once or twice seen at the queen of Holland's) and Sir Robert Wilson, who, after partaking of a bowl of punch (the ostensible pretext for the meeting), left him to take on a sofa such slumbers as, on the eve of such an expedition, he could hope to enjoy. These were rudely broken in upon about one in the morning by a prodigious noise and loud colloquy at the outer door, the object of which was plainly to effect a forcible entry. Lavalette, never doubting he was discovered, and firmly grasping his pistols, woke his companion, who, he tells

us, went out very quietly, and after five minutes (which to Lavalette seemed ages) came back and said: 'It is only a dispute between the portress and a French officer who lodges on the third floor about letting him in at so late an hour; so we may go to sleep again.'

There was no more sleep, however, for his guest, who got up at six and dressed himself, and at half-past seven was called for by Sir Robert in a general's full uniform, in Bruce's cabriolet, while Captain Hutchinson rode alongside, both to give it the air of a pleasure party, and that Lavalette, if hard pressed, might exchange the carriage for a swifter conveyance. 'The weather,' says our hero in his memoirs, 'was splendid, all the shops open, everybody in the streets; and, by a singular coincidence, as we passed the Grève (the place of execution in Paris), they were setting up the gallows customarily used for the execution in effigy of outlawed criminals.'

Numerous were the occasions on which the party were threatened with discovery; indeed, that one with such marked features as Lavalette—personally known, from his office, to half the postmasters in France, and, moreover, minutely described in placards in almost everybody's hands—should have escaped detection, seems little short of a miracle. Before they were out of Paris, they met an English officer, all surprise at seeing a British general with whose person he was unacquainted. The gendarmes at the gate took a hearty stare at him; but the ceremony of presenting arms screened at once his profile and his life. When they met people or carriages, Sir Robert took care to talk very loud in English, and Colonel Losack to sit well back in the carriage, the white feather in his regimental hat serving to divert attention from the wearer. Another object of the same colour had, however, nearly served to betray him: namely, a few white hairs straggling from beneath his wig, which Sir Robert observed ere entering Compiègne, and being fortunately provided with scissors, was enabled to act the barber's part.

Their chief peril was at the previous village of La Chapelle, where their relay horse had been stationed at a bustling inn, about the door of which four gendarmes were lounging, and were only got rid of by the presence of mind of Captain Hutchinson, who, by pretending to be on the look-out for cantonments for a corps of English troops, diverted their attention, and kept them drinking till the others had got clear off. Their stay of some hours at Compiègne, to await the arrival from Paris of Sir Robert's carriage, passed off equally well, and under cloud of night it arrived safe. With post-horses the rest of the journey could now be more expeditiously, and, thanks to the words 'English carriage and English general,' passed on from postilion to postilion, was at length safely performed.

At Cambrai three hours were lost at the gates by the supineness of the English guard, who, having no orders to call up the porter, refused to do so, and might have ruined all. At Valenciennes, the party were three times examined, nay, their passports carried to the

commandant. A long time elapsed, and Lavalette felt as if on the brink of shipwreck when almost in port. Luckily, it was very cold weather (early in January), and day had scarcely dawned; and the officer, instead of coming to inspect the travellers, signed their passports in bed. 'On the *glacis* of the same town,' says Lavalette, 'an officious douanier chose to examine if all was right. His curiosity, however, was satisfied, and we were ere long bowling joyously along the firm road to Mons. Now I would peep out of the little back-window to see if we were pursued; and then I would fix my longing eyes on a large building pointed out to me as the first Belgian custom-house, which, drive as we would, never seemed to me to get any nearer. At length we gained it: I was out of the French territory, and saved! Seizing hold of the general's hands, I poured forth, deeply moved, the whole extent of my gratitude, while he only answered me by a quiet smile.' 'Having made at Mons every arrangement for facilitating Monsieur Lavalette's ulterior proceedings, I returned,' says his generous deliverer, 'to Paris, from whence I had been absent only about sixty hours.'

EXILE AND DEATH.

Lavalette was now safely sheltered in a foreign country. From the Netherlands he proceeded to Germany, and there found a refuge in the dominions of the king of Bavaria, though scarcely with the willing consent of that monarch. In a remote country retreat Lavalette lived for years, almost forgotten by the world. The only matter for serious regret was the absence of his affectionate wife, the state of whose mind rendered seclusion from the world indispensably necessary. The manner in which the count spent the greater part of his time may be gathered from a touching letter which he wrote to the Duchess of Ragusa, the wife of General Marmont.

'You ask me where I live, and how. I dwell on the banks of a lake not unworthy of Switzerland, for it is five leagues long by one broad. I have a room and a closet at the lodge of the keeper of a forsaken chateau. My view consists of a fine sheet of water, pretty low hills, and high mountains beyond, covered with snow. For walks, I have wild woodlands, abounding with game, which remain unmolested for me. My hosts are honest peasants, whose Spartan broth and black bread I partake of with tolerable relish. I dare not have in a servant a possible spy, so my sole companion is a poor artist unknown to fame, who smokes all day long, and does not know one word of my language; but I am learning his, and we get on very well. He wakes me every morning at six, and we labour together till nine. After the most frugal of breakfasts, we set to work again till noon, and after dinner from two till five. I then read a couple of hours; and at seven we go to walk till supper.

I have taught him chess, and we play till ten, when I go to my room, but seldom to bed till one o'clock. These hours of night are for the heart's anguish, and a host of bitter reminiscences. I pray and weep over all those I love, and in thinking of my poor, humbled, subjugated country.

'But I do not at all times give way to such sad thoughts. I should be unworthy of my glorious misfortune did I not draw from it the sweetest consolations. I often feel less thankful at having escaped the scaffold, than for being saved from it by such generous hearts. Wife, child, friends, domestics, nay, those noble strangers, all combined to suffer, to sacrifice themselves; but, thank Heaven, ultimately to triumph in my cause. I of all mankind have no right to complain of my fellows. Never was unfortunate being honoured by so much devotedness and courage!

'I am so happy that you are within reach of my poor wife. You love and appreciate her. She is not understood in a world of base wretches, who little thought that that weak, dejected, unhappy woman would prove too strong and bold for them all! Oh, take care of her, I beseech you; watch over her, and shield her from every sorrow! And my poor little Josephine; good God! what will become of her? How fondly had I looked forward to perfecting her education! When I think of all this, I could beat my head against the very walls, and dread what I may be tempted to do! Above all, my wife!—see her often, console, and protect her if necessary.'

It is consolatory to know that Lavalette outlived the vengeance of his enemies. After an exile of six years, the crime of which he stood guilty was remitted, and he was allowed to return to France a free man. He now had the additional happiness of being permitted to see his wife, and to repay by the most devoted attentions her exertions in his behalf. The acute mental malady brought on by anxiety and terror, under which she had for some years laboured, seems to have gradually yielded to a deep melancholy and frequent abstraction; 'but she remained,' says Lavalette, 'as she had ever been, good, gentle, and amiable, and able to find enjoyment in the country,' where for her sake he chiefly resided, pretty much forgotten by the world, until his death in 1830. Whether Madame Lavalette ultimately recovered from her alienated mental condition, we have not heard: it is, however, gratifying to learn that her daughter Josephine, who was married to a man of worth and talent, lived to contribute to her comfort and happiness, in that scene of rural quiet to which she had been removed by an affectionate and grateful husband.

RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

ALL excesses are dangerous, and none perhaps more so than an excess in devotional feeling. Of religious excesses, originating either in imposture or the delusions of an overheated temperament, the world has had many lamentable examples. During the last thousand years, there have appeared as many as twenty false Messiahs, besides an incalculable number of persons who have presumed, with equal impiety, to declare themselves to be prophets specially sent by God. History abounds in accounts of these deluded beings, and of their temporary success in working on the credulity of followers. For the sake of general information, and, if possible, to guard simple-minded people from being deceived by the claims of all such pretenders, we

present the following account of a few of the principal religious impostors, or at least self-deceived fanatics, of modern times, commencing with

MUNZER AND BOCKHOLT.

In the year 1525, amid the turmoil of the Reformation, there arose a remarkable sect in Germany, headed by a fanatic named Thomas Munzer, who declared himself to be an inspired prophet. The members of the sect pretended to be the peculiar favourites of Heaven, the chosen instruments of God to effect the millennium reign of Christ on earth. They believed that they had familiar personal intercourse with the Deity, that they were on an equal footing with the prophets and apostles of old, and were armed against all opposition by the power of working miracles. Their pretended visions, miracles, and prophecies soon kindled the flame of fanaticism in the minds of the peasants. Their prophet and leader at length took the field, attended by his deluded followers, with the intention of overturning all governments and laws, giving as a reason that the world was now to be governed by the founder of Christianity in person. The Elector of Saxony and other princes raised an army to withstand the dangerous pretensions of the sect. About five thousand were slain in battle, the leader of the mob was executed, and the fanaticism apparently quelled.

A few years later a similar delusion was propagated in Westphalia, a district in Lower Germany, by John Bockholt, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden, in Holland—hence his popular name of John of Leyden. This man, with the aid of a few equally infatuated zealots, began to spread his doctrines in Munster, the capital of Westphalia, in the year 1533, and, as in all similar cases, soon gained listeners, some of whom became believers in his pretensions. John of Leyden, like a number of his predecessors, assumed the character of a temporal prince. He persuaded his credulous followers that a new spiritual kingdom was to be established, and that Munster was to be its capital, whence laws should be sent forth to govern all the kings of the earth. This presumptuous idea was flattering to the mob, and the Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of adherents. As he went on, even the learned, including some monks, joined his sect, until at length he found himself powerful enough to venture on his great project. His followers rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed the magistrates, and became masters of the city. Immediately afterwards John of Leyden was proclaimed *king* of the New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or personal doings of the man who thus got the sway of a great city containing many thousands of people. His extravagances are almost incredible. He married eleven wives, to shew his approbation of the polygamy

which prevailed in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem; and to assimilate himself to a particular king of the Hebrews, he ran or madly danced, without apparel, through the streets of Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious acts were daily committed by this mock-monarch, whom it is charity to set down as insane. He of course saw visions and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream it was communicated to him, he said, that the cities of Amsterdam, Deventer, and Wesel were given to him as his own. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither, to spread his new kingdom. In the state of the public mind at the period, these religious embassies were not, as they appear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy gathered so many proselytes, that he attempted to seize on the city. He marched his followers to the town-house on a given day, with drums beating and colours flying. Having seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters there; but the burghers rose, and with some regular troops surrounded the fanatics; the whole of them were put to death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate others of the class.

It may well be imagined that the city of Munster was in a dreadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a doctrine of the sect that all things should be in common among the faithful; and they also taught that civil magistrates were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as well as ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real enthusiasm of belief adding to the evil rather than diminishing it. The following incident is the only one descriptive of the insane and scandalous practices of the sect which we shall venture to record—a specimen is enough. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a private house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having prayed for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off his garments, and throwing them into the flames, commanded the rest to do the same. All did so: and the whole subsequently went out to the streets, which they paraded, crying, 'Woe! woe! woe to Babylon!' and the like. Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they refused to dress themselves, saying, 'We are the naked truth!' Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel disgust at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profligates. But when these very persons, instead of being placed in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks of sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne of Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Count Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germany, assembled an army and marched against the city. The fanatics shut its gates and resisted; nor was it until after an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcome. The mock-monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel death, with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end here. The severe

laws which were enacted after the deaths of Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread of their principles, were of no preventive value; perhaps the reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediately after the taking of Munster, 'the innocent and the guilty were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodigious numbers were devoted to death in the most dreadful forms.' There is proof, too, as in the single case detailed, that even where great profligacy characterised their peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up with it such an amount of sincerity as ought to make us think of them with pity as beings labouring under a strange delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring under the common impulses leading to vice. 'In almost all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death in its worst forms to a retractation of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments.' The more enlightened policy of modern times would either leave alone such unhappy beings, or consign them to the humane treatment of a lunatic asylum.

RICHARD BROTHERS.

Richard Brothers was born in Newfoundland in 1760, and for several years served as a midshipman and lieutenant in the British royal navy. In the year 1784 a reduction of the navy took place, and he was paid off, to live for the future upon an allowance of three shillings a day. No particular eccentricities of conduct characterised Brothers up to the year 1790, when his understanding, according to his own shewing, began first to be really 'enlightened; although,' says he, 'I had always a presentiment of being some time or other very great.' The enlightenment took the shape of an objection to the oath which he was obliged by form to take in receiving his half-yearly pay, and which bears to be a 'voluntary' attestation that the annuitant has received the benefit of no public employment during the term for which he draws his salary. Mr Brothers found here a difficulty which seems really somewhat puzzling. 'I do not wish,' he reasoned, 'to take any oath if I can possibly avoid it, and yet part of my attestation is, that I swear voluntarily. This makes me utter and sign a falsehood, as the oath is compulsory, my pay not being procurable without it.' The head of the Admiralty (the Earl of Chatham) would not depart from the ordinary form in such cases, and Mr Brothers was left half starving, for the space of a year or so, on the horns of this dilemma. Anxiety of mind appears to have given the decisive bent, at this period, to his awakening fanatical tendencies.

The next tidings which we have of Mr Brothers result from the

application, in 1791, of Mrs Green, a lodging-house keeper in Westminster, to one of the workhouses in that district, respecting a lodger of hers who owed her thirty-three pounds, and whom she was unable to keep any longer, as his conscience would not allow him to draw the pay due to him from the Admiralty. The workhouse board pitied the poor woman, who spoke highly of the honesty, good temper, and moral conduct of her lodger. They sent for Mr Brothers. 'His appearance,' says a writer who was present, 'prepossessed me greatly in his favour. He seemed about thirty years of age, tall, and well formed, and shewed in his address and manner much mildness and gentility.' He answered questions calmly, though his replies were all tinctured with fanaticism. The issue was, that the board took him off Mrs Green's hands for a time, and stated the case fully to the Admiralty; which body, on the score of the eccentricities deposed to by the widow, granted the pension to Mr Brothers for the future without the oath.

Richard Brothers, comparatively easy in worldly circumstances, now came before the world as a prophet. He did not publish his 'great' works till 1794; but long before that time his prophetic announcements had been spread abroad, and he had made a mighty stir in the world. His house was constantly filled by persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, and the street crowded with their carriages. There was at least one member of parliament, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a gentleman known as a profound oriental scholar, and author of some highly valued compositions, who openly espoused the views and cause of Brothers, sounding his praises in the British senate, and supporting him by learned dissertations from the press. Oxford divines did not disdain to enter the field as opponents of the new prophet; scores of pious enthusiasts 'testified' in his favour; thousands trembled at his denunciations of woe; and, in short, Richard Brothers became, what he 'had always a presentiment of being some time or other—a very great man.'

To glance at the mass of absurdities—blasphemous in the extreme, if viewed as the outpourings of mental sanity—which men thus allowed to arrest their attention, excites a sense alike of the painful and ludicrous. That the man was neither more nor less than a confirmed lunatic, appears on the face of every chapter. If there was any admixture of imposture in the case, certainly self-delusion was the prevailing feature. The following selections, which, so far from being the most gross specimens of his ravings, are only such as may without impropriety be set down here, will satisfy every reader of the diseased organisation of the prophet's head. He calls his work, which appeared in two books, *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times*, with a further heading which could scarcely be repeated. He had found out in his visions that his ancestors had been Jews, though 'separated from that race for fifteen hundred years, such a length of time as to make them forget they

ever belonged to the name.' The discovery of his Hebrew descent was an essential point, as the prophet was to be the 'prince and restorer of the Jews by the year 1798.' Absurd enough as this assumed genealogy was, what term should be applied to the further assumption, defended by Mr Halhed in parliament, of such a descent as to render him 'nephew' to the Divine Being!

One of Brothers's more important prophecies was, that London would be destroyed in 1791; and will it be credited that such a piece of nonsense should at the time have created great uneasiness in the minds of many persons in the metropolis? To finish the farce, London was *not* destroyed at the time predicted; but that only gave the prophet grounds for self-laudation: it was saved by *his* interposition! He describes minutely what the state of things would otherwise have been, in order, no doubt, to make the sense of the escape stronger. 'London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been sunk, including a distance of eighteen miles on each side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found.'

Mr Brothers had many visions of solid temporal power and honours. In a vision he was shewn 'the queen of England coming towards me, slow, trembling, and afraid. This was communicated to William Pitt in the month called June 1792.' In another vision he saw the English monarch rise from the throne, and humbly send him 'a most magnificent star.' What this meant the prophet could not at first tell, but it was 'revealed' to signify that entire power was given to him over the majesty of England. A letter describing the vision, 'with others to the king, queen, and chancellor of the exchequer were put into the penny post-office, to be sent by that conveyance, according to the directions I received on that head by revelation.' But Brothers was still more direct in his announcements to the king of his coming fall. In his book he plainly says: 'I tell you, George the Third, king of England, that immediately on my being revealed in London to the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that all your power and authority may instantly cease.' The 'revelation' spoken of was to be effected openly and visibly. 'I am to take a rod and throw it on the ground, when it will be changed into a serpent; to take it in my hand again, when it will be re-changed into a rod.'

Can it be possible that ravings such as these, which are among the least objectionable in the book, brought carriages full of admiring people of quality to the door of Richard Brothers, and were defended by a learned senator of Britain less than eighty years ago? That they did so is undeniable; and here lies the apology for yet holding the case up to ridicule. But space and time enough have now been occupied with the task, and we must speedily draw to an end with

Richard Brothers. He shewed most fully the extent of his self-delusion, perhaps, on the occasion of his visit to the House of Commons. After formally announcing that he was about to do so, he went to that place for the purpose of prophesying to the members of wars and rumours of wars, and of directing them, as their true 'king and minister of state,' how to avoid the coming perils. Strange to say, the reckless speaker sent back the letter of the prophet with a messenger, who set him off with what he felt to be, 'in such a public place particularly, unfeeling contempt and incivility.' But the House of Commons had not yet seen the last of Richard Brothers. On the 4th of March 1795 the poor prophet was taken into custody, ostensibly to answer a charge of high treason, founded on the printed passages relating to the king, but in reality to try the sanity of the man in a regular way. He was tried, and was declared by a jury to be *insane*. The imputation both of insanity and high treason was combated, in two long speeches in the House of Commons, by Mr Halhed, and these speeches shew both learning and ingenuity in no slight degree. But the case was too strong for Mr Halhed, and his motions fell to the ground unseconded.

Richard Brothers now fell under the care of the lord-chancellor as a lunatic, and passed the whole of his remaining days, we believe, in private confinement. Doubtless he would there be much more happy than in the midst of a world for which his unfortunate situation unfitted him. The victims of such illusions create a world of their own around them, and in imaginary intercourse with the beings that people it, find more pleasure than in any commerce with the material creation. Richard Brothers, as far as he lived at all for the ordinary world, lived only to give another proof of the strength of the superstitious feeling and love of the marvellous in man, as well as of the difficulty which even education has in repressing their undue exercise.

FEMALE FANATICS.

During the past century the religious world has been scandalised by the wild fancies and pretensions of several female fanatics, equally mad or self-deceiving with the most visionary impostors of the male sex. We shall first speak of

Ann Lee, the founder of the religious sect commonly called Shakers. She was the daughter of a blacksmith, who lived in Toad Lane in Manchester; a very poor man, who gave her no education, and sent her while a mere child to work in a cotton-mill. She seems to have been a violent, hysterical girl, ambitious of notice, and fond of power, and to have always possessed, in virtue of her strong will and vehement temper, a great deal of influence over the people around her. Marrying, while very young, a blacksmith named

Stanley, she had four children, all of whom died in infancy, and to this, perhaps, may be ascribed the preference of the celibate to the married life, which she ultimately raised into a part of her religious system. She became one of the earliest believers in a prophetess, who appeared about a hundred years ago, in the town of Bolton-on-the-Moors, in Lancashire—a poor woman, named Jane Wardlaw, the wife of a tailor, who believed she had 'received a call' to go forth and testify for the truth. The burden of Jane Wardlaw's message was, that the end of all things was at hand, that Christ was coming to reign upon the earth, and that his second appearance would be in the form of a woman, as prefigured in the Psalms. In subordination to this, she took up several of the tenets of the Society of Friends, to which she and her husband originally belonged; especially, she raised her voice against war and against profane swearing. Her followers believed that she was filled with the Holy Spirit; they received her utterances as the voice of God; and she acted as if all the powers of earth and heaven had been given into her hands. Ann Lee, on her conversion (about 1758), began to preach the same message in Toad Lane and the adjacent streets of Manchester; but she soon went beyond her teacher, and gained the leadership of her co-believers for herself. It happened that she was brought before a magistrate, charged with an obstruction of the streets, caused by the crowd collected to hear her preach, and she was sent to the Old Bailey Prison in Manchester. When she came out of prison, she gave forth, that one night a light had shone upon her in her cell; that the Lord Jesus stood before her; and that He became one with her in form and spirit (1770). Her pretension was, that Christ was come to reign in her person. It was favourably entertained by the followers of Jane Wardlaw; and they acknowledged her as their Head, or Mother, in place of Jane, whose pretensions had never gone so far. She found, however, that among her neighbours and fellow-workers, her claim to be the Bride of the Lamb seen in the Revelation by St John, excited only jeering and ridicule; and she received a revelation that she should seek in America a home for herself and her few disciples—that it was in America that the foundations of Christ's kingdom were to be laid. So she went to New York in 1774, accompanied by seven disciples—five males and two females. Her husband also went with her; but he seems to have had no faith in her, and he left her soon after their arrival, in consequence of one of the features then introduced into her system. This was the practice of celibacy, which she had not previously enforced upon her followers, though she had commended it. Her teaching was, that men called into grace must live as the angels do, among whom there is no marrying or giving in marriage; that no form of earthly love could be allowed in the Redeemer's kingdom. Finding a populous city unfavourable to her designs, she removed, with her followers, first to Albany, then far into the wilderness to Niskenna,

and there founded the settlement which still exists, of Water Vliet. It was in the spring of 1780—when she had been three years and a half at Niskenna, looking for new believers to come in, but making no attempt to win them—that the first American converts joined her Society. A revival had taken place at Albany, and had spread through the surrounding districts; and from Hancock and New Lebanon a deputation was sent to Niskenna, to see what light its inhabitants enjoyed as to the way of salvation. The deputation consisted of Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright—subsequently the heads of the Shaker Society. These persons became believers in Ann Lee; and through their agency, other converts were won, and a Shaker Society established at New Lebanon. Towards the close of 1780, the revolutionary war being then in progress, notoriety was given to Ann Lee's pretensions, through an incident seemingly unfavourable. Owing to her British origin, her denunciations against war, and her refusal to take the colonial oaths, Ann was imprisoned for some time at Poughkeepsie, on suspicion of being a British spy. Before she was let out of prison, in December 1780, all the colonies had heard of 'the female Christ.' In the following year, she started upon a missionary tour through New England and adjacent colonies; she found the people everywhere curious to see her, and she made not a few converts. She did not return to Water Vliet till September 1783, and about a year after, she died. Her death was a surprise to many of her followers, who believed that she was to live among them for ever; but her successors—the Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright already mentioned—to whom, on her death-bed, she had made over the headship of the Society, were ready with a theory accounting for it. 'Mother Ann,' they said, could not die, and was not dead, and had not ceased to live among her people. She had only withdrawn from the common sight; she was still visible to eyes exalted by the gift of grace; she had cast the dress of flesh, and was now clothed with a glory which concealed her from the world. So it would be with every one of the saints in turn; but the spirits of those who 'passed out of sight' would remain near and be in union with the visible body of believers. This explanation was generally accepted, and has become a vital part of the Shaker creed, which thus falls in, in so far, with the more recent doctrine of 'Spiritism,' as it is called.

By Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright, the successors of 'Mother Ann,' the Shakers were gathered into settlements, ten in number; and a covenant was drawn up embracing the chief points of their creed, and of the social system since associated with it. Their head was, of course, 'Mother Ann'—the second incarnation of Christ—of whom Joseph and Lucy were temporarily the representatives: elders and deacons, male and female, were appointed; the institution of celibacy was confirmed; and a community of goods was introduced. On the death of Joseph Meacham in 1796, 'Mother

Lucy' became the sole head of the Society, and she governed it with ample powers for twenty-five years. She named a female successor with the title of Elderess; and the name of 'Mother' has not, since that time, been applied to the female head of the community. The Shakers were, at the census of 1860, more than six thousand in number, included in eighteen societies; of which three are in the state of New York, four in Massachusetts, two in New Hampshire, two in Maine, one in Connecticut, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky. Their numbers have increased considerably since 1860; the influence of their opinions has greatly increased; and the eighteen separate settlements continue to form a united and peaceful Society.

Their doctrine has been to some extent developed as well as systematised since the death of 'Mother Ann.' They believe that the kingdom of heaven has come; that Christ has appeared on earth a second time, in the form of 'Mother Ann,' and that the personal rule of God has been restored. Then they hold that the old law has been abolished, and a new dispensation begun; that Adam's sin has been atoned; that man has been made free of all errors except his own; that the curse has been taken away from labour; that the earth and all that is on it will be redeemed. Believers, on going 'into union,' die to the world, and enter upon a new life, which is not a mere change of life, but a new order of being. For them, there is neither death nor marriage; what seems death is only a change of form, a transfiguration which does not hide them from the purified eyes of the saints; and in union, as in heaven, there is no marrying or giving in marriage—the believer owes love to all the saints, but his love must be celibate in spirit and in fact. The believer, living in union, *is* in heaven. The Shakers believe that the earth, now freed from the curse of Adam, is heaven; they look for no resurrection besides that involved in living with them in 'resurrection order.' The believer, upon entering into union, leaves behind all his earthly relationships and interests, just as if he had been severed from them by death. Those who have 'passed out of sight' are still in union; and the Shakers live in daily communion with the spirits of the departed believers.

It being the work of the saints to redeem the earth from the effects of the curse, labour is a sacred and priestly function, especially when bestowed in making the earth yield her increase, and in developing her beauty. It should be done in a spirit of love; the earth, they say, yields most to those who love it; and love and labour will in time restore it to its primitive state. According to Mr W. Hepworth Dixon, from whose *New America* (London, 1867) the materials of this sketch have been chiefly derived, they bestow upon their gardens and fields the affections which other men bestow upon family or worldly goods. Their country they regard only as it is a part of the earth, which they love, and as the favoured land

in which God's kingdom is first to be established. In its politics and its fortunes, they take no interest; and, indeed, their whole system is a protest against the existing constitution of society, as well as against the ordinary lives of men. Consistently with their belief in the second appearance of Christ in the form of a woman, the Shakers seem to hold that there is a female as well as a male essence in the Godhead—to believe in the motherhood as well as the fatherhood of God.

Their mode of worship is thus described: 'The two sexes are frequently arranged in ranks opposite to and facing each other, the front ranks about six feet apart. There is usually an address by one of the elders upon some doctrinal subject, or some practical virtue, after which they sing a hymn; then they form in circles around a band of male and female singers, to the music of whom they "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," in which they manifest their religious zeal; and at times the excitement and fervency of spirit become very great, and their bodily evolutions, while maintaining the order and regularity of the dance and the music, are almost inconceivably rapid.' It was in ridicule of the bodily movements accompanying their worship that the name of Shakers was given to them; the name by which they designate themselves is, the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. In their church-service, music bears a prominent part; the hymns and chants which are used being all of Shaker origin, communicated to believers in dreams and reveries by the spirits with whom they have communion. The spirits, it is said, shew no great regard for rhyme or grammar.

They do not consider a life of celibacy as a duty for all, otherwise the race would soon come to an end. There are two orders in the world—the Order of Resurrection, and the Order of Generation. Those who have entered the Society are of the Resurrection order, for whom there is no marriage; they claim, says Mr Dixon, to be a sort of priesthood of saints, appointed to serve God, and to redeem the world from sin. The outside world is of the Generation order, and for them marriage is still, for a time, allowed.

A Shaker settlement is, for convenience, divided into families, consisting of the brothers and sisters, who live in the same houses, each governed by an elder and an elderess. There are two orders of members—Probationers and Covenanters—that is, novices and full members. It is on becoming a covenanter that the Shaker puts his property into the common stock. On entering upon residence, he becomes subject to all the rules of the society; but he is free—whether a covenanter or a probationer—to leave the body whenever he pleases. Both men and women wear a dress of prescribed cut. Some latitude is allowed as to the materials of the dress. Men and women, it is said, have the look of persons at peace with earth and Heaven. All labour with their hands, both men and women; but

the latter do only indoor work. Every man, whatever his rank in the church, follows some manual occupation, and most of them have more than one. Working not for gain, but with loving care, and with the sense that they are exercising a priestly function, the Shakers are unrivalled among their neighbours in the arts to which they apply themselves, especially the culture of their land, and the production of fruits and flowers. They pay great attention to ventilation and to all sanitary conditions; they live almost entirely upon the produce of the soil, and drink only water; they employ no doctors, and take no drugs, and are, nevertheless, among the healthiest of communities. Their Society is recruited mostly by young men and girls; but occasionally, married persons with their children come 'into union.' Husbands and wives, when they have come 'into union,' become as brothers and sisters. The education of the children attached to the Society is the work of the sisters, and they do it exceedingly well. The brothers and sisters take their meals in a common room, eating at six in the morning, at noon, and at six in the afternoon. Their meals are taken in silence, any direction that has to be given being given by a gesture or in a whisper.

Such is this singular body, which is described as exerting a powerful influence on the course of American thought and sentiment. And yet, strange to say, all this originated, only a hundred years ago, in the morbid visions of an illiterate, hysterical factory-girl.

Jemima Wilkinson was another American fanatic who flourished at the same time as Mrs Lee. She was the daughter of a member of the Society of Friends of Cumberland, Rhode Island. Mentally deranged, her first visions occurred in 1775, when she pretended that she had been ill, and had actually died. Her soul having gone to heaven, as she alleged, she there heard the inquiry: 'Who will go and preach to a dying world?' Whereupon she answered: 'Here am I, send me.' Her body, as she said, was then reanimated by the spirit of Christ, upon which she set up as a public teacher, to give the last call of mercy to the human race. She declared that she had arrived at a state of perfection, and knew all things by immediate revelation, that she could foretell future events, heal all diseases, and discern the secrets of the heart. If any person was not healed by her, she conveniently attributed it to the want of faith.

Mrs Wilkinson made many other extravagant pretensions. She assumed the title of universal friend; declared that she had left the realms of glory for the good of mankind, and that all who would not believe in her should perish. She pretended that she should live a thousand years, and then be translated without death. She preached in defence of a community of goods, and took herself whatever 'the Lord had need of.' Multitudes of the poor, and many of the rich, in New England believed in the truth of these frantic assumptions, and made large contributions to her. Some gave hundreds, and one even

a thousand dollars for her use. In a few instances wealthy families were ruined by her. No detection of her fallacies undeceived her willing dupes. She pretended that she could walk on water, in which she signally failed. She pretended that she could raise the dead to life, but a corpse placed in a coffin remained dead in spite of all her efforts. Her own death occurred in 1819, and thus her claims to immortality were completely falsified. Yet her followers would not at first believe that she was dead. They refused to bury her body, but at last were compelled to dispose of it in some secret way.

Mrs Buchan, a resident in Glasgow, excited by a religious mania, announced herself in 1783 as a mother and leader of the elect. She likewise was resolute in proclaiming that she was the woman spoken of in the Revelations; that the end of the world was near; and that all should follow her ministrations. For some time she wandered from place to place, attended by hundreds of half-crazy dupes. This woman appears to have been one of the least selfish or arrogant of the class to which she belonged. She seems simply to have been a lunatic, whom it was cruel to allow to go at large. She announced that she was immortal, and that all who believed in her should never taste death; but in time, like all other mortals, she died; and this event staggered the faith of her followers. The Buchanites, as they were termed, are now, we believe, extinct. Perhaps some of them were absorbed by the next impostor-fanatic who appeared in England.

Joanna Southcott.—This person was born in Devonshire about the year 1750, of humble parents. In early life, and till near her fortieth year, she was employed chiefly at Exeter as a domestic servant. Having joined one of the Methodist bodies, her religious feelings were powerfully awakened, and becoming acquainted with a man named Sanderson, who laid claim to the spirit of prophecy, the notion of a like pretension was gradually impressed on her mind. Possessing a very inferior education, and naturally of a coarse mind, her efforts at prophecy, whether in prose or verse, were uncouth and unworthy of the notice of people enjoying a sane mind. There being, however, always persons of an unsettled turn ready to give credence to pretensions confidently supported, her influence extended; she announced herself, like her predecessors in England and America, as the woman spoken of in the Book of Revelations; and obtained considerable sums by the sale of seals which were to secure the salvation of those who purchased them.

Exeter being too narrow a field for the exercise of her prophetic powers, Mrs Southcott removed to London, on the invitation and at the expense of William Sharp, an eminent engraver, who had become one of her principal adherents. Both before and after her removal to the metropolis, she published a number of pamphlets containing her crude reveries and prophecies concerning her mission. Towards the year 1813 she had surrounded herself with many

credulous believers, and among certain classes had become an object of no small importance. Among other rhapsodies, she uttered dreadful denunciations upon her opposers and the unbelieving nations, and predicted the speedy approach of the millennium. In the last year of her life she secluded herself from the world, and especially from the society of the other sex, and gave out that she was with child of the Holy Ghost; and that she should give birth to the Shiloh promised to Jacob, which should be the second coming of Christ. Her prophecy was, that she was to be delivered on the 19th of October 1814, at midnight; being then upwards of sixty years of age.

This announcement seemed not unlikely to be verified, for there was an external appearance of pregnancy; and her followers, who are said to have amounted at that time to 100,000, were in the highest state of excitement. A splendid and expensive cradle was made, and considerable sums were contributed, in order to have other things prepared in a style worthy of the expected Shiloh. On the night of the 19th of October a large number of persons assembled in the street in which she lived, waiting to hear the announcement of the looked-for event; but the hour of midnight passed over, and the crowd were only induced to disperse by being informed that Mrs Southcott had fallen into a trance. On the 27th of December following she died, having a short time previously declared that 'if she was deceived, she was at all events misled by some spirit, either good or evil.' Under the belief that she was not dead, or that she would again come to life, her disciples refused to inter the body, until it began to be offensive from decomposition. They then consented, with much reluctance, to a post-mortem examination, which fully refuted Joanna's pretensions and their belief. The appearance which had deceived her followers was found to have arisen from dropsy. The pretended mission of Joanna Southcott might be expected to have been now thoroughly abandoned; but whether influenced by fanaticism or shame, her disciples clung to the cause of the deceased. They most reluctantly buried the body, without relinquishing their hopes. Flattering themselves that the object of their veneration would still, some way, reappear, they formed themselves into a religious society, under the name of the Southcottian Church. The members affected a peculiar costume, of which a brown coat of a plain cut, a whity-brown hat, with a long unshaven beard, were the chief features. Joanna Southcott was unquestionably, for the last twenty years of her life, in a state of religious insanity, which took the direction of diseased self-esteem. A lunatic asylum would have been her most fitting place of residence.

ROBERT MATTHEWS.

Some years ago a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York by the mad and grotesque pranks of Robert Matthews, who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington county, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where in his boyhood he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813 he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a storekeeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed. He became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where for a number of years he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed in 1827 to what he thought a better field for his talent in Albany. While settled in this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. Hitherto he had belonged to the Scotch Church; but now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm as to sit up a great part of the night repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829 his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of

exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed 'Rally round the Standard of Truth;' this they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed both in matter and manner to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce was, that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a Bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow, in obedience to a Scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but here he was

seized by the authorities, and placed in confinement as a disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that till about this period Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half madman, half knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum ; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion, and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822 a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation, in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes perhaps equally well meaning, but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, and none more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. Mr Pierson was a merchant by profession, and, by a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830 his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This

event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be 'raised up' from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for extract; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied, and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S——, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health and the confirmation of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say, that the *very highest imaginable character* was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of Scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of de-

claring that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as everybody knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S——, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly furnished house of Mr S——, and acceding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin: a vest, commonly of richly figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we may have an idea of him in his public costume. In private he disused the black leather cap, and sometimes appeared in a night-cap of the finest linen, decorated with twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably, that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, 'the kingdom,' and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was

only as a great favour; and at all meetings he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus, procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson; but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him at the same time with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833 he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Singsing, in Westchester county, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who as yet were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a

number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal-time to preach, and generally preached so long, that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast-table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over; in the same manner he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all which was very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny and pampering the vanity of Matthews was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York, or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a day was further made to his wife in Albany; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline; he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis Matthews shewed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil; that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil, and so on with every other

malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief, or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously prepared dishes of berries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness, endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy the black servant assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide in so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villainy did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried; but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told

him that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been the victim of a designing impostor, that Pierson's death had been caused by foul means, and that the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of 'devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthias one hundred pieces of gold coin, of the value of five hundred and thirty dollars, and one hundred dollars in bank-notes, which the said Matthias feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid.' Matthews pled not guilty to the charge, but upon the solicitation of Folger, who seems to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at Westchester, on the 10th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men, who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examinators could not agree that the stomach shewed indications of a poisonous substance, some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. On this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated;

but his countenance fell when he found that he was to be tried on another indictment for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Singsing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence, the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture.

JOHN NICOLLS THOMS.

In the summer of 1838 the people of Great Britain were startled by the intelligence of a remarkable disturbance in Kent, caused by the assumptions of divine power by a madman named John Nicolls Thoms.

This religious impostor was the son of a small farmer and maltster at St Columb, in Cornwall. He appears to have entered life as cellarman to a wine-merchant in Truro. Succeeding to his master's business, he conducted it for three or four years, when his warehouse was destroyed by fire, and he received £3000 in compensation from an insurance company. Since then, during more than ten years, he had been in no settled occupation. In the year 1833 he appeared as a candidate successively for the representation of Canterbury and East Kent, taking the title of Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, knight of Malta and king of Jerusalem, and further representing himself as the owner by birthright of several estates in Kent. His fine person and manners, and the eloquent appeals he made to popular feeling, secured him a certain degree of favour, but were not sufficient to gain for an obscure adventurer a preferment usually reserved for persons possessing local importance and undoubted fortune. Though baffled in this object, he continued to address the populace as their peculiar friend, and kept up a certain degree of influence amongst them. He is supposed to have connected himself also with a number of persons engaged in the contraband trade, as, in July 1833, he made an appearance in a court of law on behalf of the crew of a smuggling vessel, when he conducted himself in such a way as to incur a charge of perjury. He was consequently condemned to transportation for seven years, but, on a shewing of his insanity, was committed to permanent confinement in a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged a few months before his death, on a supposition that he might safely be permitted to mingle once more in society.

Thoms now resumed his intercourse with the populace, whose

opinion of him was probably rather elevated than depressed by his having suffered from his friendship for the smugglers. He repeated his old stories of being a man of high birth, and entitled to some of the finest estates in Kent. He sided with them in their dislike of the new regulations for the poor, and led them to expect that whatever he should recover of his birthright should be as much for their interest as his own. There were two or three persons of substance who were so far deluded by him as to lend him considerable sums of money. Latterly, pretensions of a more mysterious nature mingled in the ravings of this madman; and he induced a general belief amongst the ignorant peasantry around Canterbury that he was either the Saviour of mankind sent anew upon earth, or a being of the same order, and commissioned for similar purposes. One of his followers, when asked, after his death, by the correspondent of a newspaper, how he could put faith in such a man, answered in language of the following tenor: 'Oh, sir, he could turn any one that once listened to him whatever way he liked, and make them believe what he pleased. He had a tongue which a poor man could not get over, and a learned man could not gainsay, although standing before him. He puzzled all the lawyers in Canterbury, and they confessed that he knew more of law than all put together. You could not always understand what he said, but when you did, it was beautiful, and wonderful, and powerful, just like his eyes; and then his voice was so sweet! And he was such a grand gentleman, and sometimes latterly such an awful man, and looked so terrible if any one ventured to oppose him, that he carried all before him. Then, again, he was so charitable! While he had a shilling in his pocket, a poor man never should want. And then such expectations as he had, and which nobody could deny! He had papers to prove himself to be either the heir or right possessor of Powderham Castle, and Evington, and Nash Court, and Chilham Castle, and all the estates of the families of the Courtenays, the Percies, and Honeywoods, and of Sir Edward Hales, and Sir Thomas Hindlay, more than I can tell you of. And there was Mr —— of Boughton, who lent him £200 on his title-deeds, and the waiter of the —— Hotel, in Canterbury, who lent him £73, besides other respectable people throughout the country who let him have as much money on his estates as he pleased, and have kept up a subscription for him ever since he was sent to jail in 1833 about the smugglers he befriended. And at that same time it was well known that he need not have gone to prison unless he liked, for the very ladies of Canterbury would have rescued him, only he forbade them, and said the law should be fulfilled. I myself saw them kissing his hand and his clothes in hundreds that day; and there was one woman that could not reach him with a glass of cordial gin, she threw it into his mouth, and blessed him, and bade him keep a bold heart, and he should yet be free, and king of Canterbury!'

It is further to be observed, that the aspect of the man was imposing. His height approached six feet. His features were regular and beautiful—a broad fair forehead, aquiline nose, small well-cut mouth, and full rounded chin. The only defect of his person was a somewhat short neck; but his shoulders were broad, and he possessed uncommon personal strength. Some curious significations of the enthusiasm he had excited were afterwards observed in the shape of scribblings on the walls of a barn. On the left side of the door were the following sentences: 'If you new he was on earth. your harts Wod turn;' 'But dont Wate to late;' 'They how R.'* On the right side were the following: 'O that great day of gudgement is close at hand;' 'It now peps in the dor every man according to his works;' 'Our rites and liberties We Will have.'

On Monday the 28th of May 1838, the frenzy of Thoms and his followers seems to have reached its height. With twenty or thirty persons, in a kind of military order, he went about for three days amongst the farmhouses in Boughton, Sittingbourne, Boulton, and other villages in the vicinity of Canterbury, receiving and paying for refreshment. One woman sent her son to him with a 'mother's blessing,' as to join in some great and laudable work. He proclaimed a great meeting for the ensuing Sunday, which he said was to be 'a glorious but bloody day.' At one of the places where he ordered provisions for his followers, it was in these words, 'Feed my sheep.' To convince his disciples of his divine commission, he is said to have pointed his pistol at the stars, and told them that he would make them fall from their spheres. He then fired at some star, and his pistol having been rammed down with tow steeped in oil, and sprinkled over with steel filings, produced, on being fired, certain bright sparkles of light, which he immediately said were falling stars. On another occasion he went away from his followers with a man of the name of Wills and two others of the rioters, saying to them: 'Do you stay here, whilst I go yonder,' pointing to a beanstack, 'and strike the bloody blow.' When they arrived at the stack, to which they marched with a flag, the flag-bearer laid his flag on the ground, and knelt down to pray. The other then put in, it is said, a lighted match; but Thoms seized it, and forbade it to burn, and the fire was not kindled. This, on their return to the company, was announced as a miracle.

On Wednesday evening he stopped at the farmhouse of Bossenden, where the farmer Culver, finding that his men were seduced by the impostor from their duty, sent for constables to have them apprehended. Two brothers named Mears, and another man, accordingly went next morning; but on their approach, Thoms shot Nicolas Mears dead with a pistol, and aimed a blow at his brother with a dagger, whereupon the two survivors instantly fled. At an early hour he was abroad with his followers, to the number of about forty,

* Apparently, *They who err.*

in Bossenden or Bleanwoods, which were to have been the scene of the great demonstration on Sunday; and a newspaper correspondent reports the following particulars of the appearance and doings of the fanatics at this place, from a woodcutter who was following his business at the spot: 'Thoms undertook to administer the sacrament in bread and water to the deluded men who followed him. He told them on this occasion, as he did on many others, that there was great oppression in the land, and indeed throughout the world; but that if they would follow him, he would lead them on to glory. He depicted the gentry as great oppressors, threatened to deprive them of their estates, and talked of partitioning these into farms of forty or fifty acres among those who followed him. He told them he had come to earth on a cloud, and that on a cloud he should some day be removed from them; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had but faith in him as their Saviour; and that if ten thousand soldiers came against him, they would either turn to their side or fall dead at his command. At the end of his harangue, Alexander Foad, whose jaw was afterwards shot off by the military, knelt down at his feet and worshipped him; so did another man of the name of Brankford. Foad then asked Thoms whether he should follow him in the body, or go home and follow him in heart. To this Thoms replied: "Follow me in the body." Foad then sprang on his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and with a voice of great exultation exclaimed: "Oh, be joyful! Oh, be joyful! The Saviour has accepted me. Go on—go on; till I drop I'll follow thee!" Brankford also was accepted as a follower, and exhibited the same enthusiastic fervour. At this time his denunciations against those who should desert him were terrific. Fire would come down from heaven and consume them in this world, and in the next eternal damnation was to be their doom. His eye gleamed like a bright coal whilst he was scattering about these awful menaces. The woodcutter was convinced that at that moment Thoms would have shot any man dead who had ventured to quit his company. After this mockery of religion was completed, the woodcutter went to Thoms, shook hands with him, and asked him if it was true that he had shot the constable? "Yes," replied Thoms coolly, "I did shoot the vagabond, and I have eaten a hearty breakfast since. I was only executing upon him the justice of Heaven, in virtue of the power which God has given me."'

The two repulsed constables had immediately proceeded to Faversham, for the purpose of procuring fresh warrants and the necessary assistance. A considerable party of magistrates and other individuals now advanced to the scene of the murder, and about mid-day (Thursday, May 31) approached Thoms's party at a place called the Osier-bed, where the Rev. Mr Handley, the clergyman of the parish, and a magistrate, used every exertion to induce the deluded men to surrender themselves, but in vain. Thoms defied the assailants,

and fired at Mr Handley, who then deemed it necessary to obtain military aid before attempting further proceedings. A detachment of the 45th Regiment, consisting of a hundred men, was brought from Canterbury, under the command of Major Armstrong. A young officer, Lieutenant Bennett, who belonged to another regiment, and was at Canterbury on furlough, proposed, under a sense of duty, to accompany the party, on the condition that he should be allowed to return before six o'clock to dine with some friends. At the approach of the military, Thoms and his men took up a position in Bossenden wood between two roads. Major Armstrong divided his men into two bodies of equal numbers, that the wood might be penetrated from both of these roads at once so as to enclose the rioters: the one party he took command of himself, the other was placed under the charge of Lieutenant Bennett. The magistrates who accompanied the party, gave orders to the officers to take Courtenay, as Thoms was usually called, dead or alive, and as many of his men as possible. The two parties then advanced into the wood by opposite paths, and soon came within sight of each other close to the place where the fanatics were posted. A magistrate in Armstrong's party endeavoured to address the rioters, and induce them to surrender; but while he was speaking, the unfortunate Bennett had rushed upon his fate. He had advanced, attended by a single private, probably for the purpose of calling upon the insurgents to submit, when the madman who led them advanced to meet him, and Major Armstrong had just time to exclaim, 'Bennett, fall back,' when Thoms fired a pistol at him within a few yards of his body. Bennett had apprehended his danger, and had his sword raised to defend himself from the approaching maniac: a momentary collision did take place between him and his slayer; but the shot had lodged with fatal effect in his side, and he fell from his horse a dead man. Thoms fought for a few seconds with others of the assailants, but was prostrated by the soldier attending Mr Bennett, who sent a ball through his brain. The military party then poured in a general discharge of firearms on the followers of the impostor, of whom nine were killed, and others severely wounded, one so fatally as to expire afterwards. A charge was made upon the remainder by the surviving officer, and they were speedily overpowered and taken into custody.

A reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, who was immediately after on the spot where this sad tragedy was acted, gave the following striking account of the local feeling on the occasion: 'The excitement which prevails here, in Boulton, the scene of the murder of Lieutenant Bennett, and of the punishment of his assassins, and the wretched peasantry who were deluded and misled by Courtenay, exceeds anything I ever before witnessed. It was evident, upon listening to the observations of the peasantry, especially of the females, that the men who have been shot are regarded by them as

martyrs, while their leader was considered, and is venerated, as a species of divinity. The rumour amongst them is, that "*he is to rise again on Sunday.*" Incredible as it may appear, I have been assured of this as a positive fact with respect to the utter folly and madness of the lower orders here. A more convincing proof of the fanaticism that prevails cannot be afforded than the fact, that a woman [by name Sarah Culver] was apprehended yesterday who was discovered washing the face of Courtenay, and endeavouring to pour some water between his lips. She, upon being interrogated, declared that she had that day followed him for more than half a mile with a pail of water, and her reason for it was, that he had desired her, if he should happen to be killed, *to put some water between his lips, and he would rise again in a month.* One of the prisoners, Wills, who had received a slight wound from Major Armstrong, the commander of the party, told him that he and the other men who were with Courtenay would have attacked two thousand soldiers, *as they were persuaded by Courtenay that they could not be shot,* and it was under this impression they were determined upon fighting.'

Another local observer reports: 'Such is the veneration in which numbers here hold Thoms, that various sums of money have been offered to obtain a lock of his hair and a fragment of the blood-stained shirt in which he died. The women, with whom he was a prodigious favourite, seek these relics with the greatest avidity, and are described as receiving them with the most enthusiastic devotion.'

Two of the rioters were tried at Maidstone, August 9, on the charge of being principals with Thoms in the murder of Nicolas Mears, and found guilty. Eight were tried on the ensuing day, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Bennett; they pleaded guilty, and received the appropriate sentence. It was, however, thought proper that capital punishment should not be inflicted on these men, seeing that they had been acting under infatuation.

Mr Liardet, a gentleman deputed to make some inquiries respecting the Kentish disturbances, observes, in a report on the subject, that the main cause of the delusion was *ignorance.* 'A little consideration of rural life,' says he, 'will shew the danger of leaving the peasantry in such a state of ignorance. In the solitude of the country, the uncultivated mind is much more open to the impressions of fanaticism than in the bustle and collision of towns. In such a stagnant state of existence the mind acquires no activity, and is unaccustomed to make those investigations and comparisons necessary to detect imposture. The slightest semblance of evidence is often sufficient with them to support a deceit which elsewhere would not have the smallest chance of escaping detection. If we look for a moment at the absurdities and inconsistencies practised by Thoms, it appears at first utterly inconceivable that any persons out of a lunatic asylum could have been deceived by him. That an imposture so gross and so slenderly supported should have succeeded,

must teach us, if anything will, the folly and danger of leaving the agricultural population in the debasing ignorance which now exists among them.'

We will conclude with some account of one of the most remarkable pretended Messiahs of modern times,

SABBATHAIS ZWI.

This confessed impostor was born at Smyrna in 1641. A boy of extraordinary gifts, he had at the age of fifteen already mastered that great treasury of Jewish learning, the Talmud, and at eighteen was an adept in the Cabbala, a system of mystical doctrines mixed up with magic, which was greatly in vogue in those days. Very soon, incited by fantastic dreams and more fantastic friends, he declared himself to be the Messiah, who had been sent to shake off the thraldom both of Christianity and Mohammedanism from the Jews, and to convert all humanity. The supreme council of the Jewish church thereupon excommunicated him. He, however, continued to preach his 'mission' as before. He was now declared an outlaw, and his death was decreed, yet nobody dared to touch him. At last, his expulsion from Smyrna was resolved upon by the municipal authorities. Four apostles—one of them a reconverted Jew, who had previously turned Christian—followed him on his way to Saloniki, where he arrived in 1659, having gathered a vast number of disciples, mostly wealthy, on his road. His extraordinary personal beauty and his fiery eloquence soon brought the most influential Jewish inhabitants on his side, and his cabbalistic formulas and prayers were adopted into the ritual of their synagogue. Two years later, however, he had to leave Saloniki, where powerful antagonists had risen in the meantime, and went first to Palestine, and soon after to Alexandria, accompanied by several thousand disciples. Here his power and influence grew so rapidly, that the revenues of the commonwealth to be founded by the new Messiah, and the ways and means of supporting the wars he was going to wage, were seriously taken into consideration. In 1664, no fewer than about 80,000 people belonged to the new empire; and in the following year, Sabbathais and six disciples, all clad in white raiments, with garlands on their heads, proclaimed aloud in the streets of Alexandria that the Messianic reign would begin within a few months, and the Temple be rebuilt next year. Somewhat later, he returned to Jerusalem; and the resurrection, to take place within six years, and the deposition of the sultan, whose crown would be placed upon Sabbathais's head, were proclaimed far and near. Upon this all the Jews of Asia, Africa, and Europe were divided into two camps. Those who believed, finding all the predicted signs fulfilled now, sold everything they had, in order to get ready-money for their journey to, and final abode in, the new capital,

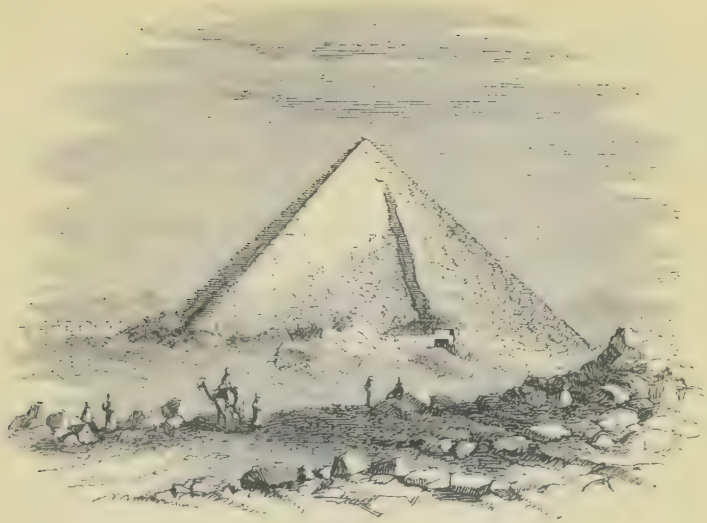
Jerusalem; others, and among them some of the highest spiritual authorities, declared all the pretended Messiah's miracles to be cabbalistic tricks, and himself an impostor. Notwithstanding this, when Sabbathais returned to his native place, Smyrna, he was received with full royal honours. Meanwhile, the attention of the Divan was drawn to this movement, and Mohammed IV., then in Adrianople, ordered the grand vizier to secure the person of Sabbathais, and to commit him to prison, until the investigations set on foot should be concluded. Accordingly, two agas, with their janizaries, were sent to apprehend him; but they returned without having effected the order, not having dared 'to stretch forth their hand against the sacred man.' He now offered to surrender voluntarily, and was committed as prisoner of state to Kuthajah, where he received visits and deputations from all parts. Being at last brought before the sultan, his courage failed him, and he declared himself to be nothing more than a simple rabbi: it was only his disciples, he averred, who had called him a Messiah. The sultan then proposed to test his 'mission.' Three poisoned arrows were to be shot at him. Did these prove harmless, he, the sultan, would at once range himself under his flag. In speechless terror, Sabbathais, at the instigation of his Jewish interpreter, now took the turban from the head of an official standing near, and placed it upon his own, thereby indicating, as the interpreter declared, that his sole object had been all along to embrace Islam or Mohammedanism, and to carry over all the Jews with him. The sultan declared himself satisfied, and honoured him with the title of Effendi, equivalent to Sir, giving him an honorary post at the same time.

But, extraordinarily enough, the movement was far from having reached its end. The most wonderful stories were circulated among the believers. A supposititious man was supposed by some to have embraced Islam, while the real Messiah had ascended to heaven. Others believed that Islam was to form part of the new religion; and Sabbathais, countenancing this view, converted many Jews to that faith. Nathan, one of his most enthusiastic disciples, travelled about, and caused strife without end, even sanguinary revolts. Many, however, had turned from him by this time, and the voices of the rabbis and their excommunications began to tell more forcibly. Finally, the grand vizier was persuaded to arrest Sabbathais once more, and to send him to a prison in Belgrade, where he died—according to some, in consequence of poison, while according to others he was executed in 1677, ten years after his conversion to Mohammedanism.

It is very difficult to judge correctly of a character like his. Even his worst enemies never had a word to say either against his morality or against the extraordinarily brilliant powers of his mind, and his erudition. Probably, he was a self-deceiver, whose plans were not measured by the means at his command for their

execution. His death, however, was only the signal for the increase of his sect, which even many of his former antagonists now joined, and which now, for the first time, was developed into a proper religious system—that of the Sabbathaites or Sabbathians (Shebsen). Among the succeeding apostles of the sect were Nehemiah, previously a bitter enemy of Sabbathais, and Nehemiah Hajun, who flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The latter taught the dogma of the Trinity as part of the new faith; and it became a principle of this religion to accept and to modify itself to the dominant creed of the country—Islam in the East, Christianity in the West. Remnants of the sect are said to be still in existence in Poland and Turkey.

Of founders of sects in the nineteenth century, the most remarkable is Joseph Smith, who originated the sect of the Mormons. A full account of this wonderful movement is given in a previous number of this series, *The History of the Mormons*, in vol. vi.



The Pyramids.

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

THE erection of structures for shelter, for worship, for commemoration, or for any other useful or ornamental purpose, is one of those branches of art in which mankind very early excelled. Hence it is that in Eastern countries, from which, as a starting-point, we trace the progress of civilisation, some of the noblest and most stupendous of human erections are still to be found. Egypt, Syria, Persia, India, and China had their pyramids, catacombs, walls, towers, and temples long before Greece and Rome had being; and though these may be deficient in that taste and ornamental gracefulness which make the Athenian structures models even to the present day, still many of them possessed a vastness and grandeur of conception which has stamped them as wonders to all following ages. When science and art arose in Greece, and flowed onward along the southern and western shores of Europe, even to our own remote island, the genius of architecture displayed itself in another form; the semi-barbaric vastitude of the Oriental pile gave way to chastened elegance and symmetrical compactness—beauty of form and skilful arrangement were substituted for mere magnitude and expense of labour.

ANCIENT AND PAGAN ARCHITECTURE

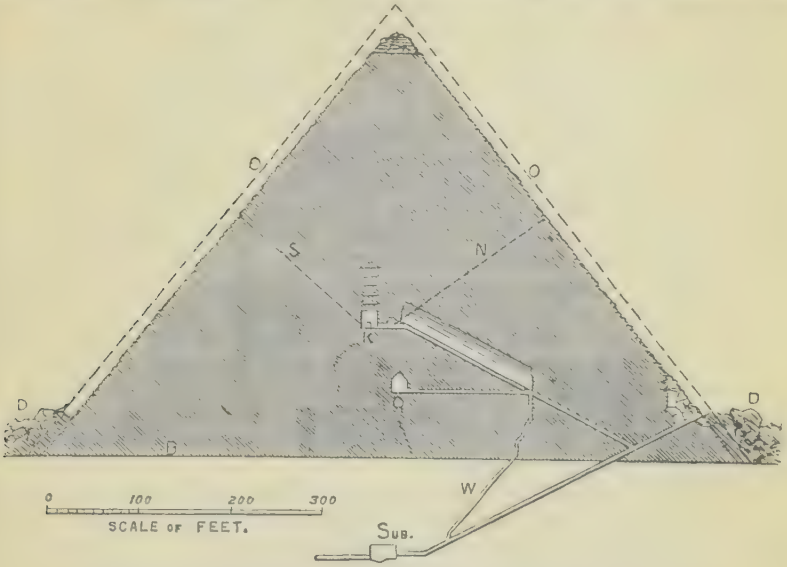
It may be convenient to separate into two groups the structures taken as illustrative examples—the one comprising those which are either ancient or pagan, the other those which are either Christian or modern.

PYRAMIDS AND MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

The whole of this interesting country is crowded with monuments of the gigantic architecture of former times and of different ages; among the most ancient, and by far the most stupendous of which are the Pyramids. These colossal erections, to which there is no parallel in other countries, are situated on a rocky tract at the foot of those mountains which form the western boundary of the valley of the Nile. They are about thirty in number, and are scattered along a tract of nearly seventy miles in length—commencing with those of Gizeh, near Cairo, and ending with a small group a little below Feshu. The principal group occurs near the place where stood the ancient city of Memphis, and consists of four nearly entire pyramids, with a number of smaller ones in a state of dilapidation. The four faces exactly correspond to the four cardinal points. The most northern, commonly known as the 'Great Pyramid,' is the largest; its perpendicular height being little short of 500 feet, and its base covering more than eleven acres of land. The base forms a square, whose side is 733 feet; and as the length of the sloping side upwards is about equal to that of the base, each face may be regarded in a general way as an equilateral triangle. It must not be supposed, however, that these structures are smooth-sided, sharp-pointed, mathematical pyramids; for the summits are not now entire, and the sides, whatever may have been their original condition, consist in reality of a number of steps formed by the successive layers of stone. The steps in the Great Pyramid are variously estimated at from 207 to 212, the length of some of the blocks forming them being not less than thirty feet. The size of the blocks is unequal, but they have all right angles, that they may fit closely together. The external layers have neither mortar nor cramps; but in the body of the Pyramid a kind of cement is used, composed of lime, sand, and clay. The only foundation is the surface of the subjacent rock, which is about eighty feet above the level of the ground annually overflowed by the Nile.

Respecting the purpose of these erections numerous conjectures have been offered; but the opinion generally entertained is, that they were erected by the ancient kings of Egypt as private mausoleums or tombs. This idea is so far supported by the fact, that the

larger pyramid, near Memphis, has interior chambers, in one of which is a marble sarcophagus, supposed to have contained the ashes of the monarch who completed the structure. It is necessary to mention, however, that Mr Piazzi Smyth published, in 1864, a large volume on purpose to develop a theory that the Great Pyramid was built as a universal standard of weights and measures.* The passages and chambers of this pyramid, which are walled and



Section of Great Pyramid of Gizeh (from Vyse's *Pyramids of Gizeh*).

D, débris and remains of casing; Q, queen's chamber; K, king's chamber; O, outer casing line; S, N, air channels; W, well; Sub., subterranean apartment.

covered with polished marble and granite, are of a curious and intricate kind (see cut). They have been entered and explored by various travellers.

* Since the above was written, Mr Piazzi Smyth has published a second work concerning the Great Pyramid, in which he gives some measurements recently obtained by Mr Inglis. It is found that the base of the pyramid is not a perfect square, the lengths of the four sides being respectively 9120, 9114, 9102, and 9104 English inches. Of course, such small deviations may be due to instrumental errors. The vertical height Mr Inglis found to be 5478 inches up to the platform, or 5857 to the once existing apex. There have been many hypotheses concerning the proportions of the pyramid. (1.) That the perimeter of the base equals six times the vertical height; (2.) That the perimeter of the base is to the vertical height as the circumference of a circle to the radius; (3.) That the vertical height, the sloping height from the middle of one side of the base, and the length of one side are in the ratio of 4, 5, 6; (4.) That each face of the pyramid equals in area the square of the vertical height. Colonel James, in 1867, found that the rise at the four angles is in the ratio of 9 vertical to 10 horizontal; and that the length of each side of the base equals 360 Egyptian cubits.

The Egyptian pyramids, as has been stated, are of different ages; but those we have described are considered by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to be the most ancient, and to have been built by Suphis, and his brother Sensuphis, about 2120 years before the Christian era. But whatever was the time of their erection, or by whom erected, there can be no doubt of their being amongst the earliest, as they are unquestionably the most stupendous, monuments of human architecture. Diodorus Siculus asserts that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

The other architectural monuments of Egypt which have attracted the attention of after-ages are the Great Sphinx, the labyrinth of Arsinöe, the reputed musical statues of Memnon, the hieroglyphical obelisks of Luxor, the catacombs of Thebes, the obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, and the Pillar of Pompey. The Great Sphinx, though sadly mutilated, is still to be seen about sixty yards to the south-east of the Great Pyramid already described. This enormous figure—which is intended to represent the body of a lion with the breasts and head of a woman—is cut out of the solid rock, and seems to have been formed as a monument in connection with the inundation of the Nile, which takes place when the sun passes from Leo to Virgo. Its huge recumbent body, about sixty feet in length, and its outstretched fore-legs, are almost entirely buried in sand and rubbish; but the neck and head rise above the wreck—the latter being twenty feet high—and, though much mutilated, still possessing a considerable degree of feminine beauty.

Of all the labyrinths of antiquity, that of Arsinöe was the largest and most costly; those of Crete and Lemnos being mere imitations, and not one-hundredth part of its dimensions. It was so extraordinary that Herodotus, who partly explored its chambers, declares it to be even more wonderful than the Pyramids. It was situated near the city of Crocodiles, or Arsinöe, a little above the lake Mœris, and is reputed to have been the conjoint work of the twelve kings among whom Egypt was at that time divided. It seems to have been designed as a pantheon, or universal temple of all the Egyptian deities which were separately worshipped in the provinces. It was also the place for general assembly of the magistracy of the whole nation; for those of all the provinces met here to feast and sacrifice, and to judge causes of great consequence. For this reason every province had a hall or palace appropriated to it—the whole edifice being thus divided, according to Herodotus, into twelve, though Pliny makes the number sixteen, and Strabo even so many as twenty-seven. The former authority tells us that the halls were vaulted, and had an equal number of doors opposite to one another, six opening to the north and six to the south, all encompassed by the same wall; that there were 3000 chambers in this edifice—1500 in the upper part, and as many under ground; and that he viewed

every room in the upper part, but was not permitted by those who kept the palace to go into the subterranean part, because the sepulchres of the holy crocodiles, and that of the kings who built the labyrinths, were there. He reports that what he saw seemed to surpass the work of man; so many exits by various passages, and infinite returns, afforded a thousand occasions of wonder. He passed from a spacious hall to a chamber, and from thence to a private cabinet; then again into other passages out of the cabinets, and out of the chamber into the more spacious rooms. All the roofs and walls within were lined with marble, and adorned with hieroglyphic sculpture. The halls were surrounded with pillars of white stone, finely polished.

Of the other monuments above mentioned, we can only shortly advert to the so-called 'Pillar of Pompey,' situated about a quarter of a league from the southern gate of Alexandria. It is composed of red granite, apparently brought from the quarries of Upper Egypt. What renders it particularly wonderful is, that the shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, 90 feet long, and 9 feet in diameter! The base, which is a square block of marble, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The whole column is 114 feet high, beautifully polished, and only a little weathered on the eastern side. 'Nothing can equal,' it has been said, 'the majesty of this monument. Seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels; and on a nearer approach, it produces an astonishment mingled with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the proportions of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal; although the latter has been rather damaged by the instruments of travellers, who were anxious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the capital was immaturely brought down, in 1781, by some English captains, who reached the summit by a rope-ladder, carried thither by the ingenious device of flying a kite, to the string of which the ropes were attached.'

STRUCTURES OF SYRIA AND PERSIA.

In the region comprehended by these names—a region which is generally considered as the cradle of mankind—arose some of the most magnificent cities, temples, and monuments which the world has yet beheld. The wasting hand of time, and the devastations of war, have long since laid most of them in ruins; the very sites of some of the most renowned are even matter of doubt; their history, mingled with not a little of fable, is all that remains. Among these, Babylon holds a prominent place—its walls, towers, and hanging-gardens having been considered as the noblest of the seven ancient wonders of the world. As an example of the decisive instead of the critical way of treating such subjects two or three centuries ago, we

shall quote the description of Babylon from *Time's Storehouse*, published in 1619: 'This city was surrounded, like a quadrangle, with walls 87 feet thick, 360 feet high, and about 60 English miles in circumference. These were built with lime and cement made into large bricks, which bound together like pitch, and grew so solid by time, that six chariots might easily drive abreast on the top. This wall was encompassed with a vast ditch filled with water, and lined with bricks on both sides; and as the earth dug out made the bricks, we may judge of the size by the height and thickness of the walls. There were one hundred gates round the wall, twenty-five on each side, all of solid brass; between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners, and each of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls: in all, there were 250 towers. The Euphrates flowed through the middle of the city from north to south, over which there was a bridge 1100 yards long, and 30 feet wide; on each end of the bridge was a palace of vast magnificence, which communicated with each other by a tunnel under a channel of the river. Added to this, ancient historians tell us of the hanging-gardens built in Babylon upon arches and towers, wherein grew trees of great height. There are said to have been five of these, each containing about four English acres, consisting of terraces one above another, as high as the wall of the city. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by steps ten feet wide, and was strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side twenty-two feet thick; and the floors on each of them were laid in this order: first, on the tops of the arches, a bed or pavement of stones, sixteen feet long and four feet broad; over this a layer of reed, mixed with earth, and over this two courses of brick, and over these thick sheets of lead, and on these the earth or mould, which was so deep as to give root to the largest trees. Upon the uppermost of these terraces was a reservoir, supplied by an engine with water from the river Euphrates.'

The celebrated Tower of Babel, originally built in the plains of Shinar, but afterwards enclosed as a part of Babylon, was carried on, according to Scriptural chronology, 2247 years before Christ. Its altitude is said to have been about 843 feet (being 343 feet higher than the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt), and its circumference at the base 8430 feet—admeasurements conventionally repeated, but for which there is no authentic record.

Ecbatana, the capital of Media, was also of immense magnificence—being eight leagues in circumference, and surrounded with seven walls, in form of an amphitheatre, the battlements of which were painted of various colours, and gilded. Nineveh, according to Diodorus, was sixty miles in circuit; the walls, which were defended by 1500 towers, were 100 feet high, and so broad, that three chariots could go abreast on them. A flood of light has been thrown upon the history and art of Nineveh and Assyria, within the last few

years, by the researches of Layard and Botta; some of the marvellous sculptures at the British Museum were brought from the walls of the ruined palaces in those regions. Persepolis was another city, of which all historians speak as being one of the most ancient and noble of Asia. There remain the ruins of one of its palaces, which measured 600 paces in front, and still displays the relics of its ancient grandeur. Tyre, Baalbek, and Palmyra were likewise famous cities of antiquity—the temple of the sun in the latter being regarded, in its day, as one of the most gorgeous of Oriental erections. Every one has heard of the famous towers and walls of Troy; and few readers of modern travels can fail to be familiar with the ruins of Petra—whose temples, theatres, and tombs are not built, but hewn in proper proportions out of the solid rock, which encloses the curious valley in which the city is situated.

Ephesus, which is now a paltry village, was once one of the most celebrated cities of Asia Minor. It had its theatres, circus, aqueducts, and temples, and other costly structures, among which was the celebrated temple of Diana, regarded by the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. This magnificent building, according to Pliny, was 425 feet long and 220 feet broad. It was adorned on the outside and inside with 127 columns of the most exquisite marble—curiously carved, and 60 feet in height—of which thirty-six had ornaments in basso-relievo. Two hundred and twenty years were spent in the building of this wonderful temple, whose beams and doors were of cedar, and the rest of the timber cypress. It was burned by Herostratus, 356 years before Christ, through no other motive, as he himself confessed, than to immortalise his name.

Another curious structure in Asia Minor, and one which formed the fourth wonder of the ancient world, is the Mausoleum of Artemesia, built by that queen in honour of her husband Mausolus, king of Caria. Aulius Gellius says, she, being so affected at her husband's death, had this built to his memory. The stone of the whole structure was of the most costly marble. The mausoleum was 411 feet in circumference, and 25 cubits in height; it had twenty-six columns of fine stone, and was open on all sides, with arches 73 feet wide.

The British Museum contains many extraordinary specimens, recently obtained, of very ancient sculptures from Asia Minor.

TEMPLES AND STATUES OF INDIA.

Passing to India, we find there also numerous temples and erections, which may justly be regarded as curiosities of human art. The most wonderful of the Hindustani erections were the dams and water-courses necessary for irrigation in a tropical country, and of which vast remains still exist in Ceylon and other provinces. Next to these were their forts and temples—the latter

often of gigantic proportions, and ornamented with columns, statues, and other sculpture. That of Elephanta, on a small rocky island of that name, on the coast of Bombay, has been long regarded as the chief. The temple is situated well up the island, and all its compartments, pillars, and statues are hewn out of the solid rock. 'The entrance,' says Mrs Grahame, 'is 55 feet wide, its height 18, and its length about equal to its width. It is supported by massive pillars, carved in the solid rock; the capital of these resembles a compressed cushion, bound with a fillet; the abacus is like a bunch of reeds supporting a beam, six of which run across the whole cave; below the capital, the column may be compared to a fluted bell, resting on a plain octagonal member placed on a die, on each corner of which sits Hanamam, Ganesa, or some of the other inferior gods. The sides of the cavern are sculptured in compartments, representing persons of the mythology; but the end of the cavern, opposite to the entrance, is the most remarkable. In the centre is a gigantic trimurti, or three-formed god—including Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—sculptured with all their ornaments and attributes. On each side of the trimurti is a pilaster, the front of which is filled up by a figure, 14 feet high, leaning on a dwarf. To the right is a large square compartment, hollowed a little, and carved into a great variety of figures, with all their appropriate symbols. The upper part of the compartment is filled with small figures in the attitudes of adoration. On the left side of the trimurti is a compartment answering to that I have just described, but appropriated to other deities. All these figures are in alto-relievo, as are those of the other sides of the cavern. On the right, as you enter the cave, is a square compartment with four doors, supported by eight colossal figures; it contains a gigantic symbol of Maha Deo, and is cut out of the rock, like the rest of the cave. There are several other more secret chambers and smaller recesses, to which there is no outlet; these are lighted from above, the whole thickness of the hill having been cut through for that purpose.' One of the most beautiful of these rock-cut structures is the Hindu temple called Kailasa at Ellora. It is one of a number of similar temples existing there. A representation of it is given as frontispiece to this volume.

There are other Brahmin temples, remarkable for their size and for the elaborate manner in which they are sculptured and ornamented; but these we pass by, to give an example of their statues, which, like those of Egypt, were frequently of colossal dimensions. That of Ningydeo is thus described by Colonel Welsh in his *Military Reminiscences:* 'Estimated as a military post only, this place must ever rank high, from its being almost inaccessible; though all wonder in this respect was speedily lost in our surprise, when, after ascending several neat staircases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then first discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about 70 feet

high, and representing a youth with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon his head; and the upper part being seven times the height of a middle-sized man, who stood on the top of the building, with the legs and thighs of the statue below. That it was cut out of the solid rock, cannot admit of a doubt; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column, to place it there on the top of so steep and slippery a mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not see the statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are cut out in proportion to the rest, but are attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, artfully covered by the building, of which it forms the back wall. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. From the nose inclining to the aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shews it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly polished.'

Of a higher order of architecture than what may be regarded as the native Hindustani, is that introduced into India by the Mohammedans after the time of Timur. It is exhibited in mosques and mausoleums, so remarkable for their beauty and chasteness of design, grace of proportion, and excellence of material and workmanship, as to be entitled to be compared with the finest remains of Greek and Roman art. The most remarkable of these monuments is that known by the name of Tajmahal, situated near the city of Agra, on the right bank of the Jumna. It is a mausoleum, occupying, with its garden, a quadrangle of forty acres; the principal building, with its domes and minarets, being almost wholly of white marble. It was built by Shah-Jehan in the early part of the seventeenth century.

In the Burmese empire there are likewise to be found the remains of several remarkable structures, chiefly pagodas or temples. Of these, the most celebrated is that of Pegu, known as Shoe-madoo, or Great Pagoda. It is an edifice of high antiquity, and is raised on successive terraces, in a manner similar to the religious structures of the Mexicans. It stands, according to Colonel Symes, on an apparently artificial hill, the sides of which are sloped into two terraces, the lower about 10, and the upper about 30 feet high. Each side of the lower terrace is not less than 1391 feet in length, and of the upper 684 feet. The brick walls sustaining the terraces were formerly covered with plaster, wrought into various figures, but they are now in a ruinous state. On the second terrace is the pagoda, a pyramidal building of brick and mortar, without excavation or aperture of any sort, octagonal at the base, each side measuring 162 feet, and diminishing in breadth abruptly, till it becomes of a

spiral form. Its entire height from the ground is 360 feet; it is surrounded by two rows of small spires, a great variety of mouldings, ornaments in stucco, &c.; the whole being crowned with the *tee*, a sort of umbrella of open ironwork, gilt, 56 feet in circumference, and surrounded by a number of small bells.

One of the most remarkable things in the history of architecture is the discovery of a vast ancient temple in Cambodia, so recently as 1860, by M. Mouhot. It is evidently connected with serpent-worship, differing from the present faith both of Siamese and Hindus. So far as inquiries have yet gone, Nakhou Wat ('the temple of the city') appears to have been built about 1000 A.D. It is exactly square, and measures nearly an English mile each way. There is an inner enclosure, surrounded by a moat 250 yards wide. A causeway crosses the moat, and this leads to a magnificent gateway, which anywhere else would be a palace in itself. The temple itself consists of three enclosures, one within another, each raised 15 to 20 feet above the one outside it. The outer enclosure has three portals adorned with flowers on each face; and on either side are open galleries or verandahs, filled with bas-reliefs. M. Mouhot describes the walls of these galleries as a marvel of masonry, the large stones being adjusted without cement, and so beautifully fitting that the joints can barely be seen. Standing out from this frontage, at intervals, are bold and massive piers, with pillars, capitals, architraves, cornices, and friezes of very striking character. The bas-reliefs in the walls of the three successive enclosures are among the most wonderful yet discovered in Asia. These are distributed in eight compartments, one on each side of each central group of entrances. Each compartment is from 250 to 300 feet long by 6½ in height; their aggregate length is at least 2000 feet; and it is estimated that there are little less than 20,000 figures of men and animals sculptured on them. Generally speaking, the bas-reliefs represent battle scenes, expressed in a very animated manner, and somewhat Hindu in character. One subject, however, supposed to represent Heaven, Earth, and Hell, has a different tone about it. Within the outer peristyles or enclosures is a court-yard, bounded by about a hundred columns. Within this is the central or veritable temple itself, surmounted by four very elaborate towers, one at each corner, and one in the middle. The pillars everywhere are unlike those of India. Snakes or serpents are abundantly sculptured on all sides; every roof has an image of a seven-headed snake; every cornice is composed of snakes' heads; every one among the thousands of convolutions of roof terminates in snakes; and the balustrades are snakes. Besides Nakhou Wat, there are two other temples near at hand, called Ongcor Thom and Paten-ta-Phrohm, nearly as large and quite as elaborate. Mr Fergusson gives several wood-cuts of these wonderful buildings, from photographs executed very recently by Mr J. Thomson.

WALLS AND TOWERS OF CHINA.

The greatest architectural curiosity which China affords is undoubtedly the frontier wall, built by the Chinese to prevent the frequent incursions of the Tartars. When this amazing barrier was first commenced is not known with accuracy, but the time of its completion was about three centuries before the Christian era; so that, at all events, it has withstood the wind and weather of two thousand years. It is called by the inhabitants 'the Great City Wall, a thousand *le* in length,' and bounds the whole north of China, along the frontiers of three provinces extending from the shore of the Gulf of Pe-chih-le to Se-ning, 15 degrees west of Pekin. It is in general about 20 feet high, and broad enough for six horsemen to ride abreast on it; and throughout its whole length it is fortified at intervals with strong square towers to the number of three thousand, which, before the Tartars subdued the country, used to be guarded by a million of soldiers. Its whole length, with all its windings, is computed at 1500 miles—running over mountains 5000 feet high, across valleys, rivers, and marshes, and along sandy hollows, which seem incapable of admitting a foundation for such a weighty structure. The body of the wall, according to Captain Parish, who accompanied Lord Macartney's embassy, is an elevation of earth, retained on each side by solid brickwork, and terraced by a brick platform furnished with parapets. The total height of the masonry is 25 feet; the basis of it is of granite, projecting about 2 feet beyond the brickwork, the height of which is irregular. The thickness of each retaining-wall is about 5 feet, and the entire thickness of the whole work is 25 feet. In many places there is a fosse or ditch, beyond the foundation. The towers are furnished with embrasures and loopholes, but vary much in their dimensions. The bricks used in the construction are kiln-dried, and well moulded, and are cemented by a strong mortar of white calcined lime. Besides the great barrier, there is an additional inner wall near to Pekin, which was built by the emperors of the Ming dynasty, for the purpose of enclosing a portion of the province between it and the old wall. These vast erections are now of little or no use, and are viewed by the people with indifference.

Outside the gates of several cities in China lofty towers or pagodas are erected, which, according to Sir J. F. Davis, are of a religious nature, and, like the steeples of churches, were at first attached to temples. The most remarkable of these is that of Nankin, called the Porcelain Tower, from the roofs of its different stories or stages being covered with porcelain tiles beautifully painted. It is of an octangular figure, contains nine stories, and is about 200 feet high, raised on a very solid basis of brickwork. The wall at the bottom is at least 12 feet thick; and the building gradually tapers to the top, which forms a sort of spire terminating in a large golden ball. It is

surrounded by a balustrade of rough marble, and has an ascent of twelve steps to the first floor, from whence one may ascend to the ninth story by very narrow and incommodious stairs. Over each story is a kind of penthouse or verandah on the outside of the tower, from the eaves of which are suspended brass bells, diminishing in size as they approach the top, and set in motion by the wind. Each story is formed of strong beams of timber well boarded; the ceilings of the rooms are adorned with paintings; and the light is admitted through windows made of network or lattices of wire. There are likewise many niches in the walls filled with idols; and the variety of ornaments that embellish the whole, render it one of the most beautiful structures in China. Unfortunately, however, this remarkable structure must now be spoken of rather in the past tense than the present, seeing that when the Taeping rebels captured Nankin in 1853, they commenced a system of devastation which has laid in ruins most of the fine buildings in the city, including the Porcelain Tower.

Porcelain Tower of Nankin.

STRUCTURES OF GREECE AND ROME.

Turning to the western world, we pass from the huge and wondrous structures of the Orientals to the less gigantic but more elegant and equally surprising efforts of Greek and Roman architecture. Few of these now remain entire; but contemporary writers describe them, and this description, aided by a study of their ruins, leaves us in little doubt either as to their extent or their matchless elegance and splendour.

In Athens the temples of Minerva, Neptune, Theseus, and others, have long been subjects of admiration—their columns, external sculptures, and statues within, or what remains of them, still serving as models to the sculptor and architect. The Athenians could also boast of their public institutions—their theatres, baths, and monumental trophies—most of which were formed of the finest Pentelic marble, and erected in the most classic styles that the fertile but chaste imagination of Greece could produce. 'The chief glory of the Acropolis,' says a modern writer, 'was undoubtedly that of the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. It was a peripteral octostyle, of the Doric order, with seventeen columns on the sides, each 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, and 34 feet in height, elevated on three steps. Its height from the base of the pediment was 65, and the dimensions of the area 233 by 102 feet. The eastern pediment was adorned with two groups of statues, one of which represented

the birth of Minerva, the other the contest of Minerva with Neptune for the government of Athens. On the metopes was sculptured the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; and the frieze contained a representation of the Panathenaic festivals. Ictinus, Callocrates, and Carpion were the architects of the temple; Phidias was the artist; and its entire cost has been estimated at one and a half millions sterling. Of this building eight columns of the eastern front, and several of the lateral colonnades, are still standing. The sculptures with which it was enriched constitute the chief portion of the matchless Elgin marbles at the British Museum, obtained by the English ambassador to Turkey (the Earl of Elgin) between the years 1801 and 1812, and afterwards purchased by the English government for £35,000. The Parthenon, dilapidated as it is, still retains an air of inexpressible grandeur and sublimity; and it forms at once the highest part in Athens and the centre of the Acropolis.' The temple of Theseus is regarded as one of the most noble remains of the ancient magnificence of Athens, and the most perfect, if not the most beautiful, existing specimen of Grecian architecture. It is built of Pentelic marble; the roof friezes and cornices still remain; and so gently has the hand of time pressed upon this venerable edifice, that the first impression of the mind in beholding it is doubt of its antiquity.

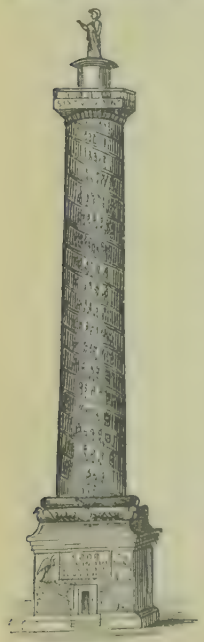
The Parthenon of Athens.

Of their numerous sculptures, the statue of Jupiter Olympus—regarded as one of the seven ancient wonders—was perhaps the most gigantic and costly. This statue was made by the famous sculptor Phidias. It was composed of ivory, gold, and precious stones, and was seated upon a throne equally remarkable for its costliness and workmanship. The height was about 180 feet. It was placed in the innermost recess of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Achaia, between the cities of Elis and Pisa, where the Olympian games were observed. The statue of Minerva, executed by Phidias after the battle of Marathon, and placed near the gate of the Acropolis, was another colossal sculpture—the height, including the pedestal, being about 60 feet.

The temples, theatres, baths, monumental columns, and triumphal arches erected by the Romans, though not equal in point of taste and genius to those of Athens, were perhaps of a bolder and more gigantic description. The baths, as they now exist, are an assemblage of naked, half-dilapidated brick walls, which surprise by their huge size and the extent of ground they cover—those of Caracalla, for example, occupying not less than twenty-eight acres! In the palmy

days of Rome, these were fitted not only as baths, but as gymnasia, reading and lecture rooms, gardens, theatres, and the like—being, as a whole, the most gigantic places of recreation ever built or known in any age or in any country. Among the numerous sacred edifices that once adorned Rome, the Pantheon, and the temples of Vesta, Peace, Fortune, and Bacchus, present extensive and very interesting remains. The former, though stripped of its external ornaments, to furnish materials to decorate the modern cathedral of St Peter's, is still incomparably the finest. It is a perfect circle of 180 feet in diameter. 'Its beauty,' says Forsyth, 'consists in its admirable proportions; and its portico, 110 feet in length by 44 in depth, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns of white marble, has a most majestic appearance.'

The great wonder of ancient Rome, however, is the Colosseum, unquestionably the most august ruin in the world, and by far the largest theatre of which we have any knowledge. It consists of a vast ellipse, the length of the longest diameter being 620 and that of the shortest 513 feet, so that it covers about five and a quarter acres of ground! The longest diameter of the arena has been variously given at from 287 to 300, and the shortest at from 180 to 190 feet; the space between the arena and the outer wall (from 160 to 167 feet) being occupied by the walls, corridors, and seats, that rose, tier above tier, from the wall round the arena nearly to the top of the outer wall. The latter, which is about 179 feet in height, consists of three rows of vaulted arches, rising one above another, exclusive of which it had, when perfect, upper works of wood. This colossal amphitheatre is said to have had seats for 87,000 spectators, and standing room for 20,000 more! Belonging to the same class of buildings were the circuses, of which Rome had at one time no fewer than fifteen. Of these the chief was the Circus Maximus, of which there are now no remains; but of whose dimensions we may judge from the statement of Pliny, that it was capable of accommodating 200,000 spectators.



Trajan's Pillar.

The only other remains to which we can allude are those triumphal columns alike remarkable for their antiquity and workmanship. That erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan is about 130 feet high, exclusive of the pedestal. It consists of large blocks of white marble, hollow within, and so curiously cemented, as to seem but one entire stone.

Within, there is a spiral staircase leading to the summit, to which the light is admitted by a number of loopholes; and the outside is adorned with fine bas-reliefs, representing the principal actions of the emperor. It is now inappropriately surmounted by a statue of St Peter, instead of the golden urn in which the ashes of Trajan were deposited. The Column of Antoninus Pius is higher than the preceding, but inferior in point of workmanship. The emperor's statue, which originally adorned the summit, has been succeeded by one of St Paul. The ornaments on the outside are of the same nature as those on Trajan's Pillar; and amongst them there is one representing Jupiter Pluvius sending down rain on Antoninus's fainting army and thunderbolts on his enemies. Of the Roman obelisks now remaining, the most beautiful is that which stands in the piazza before St Peter's, whither it was brought from the circus of Nero, after it had lain buried in ruins for many centuries. It is of one entire block of Egyptian marble, 72 feet high, 12 feet square at the base, and 8 feet at the top. Notwithstanding its immense weight (calculated at four hundred and seventy tons), it was erected on a pedestal 30 feet high, by the celebrated architect Dominico Fontanæ, in the pontificate of Sixtus V. with vast expense and labour.

SARACENIC OR MOORISH STRUCTURES.

Posterior to the introduction of Christianity, but yet neither Christian nor pagan, are those works which were executed by the Saracens during the reign of the caliphs in Asia, and by the Moors during their ascendency in Spain—both nations being alike Mohammedan. There is a great deal of richness and beauty in those works, an offshoot from the Roman architecture of earlier times, but modified by oriental luxuriance and ornamentation. We can only spare room to mention one illustrative example—the far-famed Alhambra in Grenada. This was at one time a Moorish stronghold in that city, with the palace of the Moorish kings in the centre. Around all was a wall a mile in circuit, studded with towers. One of these towers contains the famous Hall of the Ambassadors. There are only portions of the real palace still remaining, running round two oblong courts, called the Court of the Lions and the Court of the Fishpond. These consist of a wonderfully rich assemblage of porticoes, halls, columns, arches, cupolas, &c. elaborately adorned with gold, colours, and marble. The much-admired Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is a reproduction of the Court of the Lions and some of the smaller adjacent portions.

STRUCTURES IN MEXICO AND YUCATAN.

Mexico, with its Aztecs and Toltecs, is a puzzle to architects as well as to ethnologists; there are old buildings of a remarkable

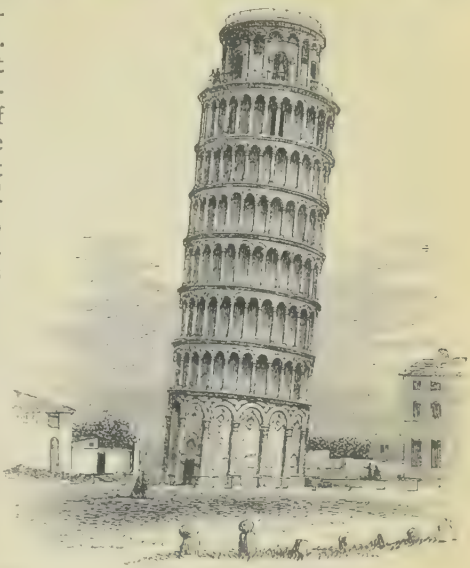
character in that land, which no one seems able to trace to the early civilisations of the old continent. Cities have been rediscovered which were inhabited and in the full tide of prosperity at the time of the Spanish conquest. How much is reliable of the alleged history of the Aztecs and Toltecs between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries is not certain; but the remarkable temples of Mexico and Yucatan were built somewhere within that wide interval. Some suppose that the Toltecs were of Esquimaux origin, who crept down the Pacific coast from Behring's Strait to Central America in the lapse of ages; that the Aztecs were an offshoot from the Red Indians, who arrived from the inner portions of America; and that the Yucatans had Carib blood in their veins: but the recently discovered temples in that region are far in advance of anything that Esquimaux, Red Indians, or Caribs have produced elsewhere. Messrs Stephens and Catherwood actually visited sixty old ruined cities in Yucatan, full of remarkable buildings, and supposed to be from 500 to 700 years old. One of the most celebrated buildings of which detailed descriptions have been given, is the teocalli or temple of Cholula. It now looks little other than a vast mound of earth; but examination shews it to be a pyramid-temple, 1440 feet square at the base, by 177 feet high; it is four times as large as the great pyramid of Egypt in area, but only one-third the height. The bulk of the pyramid is formed of clay and sun-dried bricks. It consists of four terraces; and on the top was once a temple of the Toltec god of the air. It contains spacious sepulchral cavities; a square chamber formed of stone and cypress-wood, when discovered a few years ago, was found to contain two skeletons and several painted vases. The teocalli at Palenque was a far more splendid structure, comprising sanctuaries, sepulchres, courts, cloisters, galleries, and cells; forming altogether a spacious quadrangle enclosed by porticoes, and resting on a platform composed of three graduated terraces. Much of the interior is decorated with sculptures and hieroglyphics in stucco. The palace of Mitla is another of these large and remarkable Toltec structures, and seems to consist of five tombs of kings, exhibiting notable works in porphyry, stone, stucco, and cypress-wood, adorned with elaborately painted representations of sacrifices, trophies, weapons, &c.

CHRISTIAN AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

We shall now take a rapid glance at some of the more remarkable structures which are either modern, or Christian without being modern. They may be more correctly designated curiosities than wonders; but some of them, nevertheless, are wonders in beauty, and a few in size. It will be convenient to group them according to kind or purpose, rather than according to country or age.

LEANING-TOWERS.

Great celebrity has been attained by the cathedral and the leaning-tower of Pisa, in Italy. This cathedral is one of the most regular, beautiful, and lightsome pieces of Gothic architecture to be seen in Europe. The choir is of the finest marble, and the roof is supported by eighty columns of the same stone, each of one solid piece. The pavement is of tesselated marble; and the gates, which are of brass, are exquisitely wrought with the history of our Saviour's birth, life, and passion. The most celebrated portion, however, is the campanile or leaning-tower, which stands detached. This erection is of a round form, and 190 feet high, entirely built of white marble. It was begun in 1174, but was not completed till about the middle of the fourteenth century. It is ascended by 230 steps, has several galleries on the outside, and is open in the interior. It stands not less than 15 feet out of the perpendicular. Some conceive this reclining position, which produces a very singular effect on the traveller, to be occasioned by a sinking of the foundation on one side, and others, to the ancient builders aiming at eccentricity in erecting this remarkable tower; but as the observatory and baptistery, which stand in the same square, have also a slight inclination, there can be little doubt that the former is the correct opinion.



Leaning-tower of Pisa.

The only other lofty structure known to incline so much from a perpendicular position is the leaning-tower of Saragossa, in Spain, which was erected in 1503. It is built entirely of brick, and stands in the centre of the square of San Felippo, in solitary grandeur, insulated and lofty, being ascended by a stair of 284 steps.

CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES.

Among the numerous cathedrals which have been considered remarkable for their dimensions, their architecture, or the richness

of their decorations, that of St Peter's at Rome is, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent. The first stone was laid by Pope Julius II. in 1506, the main body of the edifice was completed in 1614, and the colonnade added in 1667. The extreme inside length of the building, which is in the form of a Greek cross, is 607 feet; the length of the transepts 445 feet; and the height from the floor to the cross, which surmounts the cupola, 458 feet. 'So vast are its dimensions,' says Maclaren, 'that colossal statues and monumental groups of figures are stowed away in its aisles and recesses, without impairing the unity and simplicity of the plan, as they are in the St Paul's of London. Comparing it with the British cathedral, which, though *longo intervallo*, may well claim to be the second in the world, the floor of St Peter's covers about five English acres (nearly the size of the Colosseum), while that of St Paul's occupies only two acres; and the actual bulk, or entire contents of the former as compared to the latter, are as four to one. And taking into account the number and splendour of the decorations of St Peter's, we need not wonder that it is supposed to have cost, with its monuments, gilding, and embellishments, from twelve to sixteen millions sterling; whereas the cost of St Paul's did not exceed £750,000! In the interior of these two noble buildings, the difference is scarcely less striking than between one of our old barn-like meeting-houses and the most elegant of our modern Episcopal churches; but as regards the exterior, all admit that in symmetry, purity of design, and true architectural beauty, the English is superior to the Roman temple.' The extreme inside length of St Paul's is 510 feet, the length of the transepts 283, and the height to the cross 365 feet—an altitude which is greatly exceeded by the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, 404 feet.

Milan Cathedral is the largest and richest of all the churches erected in the middle ages; and it is one in which the architect planned to cover the largest possible space from the fewest points of support. The interior has double rows of aisles on each side of the nave, thus giving a magnificent width to the structure. Being erected between 1385 and 1440, it exhibits all the richness of architecture of that florid period. Not only is it the largest of all medieval cathedrals (covering 108,000 square feet), but it is almost unparalleled for beauty of effect in being built wholly of white marble. The decoration is most lavish, the whole of the exterior being adorned with tracery and sculpture of the richest kind. The cathedral is 493 feet long, and 356 feet high to the top of the spire. The marble statues are said to amount to the almost incredible number of 4400!

The cathedral or *Duomo* of Florence, begun in 1296 and finished in 1426, is about 500 feet in length, and 384 in height to the top of the cross; its cupola is said to have furnished Michael Angelo with the first idea of that of St Peter's. The well-known cathedral of

Strasburg has an interior length of 378 feet, and the height of its spire 474 feet—being, if the dimensions be accurate, little less than that of the great Pyramid of Egypt. This spire is open work, and combines, with the most perfect solidity, extraordinary lightness and elegance.

St Sophia at Constantinople was built by the Emperor Justinian about 535 A. D., on the site of a small church which had been built by Constantine. It is nearly an exact square in plan, being 250 by 235 feet, exclusive of projections called the narthex and the apse. The exterior is more remarkable for stability and majesty than for beauty; but the interior is famed for its dome. This dome is very little lower than a hemisphere, being 107 feet diameter by 46 feet high. Beyond the great dome, east and west, are two semi-domes, of a diameter equal to the great dome; and these are again cut by two smaller domes. All the pillars are of porphyry, verd antique, or rich marble; all the flat surfaces are covered with a mosaic of beautifully varied slabs of marble; and all the domes, roofs, and other curved surfaces with mosaics on a gold ground. The effect of the dome, semi-domes, and quarter-domes has been to give to the centre of the church the character of a gorgeous hall 250 feet long, 120 wide, and 180 high—proportions which no Gothic architect has since attempted to equal.

St Petersburg contains one of the largest and most costly churches in Europe; though architectural critics are divided in opinion as to its artistic merits. It stands in a magnificent square, bounded by the Neva on one side, and by large public buildings on the other three sides. This cathedral or church, St Isaac's, is the third which has occupied the site. It was begun by the Emperor Alexander I. in 1818, and finished by Alexander II. in 1858—one architect, Montferrand, having superintended its construction from first to last. The cathedral is a rectangle, 305 feet by 166; it covers a much smaller area than St Paul's, and therefore, regarded as a cathedral, is far from large; but it is certainly to be ranked among the largest of churches. It has the unusual feature of four magnificent porticoes, one in the centre of each front; these are octastyle Corinthian, and have rich alto-rilievi in the pediment. Two towers flank the principal façade; two others flank the opposite side; and in the centre of the whole mass is a dome. The porticoes are considered to be the finest that have been erected in any part of Europe since the time of the Romans. Each column consists of one single piece of the most beautiful rose-coloured granite, 56 feet in height by 6½ diameter. The entablature and nearly the whole exterior of the building are faced with granite. The drum of the dome is surrounded by a peristyle of twenty-four equidistant columns, each being a monolith of red granite. The four towers or cupolini are bell-towers—the Russians being famous for bells in their ecclesiastical arrangements. The interior of the church is absolutely crowded with magnificence;

malachite and marble, painting and gilding, sculpture and ornament, are carried to such an excess as absolutely to weary the eye, and destroy all idea of repose.

Every country in Europe, with few exceptions, is rich in specimens of cathedral architecture—especially England, France, Germany, and Italy. We can only notice one more in these brief pages. The greatest recent work of this kind in Europe is unquestionably Cologne Cathedral. The old structure, consisting of little more than the choir, was in progress from the 13th to the 16th century; since which time the works remained dormant till the beginning of the present century, when the Germans throughout the 'Fatherland' took up the matter with much enthusiasm. Associations were formed, not only over the whole of Germany, but elsewhere in Europe, to collect funds for achieving the noble work; and the successive kings of Prussia have taken a lively interest in the work. The nave, aisles, and transepts were finished in 1848; the portals in 1859; the central spire in 1860; and all the other parts are now finished except the great towers—at an expense of three-quarters of a million sterling. When finally completed, the cathedral will be 511 feet long, 231 broad, and nearly 500 feet high to the top of the towers. The whole is in the purest style of Gothic.

America has made one approach to the style of St Peter's, so fine as to obtain for it the character of being the noblest ecclesiastical building in the New World. This is Mexico Cathedral, begun in 1573, but not finished till 1657. It is 504 feet long, and 228 broad. The western façade presents two bold towers 305 feet high. The dome is curiously placed, being near the east end, an arrangement which some authorities consider to give a magnificent interior vista. The next best ecclesiastical building in America is Arequipa Cathedral, Peru, built about two centuries ago, nearly destroyed by fire in 1844, and since rebuilt nearly on the same plan as before. The façade is of very considerable extent, and divided into five compartments by Corinthian pillars standing upon a low basement, but supporting only a fragment of an entablature.

ROYAL PALACES.

Let us glance at the palaces of a few of the European sovereigns, as examples of a kind of structure on which much splendour has been lavished and much cost incurred.

Versailles has been designated 'the largest and most gorgeous palace in Europe.' It is at anyrate the largest palace in France. It extends to the immense length of 1400 feet; with a depth of 500 in the centre, though much less in the wings. The chapel is at the junction of the centre group with one of the wings, and the theatre is at the other end of the same wing. There was an old hunting-seat at this spot belonging to Louis XIII.; Louis XIV. requested that

this old structure should be incorporated in the new building; and it is generally admitted that the architect, Mansard, failed somewhat in his design for the palace, owing to this obstacle. The old château or hunting-seat is a small brick building with stone dressings, and this was repaired and adorned as the king's residence in the new structure. The garden-front, however, is really the palace, in an architectural point of view. The grand gallery, with the square vestibules at each end, is considered to be one of the most magnificent apartments in Europe, so rich is it in marbles and in decoration; although it cannot compare in dimensions with the galleries of the Louvre. The theatre and the chapel are both very sumptuous: while the gardens are almost unrivalled.

The famous palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries have gradually been so linked together as to become almost one. There had for many centuries been a palace for the kings of France at the spot where the Louvre now stands; but the present structure was commenced by Francis I. about 1540. The south-west angle was the part first commenced. Catherine de Médicis, a few years later, began the Tuileries from the design of Philibert de l'Orme. The original plan was for a rectangular block, 860 feet by 550, with a square court in the centre and smaller courts nearer the sides. Only the garden façade, however, was finished by its foundress. During the time of Henri Quatre the façade was extended to the excessive length of 1000 feet, by the addition of two pavilions at the ends. Louis XIV. afterwards raised the height of the whole façade, to make it correspond better with the length, and with the pavilions of Flore and Marsan at the ends. Among the works of Henri Quatre was the commencement of a gallery to connect the Louvre with the Tuileries. It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that an effort was seriously made to finish the Louvre; and the eastern façade, by Perrault, is considered to be a very favourable specimen of the architecture of that period in France. Very little more was effected until recently, when Napoleon III. resolved to make the Louvre and the Tuileries as nearly as possible parts of one vast building. The space that used to separate the two palaces, called the Place du Carrousel, is a vast square of 930 feet by 850; but this is now enclosed by new buildings on the north and south. Another court, called the Place Napoléon, is 600 feet by 400, and this is bounded on the north and south by new buildings still more palatial. The result of all this is, that the Louvre and the Tuileries, in whatever way the interior is occupied, now really form one enormous palace so far as the exterior is concerned, about 600 feet along the west end (Tuileries), 300 on the east end (Louvre), and no less than 1100 feet on the north and south sides, facing the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine.

The most famous civil structure in Spain is unquestionably the Royal Palace of *Escurial*. Commenced in 1563 by Gianbattista, it

was finished several years afterwards by Herrera. Externally the vast mass is singularly destitute of grandeur in design; but the inner façades around the several courts, and the church in the middle of the whole, are much finer. The quadrangular mass is 680 feet long by 520 wide, or, with certain outworks, 744 by 580. The shorter sides or flanks are little more than plain granite walls pierced with five stories of unornamented square windows, 'with as little design and as little ornament as one generally finds in a Manchester cotton-mill;' but the main façade is a little more diversified by columns, arches, and pediments. A multitude of courts in the interior, and passages leading from one court to another, have given rise to a story that the Escurial was built in the form of a gridiron, to typify the martyrdom of St Lawrence; but this idea has not been traced to any authentic source. The great feature of the interior is the church, a grand cathedral-like structure, 320 feet long by 200 wide. The western façade has two bold flanking towers; and in the centre of the pile is a dome, not so large as some others in Europe, but grand in its general appearance. The church is square in plan, and is divided into a sort of Greek cross by the four great piers and arches of the dome. One of the finest features in the building is what is called the Court of the College, about 140 feet square, with an arcaded cloister in two stories running round its four sides. The central entrance in the main front leads to a well-proportioned atrium or court; on one side of which is the college, on the other a monastery, and at the further end the church; and beyond the church are the state apartments of the palace.

The Caserta, or royal palace, at Naples is one of the largest palaces in Europe, being 766 feet long, 500 wide, and 125 high to the top of the balustrade. It was built about a century ago, from the plans of Vanvitelli. Each angle is surmounted by a square pavilion, and a dome crowns the centre. The design is uniform throughout all the four façades, presenting a four-storied range of Italian character. Even the centre of each façade is only slightly broken by a pediment. It is, in fact, something like a Pall Mall club-house of unprecedentedly large dimensions. The mass of the interior is divided into four equal courts or open quadrangles by two ranges of buildings, which contain the state apartments. This arrangement is somewhat remarkable, leaving the whole of the exterior buildings visible to the outer world, to the officers and subordinates of the household. The interior courts present more architectural richness than the exterior façades. Naples no longer being the residence of a sovereign, the Caserta is shorn of some of its importance.

St Petersburg has been called 'a city of palaces;' no other capital in Europe presenting so numerous an array of vast palatial edifices. Even the barracks for the soldiery, and the offices for the government, are quite palatial in character. True, many of these buildings are only of brick, with ornaments of stucco; but nevertheless the

aggregate effect is unquestionably majestic. The finest of the buildings is the Imperial Winter Palace, commenced about a century ago on the plans of Rastrelli, and gradually brought to its present state. It is 731 feet long, by 584 wide; being a hollow square, it has a rectangular court in the centre, 385 feet by 300. The main façade is on the banks of the Neva. It is nevertheless an unsatisfactory specimen of architecture, striking only for its vastness. The palace of the Grand-duke Michael, though smaller in size, is considered by men of taste to be superior in design and general effect. All the offices and domestic buildings are placed in the wings, leaving a magnificent central block wholly for the imperial family and suite. The staircase in this block is one of the grandest in Europe: it is in the entrance-hall, a noble apartment 80 feet square, and the whole height of the building.

The *Kremlin* at Moscow is a far more remarkable structure, or rather group of structures, than anything at St Petersburg. It was built five hundred years ago, but has been frequently rebuilt since. It is surrounded with a wall from 12 to 16 feet thick, and from 28 to 50 feet high, with battlements, embrasures, numerous towers, and five gates. The chief buildings within the walls are the Palace of the Czars and the Cathedral. The latter is not large as a cathedral, but is adorned with profuse magnificence; there are more than two thousand paintings on the walls, of angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, czars, czarinas, and patriarchs; and there are numerous highly prized relics. Besides this cathedral, in which the czars are solemnly crowned, there are no less than thirty-one churches within the Kremlin, three of which are known as the cathedrals of St Michael, the Annunciation, and the Transfiguration: the first of these contains the tombs of the Russian sovereigns and grand-dukes, for many centuries. The Kremlin is, in short, an imperial palace embedded in a mass of imperial cathedrals and churches.

The only palace in England worthy of being compared with those on the continent is one which illustrates castellated as well as palatial architecture. Windsor Castle is most magnificently situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the Thames. The Round Tower or Keep is a sort of centre, with the royal apartments on one side, and various adjuncts on the other. The keep is not perfectly circular, being 102 feet in one direction by 93 in the other, and rising 80 feet above a kind of mound on which it stands, with a watch-tower 25 feet high. Starting from this keep, and proceeding from right to left round the buildings which surround the royal court or quadrangle, we come in succession to St George's Gateway; Edward III.'s and George IV.'s Gateways, between Lancaster and York Towers; South Turret; and Victoria Tower. Then we come to the east front, where are Clarence Tower; Chester Tower, with the state drawing-room; and Prince of Wales's Tower, with the state dining-room. Next, on the north side, are Brunswick Tower, an octagon

38 feet in diameter externally, by 100 feet; Cornwall Tower, with the ball-room, 90 feet by 32; Waterloo Gallery, 95 feet by 46; George IV.'s Tower; the State Staircase, 50 feet by 36; Henry VII.'s Building; Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; and Norman Tower and Gateway, which bring us round again to the keep. The quadrangle frontages of this vast range of building present numerous vestibules and corridors connected with the state apartments, and with the private apartments of the royal family. Some of these apartments are furnished with palatial magnificence; and the clustering of buildings, varying in date from the Norman times down to those of Victoria, give to this castle a historical interest scarcely paralleled by any other in Europe. But this is not all. On the western side of the keep are St George's Hall and the Royal Chapel, on which much cost has been lavished; and there are a vast number of subsidiary buildings, which render the whole castle a small town in itself. The stables, erected at a cost of £70,000, form quite a distinct structure at a short distance from the castle, and are unquestionably the most magnificent stables in England.

LEGISLATIVE PALACES.

The Palace of Westminster, or Houses of Parliament, is the grandest modern Gothic building in England, and the grandest structure ever devoted to the sittings of a legislative body. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there is another Gothic edifice in the world covering so large an area. The old legislative buildings were burned down in 1834; the present, from the plans of Sir Charles Barry, were commenced after two or three years' delay and consideration, and are not even finished now; nor can they be brought into harmony with the complete design until a total sum of £3,000,000 has been spent on them. The building, in its present form, extends 900 feet in length along the river-front, but about 1000 feet in a line with the Clock-tower. The eastern or river front is a magnificent display of Gothic work—traceried windows, carved mullions, niches, statues, pinnacles, and ornaments being lavished in a degree unequalled in any other modern building in Europe. The statues and the shields-of-arms alone form almost an epitome of the history of England. The whole building covers an area of nearly eight acres, and comprises the enormous number of 1100 apartments and 100 staircases. In a building of such vast magnitude, it is necessary to have many interior open quadrangles or courts, to afford window-light. These (beginning at the northern end) are the Speaker's Court, Star-chamber Court, Commons' Court, Cloister Court, Commons' Inner Court, St Stephen's Court, Peers' Court, Peers' Inner Court, Judges' Court, Chancellor's Court, and Royal Court. Besides the two main chambers—the House of Lords and the House of Commons—the chief apartments and halls are the Queen's Robing-room, the Royal

Gallery, the Norman Arch, the Prince's Chamber, St Stephen's Porch, St Stephen's Hall, the Central Hall, the Peer's Lobby, the Commons' Lobby, Conference Rooms, and Refreshment Rooms. The Victoria Tower, at the south-west angle, is one of the finest Gothic towers in the world, being 340 feet high by 75 feet square. The Central Tower, over the beautiful octagonal Central Hall, is 300 feet high. The Clock-tower, 320 feet high by 40 feet square, contains the celebrated bell weighing 14 tons, and a clock which is now considered to be the most accurate of all the great clocks in Europe, having dials 30 feet in diameter (12 feet larger than those of St Paul's). The chamber in which the Peers meet (popularly known as the 'House of Lords') is so lavishly decorated as to be almost oppressive in its grandeur; sculpture, carving, bronze-work, gilding, painting, and stained glass are so combined as to leave scarcely a square inch of plain surface; while the windows are so high up and so deeply stained as to leave the chamber insufficiently lighted. The dimensions are 97 feet long, 45 feet high, and 45 feet wide. The House of Commons (35 feet shorter than the House of Lords, but the same height and breadth) is much plainer, but is now found to be too small for its intended purpose. The Royal or Victoria Gallery contains two magnificent water-glass fresco paintings by Mr Maclise; there are six other large frescoes in the Peers' Chamber by Maclise, Dyce, Cope, and Horsley; in the corridors on either side of the Central Hall are frescoes on subjects from the history of England, by Ward, Pickersgill, Cross, and other painters; while in the Upper Waiting-hall are subjects from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and other poets. In St Stephen's Hall are statues of twelve statesmen whose eloquence adorned parliament in past days —Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Walpole, Somers, Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Grattan. Taken altogether, this sumptuous building is one of which the nation has reason to be proud, albeit there is a want of space in some of the rooms, and of light in still more.

The finest civil or secular building in America is perhaps the Capitol or legislative palace at Washington. The eastern or principal front consists of a centre 352 feet wide, and two wings which increase the total façade to 751 feet. Each of the three portions has a rich Corinthian portico. In the centre of the whole mass is a dome resting on a drum or tambour, the latter surrounded by a circular colonnade. This dome, when finished, will be 130 feet diameter by 310 feet high; and under it is a fine circular rotunda. The chambers for the two Houses of the legislature are far larger than those of our English legislative palace—one being 139 feet by 93, and the other 112 by 82.

PILLARS AND STATUES.

In imitation of the ancients, the moderns have often erected monuments, trophies, statues, and the like; but these, though often of exquisite workmanship, are generally of inferior dimensions. Of this class, the London Monument is one of the most remarkable. It is a column of the Doric order, erected to perpetuate the memory of the fire of London in 1666, which broke out near the place where it stands; and was begun, according to a design of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1671, and finished in 1676. It is 15 feet in diameter, and 202 feet high from the ground; it stands upon a pedestal 40 feet high and 21 feet square. On the cap of the pedestal are four dragons, the supporters of the city arms, and between them trophies, with symbols of regality, arts, sciences, and commerce. Within is a spiral staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps, with iron rails leading to a balcony, which encompasses a cone 32 feet high, and supporting a blazing urn of gilded brass.

Rather a notable example is the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, commenced in 1840, and not finished till 1867. It is formed of Portland stone, and is surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson by Baily, sculptured in Granton granite. The capital is of bronze, the melting down of cannon captured from the French. The square base presents bronze *bassi rilievi* of events which distinguished the career of Nelson—namely, the death of Nelson, by Carew; the battle of the Nile, by Woodington; the battle of Copenhagen, by Ternouth; and the battle of St Vincent, by Watson. Four bronze lions on the pedestal, the only works in sculpture by Sir Edwin Landseer, were finished and set up early in 1867; they are among the largest specimens of the kind ever executed.

A multitude of memorial columns have been erected on hill-tops in Great Britain; such as that near Dunrobin Castle, in Scotland. Most of these derive their importance chiefly from magnificence of situation.

Paris can also boast of several, perhaps of more remarkable, monuments of this kind than any other modern city. The chief of these are the noble column erected in the Place Vendôme, formed on the model of that of Trajan at Rome, covered with bronze castings, representing the achievements of the Grand Army in 1805, and surmounted by a statue of Napoleon; and the Colonne de Juillet, a large Doric column, erected in the Place de la Bastile in commemoration of the Revolution of 1830, 130 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal figure of the genius of France.

The colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great in the Russian capital, is another of the magnificent achievements of modern art. The monarch is represented in the attitude of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. This rocky

pedestal, which consists of a single block of granite, weighing between 1500 and 2000 tons, was quarried at a distance of several miles from the capital, and its conveyance thither was a work of extraordinary difficulty. The column erected in honour of the Emperor Alexander I. is a surprising monolith, being one of the largest yet known. The column is 150 feet high; the pedestal is of granite and bronze; and the shaft consists of a single piece of red granite, 84 feet long and 14 feet in diameter! The column is surmounted by a capital and a small dome in bronze, on which is placed a statue emblematical of Religion.

EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND CRYSTAL PALACES.

International Exhibitions have led to the construction of buildings of unusual vastness. The original Crystal Palace in Hyde Park for the Exhibition of 1851, covered about 800,000 square feet. It was 1851 feet long (the same figures that represented the date of construction), 408 feet wide, 64 feet high to the main level of the roof, but 108 feet to the top of the centre transept. The ground covered was seven times as large as the area of St Paul's Cathedral. There were 3300 iron columns and 3500 iron girders. There were 4000 tons of iron, 17 acres of glass in the roof, 1500 vertical glazed sashes, 200 miles of sash-bars, and 1,000,000 square feet of flooring (ground-floor and galleries together). Although there was not the slightest pretence to architectural beauty in the building—it being literally nothing but a glass-house—nevertheless, it pleased every one. The novelty, the lightness, the spaciousness, the simplicity, made a favourable impression on most of the persons who saw it; while the unbroken vista, exceeding a third of a mile in length, gave to the interior an effect which had seldom or never been paralleled.

The Exhibition buildings at Dublin and at New York, for the international industrial displays of 1853, were also Crystal Palaces, more elaborate in some of their details, but of far smaller dimensions, and not so productive of a fine interior effect.

The Paris Exhibition of 1855 did not afford suitable means for comparison with the Hyde Park structure: seeing that it was accommodated in four distinct buildings, entirely unlike in character, and almost wholly disconnected. The Manchester Exhibition building of 1857 bore some resemblance to those at Dublin and New York.

The International Exhibition at Brompton in 1862 was in a building which covered 24 acres. The main structure was 1200 feet long by 560 wide, besides two annexes or wings of considerable length. The area roofed in was very little less than 1,000,000 square feet. The southern façade, in Cromwell Road, was of brick; indeed, the southern portion of the whole structure was of brick, for the exhibition of pictures; while the northern portion was of iron, wood, and glass.

The interior of the chief nave was 100 feet high ; while the east and west ends were surmounted by stupendous domes 160 feet in diameter by 250 in height—among the largest domes ever constructed.

The Paris Exhibition building of 1867 was entirely unlike any that preceded it. It formed a vast oval amphitheatre, nearly three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and covered 35 acres of ground. The exterior was practically a wall of iron, 80 feet high. The interior was divided by avenues or passages into numerous blocks of exhibition space ; those which went radially, from the exterior towards the centre, divided country from country; while those which ranged concentrically, like the rings in a trunk of timber, divided one class of goods from another. Every gallery was thus a curve or a portion of a curve ; and the whole of these was lighted from the roof by skylights. The centre of the entire structure was occupied by a garden, being the only portion which was not under cover. There were no upper galleries, except in the outer ring for machinery, where there was an elevated platform, which made the entire circuit. Ten thousand tons of iron were used in the building, and 15,000,000 rivets to fasten the various pieces of iron. The length of the building was 1580 feet, and the breadth 1214—not so long by nearly 300 feet as our Hyde Park building in 1851, but vastly greater in breadth, and covering a much greater area of ground. The central garden was 540 feet by 170. The sixteen radial avenues were each about 500 feet long, and received such names as *Rue de France*, *Rue d'Angleterre*, *Rue de Prusse*, &c. The chief avenue, broader and more imposing than the rest, took the direction of the long axis of the oval, and was in fact part of that line ; it was 50 feet broad and 82 high. Vast as the building was, it had little besides its size to recommend it. The subsidiary buildings in the park, occupying the remaining portion of the Champ de Mars, were wholly of a miscellaneous character—imitations of almost every kind of structure—a world in miniature. The Champ de Mars presents a surface of about 500,000 square yards, of which 160,000 were occupied by the Exhibition building, and 340,000 by the surrounding park. The centre of the Champ de Mars being much lower than the outer portions, and it being desirable that this centre should be raised to the same level, a neighbouring hill, called the Trocadero, was made to supply many hundred thousand cubic feet of earth for this purpose.

Two Crystal Palaces for popular amusement, one at Sydenham and one at Muswell Hill, have been constructed in part with the iron and glass of the Hyde Park Exhibition building of 1851, and the Brompton Exhibition building of 1862. One of them, the 'Alexandra Palace and Park,' need not here be described; but the other, the world-renowned Crystal Palace at Sydenham, is unquestionably the most beautiful glass structure in the world. It is 1600 feet long, 380 feet wide, and no less than 200 high at the centre transept. It

consists of a nave with three transepts, all having arched roofs; and the construction is almost wholly of iron and glass. Galleries run round the interior, from which vistas can be obtained of almost matchless beauty. Marble basins and crystal fountains are ranged at intervals along the nave. A magnificent amphitheatre of seats affords unparalleled accommodation for an orchestra of 5000 persons. On either side of the nave are elaborate courts or halls, representing the architecture, sculpture, and mural decoration of the Roman, Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, Pompeiian, Alhambraic or Saracenic, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, Medieval, Renaissance, Palladian, and Elizabethan styles of art. (Such at least was the rich assemblage until the unfortunate fire early in 1867, when much of the northern portion of the Palace, including the Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, was destroyed, entailing a loss of not much less than £100,000.) At the north and south ends of the main building, but detached from them, are stupendous water-towers, at least 250 feet high. Water is pumped up into tanks, which surmount the towers, by steam-power; and the pressure thus obtained supplies water to a grander set of fountains than has ever been exhibited elsewhere. On one of the grand gala-days there are 12,000 jets playing at once, some rising to a height of 250 feet; and it requires 6,000,000 gallons of water to feed them all. Whether considered in regard to its cost (£1,500,000), its vast magnitude, its external and internal beauty, its profuse illustrations of architecture and sculpture, its grand musical capabilities, its fine botanical and arboricultural collection, its park, its majestic terraces, its marble basins, or its fountains and cascades—the Crystal Palace is probably the finest place of amusement in the world, and its amusements the most wonderful shillingsworth.

HOTELS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

Hotel meant, in the middle ages, a nobleman's mansion, or even a municipal building, such as an hôtel de ville; but in most cases at the present day it is a house for boarding and lodging guests, who come and go whenever they please. Architectural display has never been bestowed upon these buildings in England until recent years; but some of our railway hotels are now really magnificent buildings. Witness, as an example, the City Hotel, forming the frontage of the Cannon Street Station. Its façade presents one grand scene of decoration from top to bottom—the central mass crowned by a Mansard roof, while the wings are surmounted by pavilions with high truncated roofs; balconies adorn almost every range of windows. Besides coffee-rooms and bed-rooms for the usual class of hotel visitors, there are a great hall for public dinners and balls, a large room for public meetings, a restaurant, a chop-room, and a

luncheon-bar. The building is 218 feet in length and 76 feet high, but the pavilion roofs rise to a further height of 32 feet. A tower at the south-east angle, containing a ventilating shaft and the kitchen flue, rises still higher. The ground-floor is mainly occupied by the entrances to the railway station. The next floor above it presents, as its chief feature, the great hall or ball-room, 114 feet long, 41 feet wide, and 36 high—one of the grandest rooms recently built in the city of London. The principal room on the next floor is the room for public meetings, 80 feet long. Another hotel, typical of those which do *not* belong to railway companies, nor adjoin railway stations, is the Langham Hotel, Portland Place. There is a vast cubical mass of building in this edifice. On the ground-floor there is a central courtyard, adorned with fountains and flowers; and around this are the *salle à manger*, a noble dining-room 150 feet long, coffee-room, ladies' coffee-room, library, reading-room, audience and meeting rooms, drawing-rooms, post-office and telegraph-office; while up-stairs, besides the smoking-room and the billiard-room, there are ranges of private apartments and sleeping-rooms soaring to a greater height than any other hotel in England. The kitchen, a room 50 feet by 40, is quite a distinguishing feature; so replete is it with all the best appliances for the practical exercise of the culinary art: the roasting-grate alone is 8 feet wide by 7 feet high.

Paris contains two hotels which have no parallels in England for magnitude. One is called the *Grand Hôtel*, and the other the *Grand Hôtel du Louvre*, and each has between 600 and 700 bed-rooms. America has gone beyond even Paris in the magnitude of its hotels, especially in the instance of the Irving House, the Astor, and the St Nicholas Hotels at New York, and the Mount Vernon Hotel at New Jersey. As specimens of architecture, these immense buildings hardly call for detailed description, they being little else externally than windowed stories rising one above another to a great height; but some of the curiosities and marvels of one of the hotels have been summarised in the following brief way: 'Eight hundred bed-rooms under one roof; three hundred servants; a steam laundry that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in fifteen minutes!); the beef of one thousand oxen cooked and served up in a year; bell-telegraphs to every room; a mile and a half of verandahs and balconies in front of the several ranges of rooms; hot and cold water baths to every bed-room; and a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished as to be charged at ten guineas a day.'

Clubs are to so remarkable an extent an English institution, that we need not go out of our own country to seek examples of them. So far as regards architectural character, we may select one club-house (the *Reform*) as an illustration of the whole.

The Reform Club-house, on the south side of Pall Mall, built by

the late Sir Charles Barry, is 140 feet wide by 110 deep. There are two façades which have nine windows on a floor, and one which has eight. The style is of that Italian palazzo kind which does not depend upon porticoes, colonnades, arches, towers, pinnacles, or domes, but upon a bold mass of decorated windowed surface; and the general effect has met with marked approval. There is a beautiful cortile or covered court in the centre of the building, 56 feet long, 50 wide, and 54 high. The coffee-room, on the garden-front, is a grand apartment, 112 feet by 28. The news-room, dining-room, drawing-room, library, card-rooms, are all handsome portions of the building. It was in the kitchen of the Reform Club-house that M. Soyer established his renown as a *chef de cuisine*.

THEATRES AND OPERA-HOUSES.

Instead of describing, in our limited space, any one of the numerous opera-houses and theatres of Europe, we will give in a condensed form some comparative figures, from Fergusson's *History of Modern Architecture*.

OPERA-HOUSES.

	Depth of Auditory. Feet.	Width of Auditory. Feet.	Depth of Stage. Feet.
Milan, La Scala	105	87	77
Naples, San Carlo	100	85	74
Genoa	95	82	80
London, Her Majesty's	95	75	45
" Covent Garden	89	80	89
St Petersburg	87	70	100
Paris, Académie	85	80	82
Parma	82	74	76
Venice	82	78	48
Munich	80	75	87
Madrid	79	89	55
Darmstadt	72	62	70
Berlin	70	55	58
Vienna	65	55	72
Turin	90	71	110

La Scala, at Milan, is the greatest in depth of audience part, and the Vienna the least: the Madrid opera-house is the greatest in width, and the Berlin and Vienna the least; the Madrid is the greatest in width of curtain, and Berlin the least; the Turin is the greatest in depth of stage, and our own opera-house in the Haymarket decidedly the least; the height over the pit varies from 84 feet in San Carlo at Naples, to 51 at Darmstadt.

A similar comparison is made between

DRAMATIC THEATRES.

	Depth of Auditory. Feet.	Width of Auditory. Feet.	Depth of Stage. Feet.
Versailles	77	65	82
Marseille	76	65	50
Paris, Historique	70	65	42
" Italien	60	65	46
Hamburg	70	67	65
Bordeaux	65	64	70
Mayence	65	60	46
Lyon	64	66	75
Berlin	64	60	70
Antwerp	60	58	58
Carlsruhe	60	66	50
London, Drury Lane	70	70	48
" Haymarket	57	48	33
" Lyceum	55	52	40
" Adelphi	51	56	47

Here we must close. It would be easy, if space allowed, to notice many other classes or groups of buildings which have something about them either of the wonderful or the curious. As a single room, of which the outside is scarcely visible at all, perhaps one of the most remarkable and original in Europe, and the most admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was constructed, is the new Reading-room at the British Museum. Circular in plan, and with a domed ceiling, it admits of being lighted both from the sides and from the top; it secures an effective interior; it affords unexampled accommodation to readers, with wall and press space for 100,000 volumes. The room is about 140 feet in diameter, and the height to the central skylight 108 feet. The dimensions nearly equal those of the Pantheon at Rome. Tables for about 300 readers are placed radially, like the spokes of a wheel, with an ample supply of room, light, chairs, pens, ink, paper, knives, &c. It is one of the few modern English buildings which every one praises. A beautiful new reading-room was opened at Paris in 1868, in the Imperial Library. It consists of a central square room, surrounded by semicircular arcades. The roof consists of nine cupolas of enamelled porcelain, resting on sixteen columns; the centre of each cupola having a circular skylight. There are 345 chairs, desks, and tables, for an equal number of readers. About 40,000 volumes are ranged round the room, in three balconies or galleries; and a large doorway gives access to a number of rooms in which the rest of the books are kept.

'TIME ENOUGH.'

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember —and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighbourhood of Kilbaggin by the name of BURNT EAGLE, or, as the Irish peasants called him, 'Burnt *Aigle*.' His accent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—TIME. He certainly was not of the neighbourhood in which he resided, for he had no 'people,' no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle's donkey. At that time he lived in a neat pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean, but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage. During the latter years of his life, these rooms were kept in order by two sisters; what relationship they bore to my old friend, I will tell at the conclusion of my tale. They, too, always called him Burnt

Aigle; all his neighbours knew about them—and the old man would not be questioned—was, that he once left home suddenly, and, after a prolonged absence, returned, sitting as usual between the panniers on a gray pony, which was young then, and, instead of his usual merchandise, the panniers contained these two little girls, one of whom could walk, the other could not: he called them Bess and Bell; and till they were in a great degree able to take care of themselves, Burnt Eagle remained entirely at home, paying great attention to his young charges, and exciting a great deal of astonishment as to 'how he managed to keep so comfortable, and rear the children:' his neighbours had no idea what a valuable freehold the old man possessed—in his time. When Burnt Eagle first came to Kilbaggin, he came with a load of fresh heather-brooms, in a little cart drawn by a donkey; but besides the brooms, he carried a store of sally switches, a good many short planks of wood, hoops large and small, bee-hives, and the tools which are used by coopers and carpenters: these were few, and of the commonest kind, yet Burnt Eagle would sit on a sort of driving-box, which raised him a great deal above the level of the car, into which he elevated himself by the aid of a long crutch that always rested on his knees: there he would sit; and as the donkey jogged quietly, as donkeys always do, through the wild and picturesque scenery of hill and dale, the old man's hands were busily employed either in weaving kishes or baskets, or forming noggins, or little tubs, and his voice would at times break into snatches of songs, half-English, half-Irish; for though sharp-mannered, and of a sallow complexion that tells of melancholy, he was cheerful-hearted; and his voice, strong and clear, woke the echoes of the hills, though his melodies were generally sad or serious.

I never heard what attached him to our particular neighbourhood, but I have since thought he chose it for its seclusion. He took a fancy to a cottage, which, seated between two sand-hills covered by soft green grass and moss, was well sheltered from the sea-breeze that swept along the cockle-strand, and had been the habitation of Corney the crab-catcher, who, poor fellow, was overtaken by a spring-tide one windy evening in March, and drowned. For a long time 'Crab Hall,' as it was jestingly called, was untenanted, and when Burnt Eagle fell in love with it, it was nearly in ruins. Some said it was not safe to live in it; but my old friend entered the dwelling, together with the donkey and a gray cat, and certainly were never disturbed by anything worse than their neighbours, or a high storm. It did not, however, suit Burnt Eagle's ideas of propriety to suffer the donkey to inhabit any portion of his cottage dwelling; and accordingly, after repairing it, he built him a stable, and wove a door for it out of the sally switches. His neighbours looked upon this as a work of supererogation, and wondered what Burnt Eagle could be thinking of, to go on slaving himself for

nothing. What would ail a lone man to live in our town?—wasn't that enough for him? It would be 'time enough' to be building a house when he had some one to live in it. But he went on his own way, replying to their remonstrances with a low chuckling laugh, and darting one glance of his keen piercing eyes upon them, in return for the stare of lazy astonishment with which they regarded his proceedings.

Burnt Eagle was, as I have said, an admirable economist of time; when he took his little car about the neighbourhood with brooms, or noggins, or baskets, or cockles, or anything else, in fact, that might be wanted, he never brought it home empty; when he had disposed of all his small merchandise, he would fill it with manure or straw, which the gentry or farmers gave him, or he gathered on the roads. If he could bring nothing else, he would bring earth or weeds; suffering the latter to decay, preparatory to the formation of a garden, with which he proposed to beautify his dwelling; the neighbours said it would be 'time enough' to think of getting the enrichment for the ground when the place was laid out for it. But Burnt Eagle would not be stayed in his progress by want of materials. So, not until he had everything ready, even a sty built for the pig, and a fence placed round the sty to prevent the pig from destroying his bit of land when it was made and cropped, not until then did he commence: and though the neighbours again said 'it would be "time enough" to deprive the pig, the craythur, of his liberty when the garden was to the fore,' Burnt Eagle went on his own way, and then every one in the parish was astonished at what he had accomplished.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labour, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow: the fence was formed round the little enclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewn abundantly on the strand; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this enclosure was perfected, and a very neat gate of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

'Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear,' said Mrs Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor *bocher** was doing at the place, 'that was good enough for Corney the crab-catcher without alteration, dacent man! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencing at?'

'Why, I thought I tould ye, Mrs Radford, whin I taught ye the *tight* stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here;

* A lame man.

I understand flowers, and the gentry's ready to buy them ; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they'll grow of themselves while I 'm doing something else. Isn't it a beautiful thing to think of that !—how the Lord helps us to a great deal if we only do a *little* towards it !'

'How do you make that out?' inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. 'All that 's wanted of us,' he said, 'is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn't God's goodness do all the rest?'

'But it would be "time enough," sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready,' said his neighbour, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

'And have all the neighbours' pigs right through it the next morning?' retorted the old man, laughing ; 'no, no, that 's not *my* way, Mrs Radford.'

'Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle,' said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

'Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma'am?' inquired Burnt Eagle.

'No, I thank ye kindly ; it 's not out, I see,' she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

'That 's a bad plan,' observed our friend, who continued his labour as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

'What is, Aigle dear?'

'Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma'am ; it might chance to burn ye, and it 's sure to waste the tobacco.'

'Augh !' exclaimed the wife, 'what long heads some people have ! God grant we may never want the bit o' tobacco ! Sure it would be hard if we did ; we 're bad enough off without that.'

'But if ye *did*, ye know, ma'am, ye 'd be sorry ye wasted it ; wouldn't ye?'

'Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it.'

'If you expected an inimy to come and burn yer house' ('Lord defend us !' ejaculated the woman), 'what would you do?'

'Is it what would I do? bedad, that 's a quare question. I 'd pervint him, to be sure.'

'And *that 's* what I want to do with the poverty,' he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth ; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. 'Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is somehow or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it.'

'Ah, thin, how?' said Mrs Radford.

'By forethought, prudence ; never to let a farthing's worth go to waste, or spend a penny if ye can do with a halfpenny. Time makes

the most of us—we ought to make the most of him; so I'll go on with my work, ma'am, if you please; I can work and talk at the same time.'

Mrs Radford looked a little affronted; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favourite maxim, 'Fair and aisy goes far in a day.'

'So it does ma'am; nothing like it; it's wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it, keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I'm tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs; and when I'm wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather! And when I've had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms.'

'We burn that,' said Mrs Radford.

'There's plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting; it's a sin, where there's so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips,' replied Eagle.

'Bedad, I don't know what ill-luck sea-timber might bring,' said the woman.

'Augh! augh! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, maybe, extravagance.'

'Well, thin, Aigle dear!' exclaimed Mrs Radford, 'what's come to ye to talk of extravagance? what in the world have poor craythurs like us to be extravagant with?'

'Yer time,' replied Burnt Eagle, with particular emphasis; 'yer time.'

'Ah, thin, man, sure it's "time enough" for us to be thinking of that whin we can *get anything for it.*'

'*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma'am: the only work it'll ever do of itself, if it's let alone, will be destruction.'

'Well!' exclaimed Mrs Radford indignantly, 'it's a purty pass we're come to, if what we do in our own place is to be *comed* over by a stranger who has no call to the country. I'd like to know who you are, upsetting the ways of the place, and making something out of nothing like a fairy man! If my husband *did* go to the whisky shop, I'll pay him off for it myself; it's no business of yours; and maybe we'll be as well off in the long-run as them that are so mean and thoughtful, and turning their hand to every man's trade, and making gentlemen's houses out of mud cabins, and fine gardens in the sand-hills; doing what nobody ever did before! It won't have a blessing—mark my words! Ye're an unfriendly man, so ye are. After my wearing out my bones, and bringing the children to see ye, never to notice them, or ask a poor woman to sit down, or offer her a bit of tobacco, when it's rolls upon rolls of it ye might have *unknowanst*, without duty, if ye liked, and ye here on the sea-coast.'

'I have nothing that doesn't pay duty,' replied Burnt Eagle, smiling at her bitterness. 'I don't go to deny that the Excise is hard upon a man, but I can get my bit of bread without breaking the law, and I'd rather have no call to what I don't rightly understand. I am sure ye're heartily welcome to anything I have to give. I offered to make a gate for yer sty, to keep yer pig out of the cabbages, and I'm sure'——

Again Mrs Radford, who was none of the gentlest, interrupted him. 'We are ould residenters in the place, and don't want any of your improvements, Misther Burnt Aigle, thank you, sir,' she said, drawing herself up with great dignity, thrusting her pipe into her pocket, and summoning her stray flock, some of whom had entered Crab Hall without any ceremony, while others wandered at their 'own sweet will' in places of dirt and danger—'I daresay we shall get on very well without improvement. We're not for setting ourselves above our neighbours; we're not giving up every bit of innocent divarsion for slavery, and thin having no one to lave for what we make—no chick nor child!'

'Woman!' exclaimed Burnt Eagle fiercely, and he shook his crutch at the virago, who, astonished at the generally placid man's change, drew back in terror; 'go home to yer own piggery, follow yer own plan, waste the time the Almighty gives to the poorest in the land, gossip and complain, and make mischief; what advice and help I had to give, I gave to ye and to others ever since I came in the place; follow yer own way, but lave me to follow mine—time will tell who's right and who's wrong.'

'Well, I'm sure!' said Mrs Radford, quailing beneath his bright and flashing eye, 'to think of that now! how he turns on us like a wild baste out of his sand-hole, and we in all frindship! Well, to be sure—sure there was "time enough"'——

'Mammy, mammy!' shouted one of the seven 'hopes' of the Radford family, 'ye're smoking behind, ye're smoking behind!'

'Oh, the marcy of Heaven about me!' she exclaimed, 'Burnt Aigle's a witch; it's he has set fire to me with a wink of his eye, to make his words good about the coal and the pipe in my pocket. Oh, thin, to see how I'm murdered intirely through the likes of him! I've carried a live-coal in my pocket many's the day, and it never sarved me so before! Oh, it's thrue, I'm afeared, what's said of ye, that ye gave the use of one of yer legs to the devil—mother of marcy purteet me!—to the devil for knowledge and luck; and me that always denied it to be sarved so. Don't come near me—I'll put it out meself; oh, to think of the beautiful *gownd*, bran-new it was last Christmas was a year! Am I out now, children dear? Oh, it's yer mother's made a show of before the country to plase him! What would come over the coal to do me such a turn as that *now*, and never to think of it afore! Oh, sorra was in me to come near yer improvements!'

'Mammy,' interrupted the eldest boy, 'don't be hard upon Burnt Aigle; there's the coal that dropt out of the pipe, red hot still—see, here where ye stood—and the priest tould ye the danger of it long ago.'

'Oh, sure it's not going to put the holy man's advice ye are on a level with Burnt Aigle's! Come, we'll be off. I meant to take off my beautiful *gownd* before I came out, but thought it would be "time enough" whin I'd go back. And to see what a *bocher* has brought ye to, Judith Radford.' And away she went fuming and fretting over the sand-hills, stopping every moment to look back at the devastation which her own carelessness had occasioned her solitary dress. Burnt Eagle imagined he was alone, and kept his eyes fixed upon the foolish woman as she departed, but his attention was arrested by Mrs Radford's second daughter, who stole round the lame man, and touched his hard hand with her little fingers.

'Ye're not a witch, are ye, daddy?' she said, while looking up smilingly, but with an expression of awe, in his face.

'No, darlint.'

''Twas the coal done it—wasn't it?'

'It was.'

'Well, good-night, Burnt Aigle; kiss little Ailey—there. Mother will forget it all or have it all out—the same thing, you know. I hav'nt forgot the purty noggin you gave me; only it hurts mother to see how you get on with a little, and father blames her, and gets tipsy; so just go on yer own way, and don't heed *us*. Mother wants *that the sun should shine only on one side of the blackberries;* but I'll larn of ye, Daddy Aigle, if ye'll tache me; only don't bother the mother with what she has no heart to, and sets the back of her hand against.' And after asking for another kiss, the little barefooted pretty girl—whose heart was warm, and who would have been a credit to any country if she had been well managed—darted over the banks like a fawn, her small lissom figure graceful as a Greek statue, her matted yellow hair streaming behind her, and her voice raised to the tune of 'Peggy Bawn.'

'It's truth she says—God's truth, anyway,' said Burnt Eagle, as he turned to enter his cottage. 'It's truth; they set the back of their hand and the back of their mind against improvement; they'd be ready to tear my eyes out if I tould them what keeps them back. Why, their own dislike to improvement, part; and the carelessness of their landlords, part; the want of sufficient employment, a great part; and, above all, their being *satisfied with what they get, and not trying to get better.* As long as they're content with salt and potato, they try for nothing else. Set John Bull down to salt and potato, and see how he'll look, and why shouldn't you get as good, Paddy agrah! But no; you won't; a little more method, a little more capital employed amongst you, and plenty of steadiness, would

make you equal to anything the world produced since it was a world. But no: ye keep on at yer ould ways, and yer ould sayings, and all things ould, and ye let others that haven't the quarter of yer brains get the start of ye. Yet where, Paddy, upon the face of the earth, is a finer man or a brighter head than your own?' The old man shut his door, and lit his lamp, which was made of a large scallop-shell, the wick floating in oil he had extracted from the blubber of a grampus that otherwise would have decayed unnoticed on the shore.

I have told all I heard as to Burnt Eagle's first settlement in what I still call 'my neighbourhood.' I will now tell what I know, and what occurred some time after. I very well remember being taken by my mother, who was a sort of domestic doctor to the poor, to see Judy Radford, who, plunged into the depths of Irish misery, was mourning the loss of her husband, drowned because of the practice of the principle that it was 'time enough' to mend the boat; 'it had taken the boys often, and why not now?' But the boat went down, and the poor, overworked, good-natured father and his eldest son were lost! We could hardly get to the door for the slough and abominations that surrounded it. 'Judy,' said my mother, 'if this was collected and put at the back of the house, you need not have come begging to the steward for manure.'

'Och, ma'am, wont it be "time enough" to gather it when we have the seed potatoes?—sure it *was always there, and the young ducks would be lost without it.*'

'Such a heap of impurity must be unhealthy.'

'We has the health finely, thank God! if we had everything else;' and then followed a string of petitions, and lamentations and complaints of her neighbours, all uttered with the whine of discontent which those who *deserve* poverty indulge in, while those who are struggling against it seek to conceal, from a spirit of decency, the extent of their wants. 'Indeed, ma'am,' she continued, 'the ill-luck is after us: my second boy has, as all the country knows, the best of characters, and would have got the half acre at the Well corner if he had gone to his honour in time for it, and that would have been the help to us sure enough; but we thought there was "time enough," and Bill Deasy, who's put up to all sorts of sharpness by Burnt Aigle, got the promise.'

'Well, did Ailey get the flax-wheel I told her she could have from Lucy Green until she was able to buy one?'

'Oh, ma'am, there it is again; I kep her at home just that *one* day on account of a hurt I got in my thumb, and thought it would be "time enough" to be troubling yer honour for a plaster if it got worse—which it did, praise be to God!—and never did a hand's turn with it since; and whin she went after it, Miss Lucy had lint it, and was stiffer about it than was needful. My girl tould her she thought *she'd* be "time enough," and she hurt her feelings,

saying, "she thought we'd had enough of 'time enough' among us before." It was very sharp of her; people can't help their troubles, though that ould thriving *bocher*, that's made all he has out of the gentry, never scruples to tell me that I brought them on myself.'

'I must say a word for Burnt Eagle,' said my mother; 'he has made all he has out of himself, not out of the gentry; all we did was to buy what we wanted from him—one of his principles being, never to take a penny he did not earn.'

'And very impudent of him to say that, whin the gentry war so kind as to offer him money—setting himself up to do without help!' said Mrs Radford, whom we were fain to leave in the midst of her querulous complainings.

We now proceeded along the cliffs to the *bocher's* dwelling: to visit him was always a treat to me; but childhood's ready tears had been some time previously excited by the detail of his sorrow for his companion and friend; for such the poor donkey had been to him.

The struggle which took place between his habit of making the best and most of everything, was in this particular instance at war with the affection he had borne his dead favourite; he knew her skin was valuable, and he did not see why he ought not to use it: one of our friends had called accidentally at the cottage, and found Burnt Eagle standing beside a deep pit he had excavated in the sand-hill, intended for the donkey's grave; he had a knife in his hand, and had attempted the first incision in its skin.

'It can't be any hurt to a dead animal, sir,' he said, 'and yet I can't do it! It seems like taring off my own flesh: the poor baste had such a knowledge of me. I know the skin would be useful; and the times are hard; but I can't, sir, I can't; *it would be like skinning a blood relation;*' and he threw the knife from him. The finest sea-pinks of the banks grow on the donkey's grave!

I have seen lately in Ireland as well-built and as well-kept cottages as I ever saw in England: they are not common—would to God they were!—yet I *have* seen them, and in my own county too, where, I trust, they will increase. But when I was a very little girl, they were far less numerous, and Burnt Eagle's was visited as a curiosity; the old man was so neat and particular: the windows—there were two—looked out, one on his little garden, the other commanded the vista that opened between the sand-hills; and when the tide was in, the cockle-strand presented a sheet of silver water; the rafters of the kitchen were hung with kishes and baskets, lobster-pots, bird-cages, strings of noggins, bunches of skewers, little stools, all his own workmanship; and the cabbage and shrimp nets seemed beyond number; then brooms were piled in a corner, and the handles of spades and rude articles of husbandry were ready for use; there was a grinding-stone, and some attempt at a lathe; and the dresser, upon which

were placed a few articles of earthenware, was white and clean : a cat, whom Burnt Eagle had not only removed, but, in defiance of an old Irish superstition, carried over water, was seated on the hearth-stone, and the old man amused us with many anecdotes of her sagacity. One beautiful trait in his character was, that he never spoke ill of any one ; he had his own ideas, his own opinions, his own rules of right, but he never indulged in gossip or backbiting. 'As to Mrs Radford,' he said, when complimented on the superior appearance of his own cottage, 'the hand of the Lord has been heavy on her to point out the folly of her ways, and *that* ought to tache her : those who cast the grace of God from them are very much to be pitied ; for if it 's a grace to the rich, it is surely a grace to the poor. But the people are greatly improved, madam, even in my time : the Agricultural Societies do good, and the Loan Societies do good, and there 's a dale of good done up and down through the counthry, particularly here, where the landlords—God bless them ! —*stick to the sod;* and the cottages are whitewashed, and ye can walk dry and clane into many of the doors ; and some that used to turn me into ridicule, come to me for advice ; and I 'm welcome to high and low ; not looked on, as when I came first, with suspicion : indeed, there are not many now like poor Mrs Radford : but Ailey will do well, poor girleen !—she always took to dacency.'

'You certainly worked wonders, both for yourself and others ; I think you might do me a great deal of good, Burnt Eagle, by telling me how you managed,' said my mother.

'Thank you, my lady, for the compliment ; but, indeed, the principal rule I had was, "NEVER TO THINK THERE WAS TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT WANTED DOING." I 've a great respect for time, madam ; it 's a wonderful thing to say it was before the world, and yet every day of our lives is both new and ould—ould in its grateness, yet new to thousands ; it 's God's natural riches to the world ; it never has done with us, till it turns us over to eternity ; it 's the only true tacher of wisdom—it 's the Interpreter of all things —it 's the miracle of life—it 's flying in God's face to ill-use it, or abuse it ; it 's too precious to waste, too dear to buy it ; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer ! Oh, my lady, time is a fine thing, and I hope little miss will think so too : do, dear, remember poor Burnt Aigle's words, never to think it "TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT IT 'S TIME TO DO."'

'I wish,' said my mother, 'that you had a child to whom to teach so valuable a precept.' The old man's lips (they were always colourless) grew whiter, and he grasped the top of his crutch more firmly ; his eyes were riveted as by a spell ; they looked on nothing, yet remained fixed ; his mouth twitched as by a sudden bitter pain ; and by degrees tears swam round his eyelids. I could not help gazing on him ; and yet, child though I was, I felt that his emotion was

sacred; that he should be alone; and though I continued to gaze, I moved towards the door, awe-struck, stepping back, yet looking still.

'Stay, stay, miss,' he muttered.

'Sit down; you are not well,' said my mother.

'Look at that child,' he continued, without heeding her observation; 'she is your only one, the only darlint ye have; pray to the Lord this night, lady, this very night, on yer bended knees, to strike her with death by the morning, before she should be to you what mine has been to me.' He staggered into his bedroom without saying another word. My mother laid upon the table a parcel containing some biscuits I had brought him, and we left the cottage, I clinging closely to her side, and she regretting she had touched a string which jarred so painfully. I remember I wept bitterly; I had been so happy with the pony, which I fancied worth all the horses at our house; and the revulsion was so sudden, that my little heart ached with sorrow; I wanted to know if Burnt Eagle's daughter had been 'very naughty,' but my mother had never heard of his daughter before.

What I have now to tell has little to do with the *character* of my story, but is remarkable as one of the romances of real life, which distance all the efforts of invention, and was well calculated to make an impression on a youthful mind. The next morning, soon after breakfast, my cousin came to my mother to inquire if she knew anything of the destruction of a provincial paper, the half of which he held in his hand. 'I wanted it,' he said, 'to see the termination of the trial of that desperate villain Ralph Blundel at the Cork assizes.'

'I think I wrapt it round the biscuits Maria took to Burnt Eagle,' said mamma, 'but I can tell you the termination of the tragedy. Blundel is executed by this time; but the sad part of the story is, that a young woman, who is supposed to have been his wife, visited him in prison, accompanied by two children; he would not speak to her, and the miserable creature flung herself into the river the same night.'

'And the two children?'

'They were both girls, one a mere baby; there was nothing more said about them.'

Tales of sorrow seldom make a lasting impression even on the most sensitive, unless they know something of the parties. We thought little, and talked less of Ralph Blundel; but we were much astonished to hear the next morning that Burnt Eagle had set off without anything in his creels. This was in itself remarkable; and it was added, that he appeared almost in a state of distraction, yet gave his cottage and all things contained therein in charge to his friend Ailey. Time passed on, and no tidings arrived of the old man, though we were all anxious about him. Some said one thing,

some another. Mrs Radford hinted, 'the good people had got him at last,' and began to speculate on the chance of his never returning, in which case she hoped Ailey would keep Crab Hall. He had been absent nearly six weeks, but was not forgotten, at all events by me. I was playing one summer evening at the end of the avenue with our great dog, when I saw Burnt Eagle jogging along on his pony. The animal seemed very weary. I ran to him with childish glee, forgetting our last interview in the joy of the present. I thought he looked very old and very sad, but I was delighted to see him notwithstanding. 'Oh, Burnt Eagle!' I exclaimed, 'Gray Fan staved in Peggy's best milk-pail, and cook wants some new cabbage-nets; and I've got two young magpies, and want a cage; and grandmamma wants a netting-pin; and—but what have you got in your panniers?' and I stood on tiptoe to peep in; but instead of nets or noggins, or cockles, or wooden ware, there was a pretty rosy child as fast asleep in the sweet hay as if she had been pillowed on down.

I was just going to say, 'Is that your little girl?' but I remembered our last meeting.

'That's little Bell, miss,' he said, and his voice was low and mournful. 'Now, look in the other, and you will see little Bess,' and his smile was as sad as any other person's tears would have been.

I did look, and there was another! How astonished I was!—I did not know what to say. That child was awake—wide awake—looking up at my face with eyes as bright, as blue, as deep as Burnt Eagle's own. He wished me good-bye, and jogged on. I watched him a long way, and then returned, full of all the importance which the first knowledge of a singular event bestows. The circumstance created a great sensation in the country. The gentry came from far to visit Burnt Eagle's cottage. Civil he always was, but nothing could be extracted from him relative to the history of his little protegées: the priest knew, of course, but that availed nothing to the curious; and at last, even in our quiet nook, where an event was worn threadbare before it was done with, the excitement passed away, and my mother and myself were the only two who remembered the coincidence of the old man's emotion, the torn newspaper, and Burnt Eagle's sudden disappearance.

Bess and Bell grew in beauty and in favour with the country. They were called by various names—'Bess and Bell of Crab Hall,' or 'Bess and Bell Burnt Aigle,' or 'Bess and Bell of the sand-hills.'

For a long time after the old man's return, he was more retired than he had been. He was melancholy, too, at times, and his prime favourite Ailey declared 'there was no plasing him.' By degrees, however, that moroseness softened down into his old, gentle, and kindly habits. He would not accept gifts of money or food from

any of us, thanking us, but declining such favours firmly. 'I can work for the girleens still,' he would say; 'and by the time I can't, plase God they'll be able to work for themselves; there's many wants help worse than me.' It was a beautiful example to the country to see how those children were brought up; they would net, and spin, and weave baskets, and peel osiers, and sing like larks, and weed flowers, and tie up nosegays, and milk the goats, and gather shell-fish, and knit gloves and stockings, emulating the very bees (of which their protector had grown a large proprietor) in industry; and in the evenings the old man would teach them to read, and the nearest schoolmaster would come in and set them a copy, for which Burnt Eagle, scrupulously exact, would pay night by night, although the teacher always said 'it would be "time enough" another time;' and the old man would reply, while taking the pence out of his stocking-purse, 'that there was no time like the present; and that if folks could not pay a halfpenny to-day, they would not be likely to be able to pay a penny to-morrow.' The neighbours laughed at his oddity. But prosperity excites curiosity and imitation; and his simple road to distinction was frequently traversed. Solitary as were his habits, his advice and humble assistance were often asked, and always given.

When we left our old home, we went to bid him farewell. He was full of a project for establishing a fishery, and said: 'Some one had told him that the Irish seas were as productive as the Irish soil; that there was a new harvest every season, free of rent, tithe, or taxes, and needing only boats, nets, and hardy hands to reap the ocean-crop which Providence had sown. I've spoke to the gentry about it,' he said, 'but they say "they'll see about it," and it'll be "time enough." *If my grave could overlook a little set of boats*,' he added, 'going out from our own place, I'd rest as comfortable in it as on a bed of down; but if they stick to "time enough," the time will never come!'

I saw the old man no more; but the last time I visited Kilbaggin I stood by his grave. It was a fine moonlight evening in July, and Bess and Bell—the former being not only a wife, but a mother—had come to shew me his last resting-place: they had profited well by his example, and Bess made her little boy kneel upon the green-sward that covered his remains. 'He died beloved and respected by rich and poor,' said Bell (Bess could not speak for weeping), 'and had as grand a funeral as if he was a born gentleman, and the priest and minister both at it; and the Killbarries and Mulvaneys met it without wheeling one shillala, and they sworn foes, only out of regard to his memory, for the fine example he set the counthry, and the love he bore it.'

CHEVY-CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow-deer:
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he: 'Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;'
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

'Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed.'
'Then cease your sports,' Earl Percy said,
'And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.'

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Shew me,' said he, 'whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.'

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he;
Who said: 'We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

'Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside.'
'Accursed be he,' Earl Percy said,
'By whom this is denied.'

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said: 'I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls,' said Witherington,
'And I a squire alone:

I 'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
I 'll fight with heart and hand.'

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,*
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth! it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might:
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight:

* This and the three ensuing stanzas were substituted by Dr Percy for one which he considered obscure, as follows:

'To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captains moved with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.'

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

'Yield thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas said;
'In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king:

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.'

'No, Douglas,' saith Earl Percy then,
'Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.'

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spake more words than these:
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said: 'Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

In truth! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.'

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain:
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
To the hard head haled he:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barón.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.*

* This stanza is from the old ballad, as being preferable in all respects to the corresponding one in the new:

'For Witherington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.'

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away ;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain :

'O heavy news,' King James did say,
'Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take:
I 'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of high renown:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die;
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.*

* The popular ballad of Chevy-Chase, here reprinted, is believed to have been written about the year 1600; but it was not an original composition. There was an older ballad of somewhat greater length, and more rudely constructed, as might be expected in a composition of earlier age. They are both printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It is now believed that these ballads have no more than a foundation in fact. There certainly existed in the fourteenth century a strong feeling of rivalry between the English Earl of Northumberland and the Scottish Earl of Douglas, and this had in general ample occasion for display in the wars then carried on between the two countries. In 1388, during the reigns of Richard II. of England and Robert III. of Scotland, the Scots under Douglas invaded and ravaged the English border. They were met at Otterbourne by an English party under Henry Percy (surnamed Hotspur), son of the Earl of Northumberland, when a keen contest took place, which resulted in the captivity of Percy by the Scots, who, however, had their triumph saddened by the death of their brave commander. The known incidents of this fight furnish the chief materials of the ballad, both in its ancient and comparatively modern form: but here a difficulty meets us. There is no historical record of such an occasion for a battle as the hunting of Cheviot holds forth. It is nevertheless not improbable that, amidst the mutual jealousies of these great lords, a Percy might indulge in such a freak as hunting upon the grounds of his enemy, the Douglas, and that a battle might be the consequence; and indeed a fight did take place between these lords at Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, in 1436. This might be the battle which the poet meant to describe; but, writing perhaps a hundred years after even that later incident, he might easily confound the two conflicts, and give the *transactions* of the one in connection with the *occasion* of the other.

The modern version of Chevy-Chase is mainly an improvement upon the original; but it is scarcely so good in a few particular passages, and in one the meaning of the old writer has been mistaken. This ballad has for ages been admired by the learned and refined, as well as by the common people.

Chevy-Chase, the scene of the ballad, was the extensive hunting-ground afforded by the Cheviot Hills between Scotland and England—then partially covered with wood, and stocked with deer and roe, though now bare, and devoted to sheep-pasture alone.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.*

FIT FIRST.

It was a blind beggar had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright:
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say:
'Good father and mother, let me go away
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be.'
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so bright,
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

* This popular English ballad is believed to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth. Like almost every other ballad which has been preserved principally by tradition, there are various versions of it, all less or more differing from each other. The version we have adopted is that which has appeared in *The Book of British Ballads*, a work of great elegance and taste, edited by Mr S. C. Hall, having been revised by him from the version in Dr Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry* and a black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. The ballad in the British Museum is entitled *The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednal-Green. Printed by and for W. Onley; and are to be sold by C. Bates at the sign of the Sun and Bible in Pye Corner.* With reference to one of the main events in the ballad, history mentions that at the decisive battle of Evesham, fought August 4, 1265, when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side; and in consequence of that defeat his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster. The 'angel,' a coin alluded to in the ballad, was of gold, and of the value of about ten shillings. It received its name from having on one side a representation of archangel Michael killing the dragon.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go:
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the highway;
Where at the Queen's Arms entertained was she,
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessie.

She had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend;
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessie.

. . . .

Four suitors at once unto her did go;
They craved her favour, but still she said 'No;
I would not wish gentles to marry with me:'
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night:
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suitor, and proper withal:
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.

. . . .

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say:
'My father and mother I mean to obey;
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessie.'

To every one this answer she made;
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said:
'This thing to fulfil we all do agree;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie?'

'My father,' she said, 'is soon to be seen;
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the good father of pretty Bessie.'

. . . .

'Nay, then,' said the merchant, 'thou art not for me :'
'Nor,' said the innholder, 'my wife thou shalt be :'
'I loathe,' said the gentle, 'a beggar's degree,
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie !'

'Why, then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.'
'Nay, soft,' said his kinsmen, 'it must not be so ;
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie.'

But soon after this, by break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessie away.
The young men of Rumford, as sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessie.

. . . .

But rescue came speedily over the plain,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.
This fray being ended, then straightway he see
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar : 'Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door ;
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with you for my girl.'

. . . .

With that an angel he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound :
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropped twain :

So that the place wherein they did sit,
With gold it was covered every whit ;
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Said : 'Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.'
'Then marry,' said he, 'my girl to this knight ;
And here,' added he, 'I will now throw you down
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.'

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bethnal-Green ;
And all those that were her suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the knight,
And then made a lady in others' despite :
A fairer lady there never was seen,
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fit shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

FIT SECOND.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed unto a young knight,
All the discourse thereof you did see,
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kinds of dainties and delicates sweet
Were bought to the banquet, as it was most meet ;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;
His bride followed after, a lady most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen,
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal-Green.

This marriage being solemnised then,
With music performed by the skilfulest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun ;
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles : 'Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.'
'My lords,' said the bride, 'my father's so base,
He is loath with his presence these states to disgrace.'

'The praise of a woman in question to bring
Before her own face were a flattering thing ;
But we think thy father's baseness,' said they,
'Might by thy beauty be clean put away.'

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak ;
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he ;
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,
Said : 'Please you to hear any music of me,
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessie.'

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play ;
And after that lessons were played two or three,
He strained out this song most delicately.

'A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her fairness might well be a queen ;
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

Her father he had no goods nor no land,
But begged for a penny all day with his hand ;
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

And if any one here her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready, with might and with main,
To prove she is come of noble degree ;
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessie.'

With that the lords and the company round
With hearty laughter were ready to swound ;
At last said the lords : ' Full well we may see
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.'

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes ;
'Oh pardon my father, brave nobles,' saith she,
'That through blind affection thus doteth on me.'

'If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree ;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee beware
(And look that the truth thou to us do declare),
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie.'

'Then give me leave, nobles and gentles each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that it may not win good report,
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be,
Once chief of all the great barons was he ;
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
A leader of courage undaunted was he,
And ofttimes he made their enemies flee.

At length in the battle on Evesham plain,
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain ;
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie !

Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,
Till evening drew on of the following day,
When by a young lady discovered was he,
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

In secret she nursed him, and 'suaged his pain,
While he through the realm was believed to be slain;
At length his fair bride she consented to be,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

And now lest our foes our lives should betray,
We clothed ourselves in beggar's array;
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we,
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

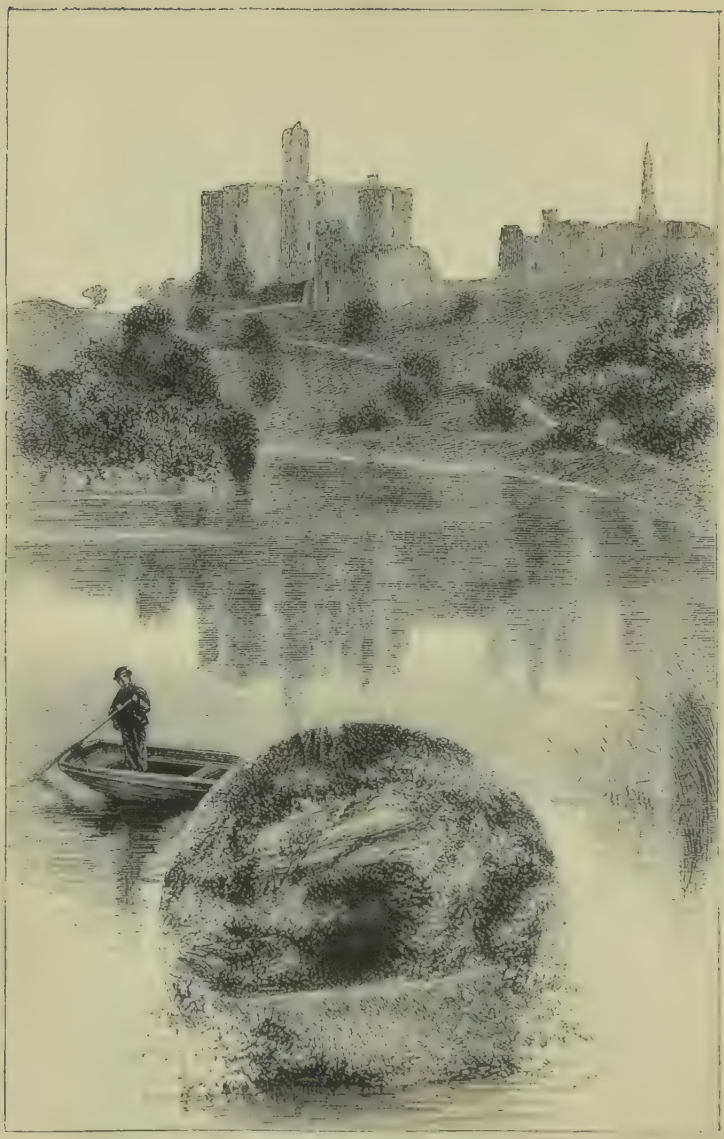
And here have we lived in fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight;
Full forty winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green.]

And here, noble lords, is ended the song
Of one that once to your own rank did belong;
And thus have you learned a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie.'

Now when the fair company every one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shewn,
They all were amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying: 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.'

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight;
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight;
In joy and felicity long lived he
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie.



WARKWORTH CASTLE AND HERMITAGE.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. IX.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH
1870

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WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

IN an easterly direction from England, and separated from it by the German Ocean, lies that part of the continent called by the general name of the Netherlands—a country of comparatively small extent, but exceedingly populous, and possessing a large number of towns and cities. It derives the name of Netherlands from its consisting of a low tract of level ground on the shore of the German Ocean, and, from general appearances, is believed to have been formed of an alluvial deposit from the waters of the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and other rivers. In the first stage of its formation, the land was for the greater part a species of swamp, but by dint of great perseverance, it has in the course of ages been drained and embanked, so as to exclude the ocean, and prevent the rivers and canals from overflowing their boundaries.

The industriously disposed people, a branch of the great German or Teutonic family, who have thus rendered their country habitable and productive, did not get leave to enjoy their conquests in peace. They had from an early period to defend themselves against warlike neighbours, who wished to appropriate their country: and in later times—the sixteenth century—after attaining great opulence by their skill in the arts and the general integrity of their character, they were exposed to a new calamity in the bigotry of their rulers. There now ensued a struggle for civil and religious liberty of great

importance and interest; and to an account of its leading particulars we propose to devote the present paper.

Divided into a number of provinces, each governed by its own duke, count, or bishop, a succession of circumstances in the fifteenth century brought the whole of the Netherlands into the possession of the family of Burgundy. But in the year 1477, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, being killed in the battle of Nancy, the Netherlands were inherited by his daughter Mary, who, marrying Maximilian, son of Frederick III., emperor of Austria, died soon after, leaving an infant son, Philip. In 1494, this Philip, known by the name of Philip the Fair, assumed the government of the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards he married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns of Spain; and in 1506 he died, leaving a young son, Charles. In this manner, handed by family inheritance from one to another, the Netherlands became a possession of the crown of Spain, although hundreds of miles distant from the Spanish territory. Charles, in whom this possession centered, was, on the death of Maximilian in 1519, elected emperor of Germany, and, under the title of Charles V., became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe. His sway extended over Spain, Germany, Naples, the Netherlands, and several other minor states in Europe, besides all the colonies and conquests of Spain in Asia, Africa, and America. One might expect that the Netherlands, forming as they did but a very insignificant portion of this immense empire, would suffer from being under the same government with so many other states: but Charles V. had been born in the Netherlands; he liked its people, and was acquainted with their character; and therefore, while he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, he respected almost lovingly the ancient laws and the strong liberty-feeling of his people of the Netherlands. The only exception of any consequence was his persecution of those who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. As emperor of Germany, he had conceived himself bound to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the opinions promulgated by Luther; and when, in spite of his efforts, the heresy spread all round, and infected the Netherlands, he did his best for some time to root it out there also. The number of those who, in the Netherlands, suffered death for their religion during the reign of Charles V., is stated by the old historians at 50,000. Towards the end of his reign, however, he relaxed these severities.

In 1555, Charles V., worn out by the cares of his long reign, resigned his sovereignty, and retired to a monastery. His large empire was now divided into two. His brother Ferdinand was created emperor of Germany; and the rest of his dominions, including Spain and the Netherlands, were inherited by his son, Philip II.

Philip was born at Valladolid, in Spain, in the year 1521.

Educated by the ablest ecclesiastics, he manifested from his early years a profound, cautious, dissimulating genius; a cold, proud, mirthless disposition; and an intense bigotry on religious subjects. At the age of sixteen he married a princess of Portugal, who died soon after, leaving him a son, Don Carlos. In 1548, Charles V., desirous that his son should cultivate the good-will of his future subjects of the Netherlands, called him from Spain to Brussels; but during his residence there, and in other cities of the Netherlands, his conduct was so haughty, austere, and unbending, that the burghers began to dread the time when, instead of their own countryman Charles, they should have this foreigner for their king. In 1554, Philip, pursuing his father's scheme for adding England to the territories of the Spanish crown, went to London and married Mary, queen of England; but after a residence of fourteen months, he returned to the Netherlands, where his father formally resigned the government into his hands.

Philip spent the first five years of his reign in the Netherlands, waiting the issue of a war in which he was engaged with France. During this period his Flemish and Dutch subjects began to have some experience of his government. They observed with alarm that the king hated the country, and distrusted its people. He would speak no other language than Spanish; his counsellors were Spaniards; he kept Spaniards alone about his person; and it was to Spaniards that all vacant posts were assigned. Besides, certain of his measures gave great dissatisfaction. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants, which his father in the end of his reign had suffered to fall into disuse; and the severities which ensued began to drive hundreds of the most useful citizens out of the country, as well as to injure trade, by deterring Protestant merchants from the Dutch and Flemish ports. Dark hints, too, were thrown out that he intended to establish an ecclesiastical court in the Netherlands similar to the Spanish Inquisition, and the spirit of Catholics as well as of Protestants revolted from the thought that this chamber of horrors should ever become one of the institutions of their free land. He had also increased the number of the bishops in the Netherlands from five to seventeen; and this was regarded as the mere appointment of twelve persons devoted to the Spanish interest, who would help, if necessary, to overawe the people. Lastly, he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and this was a direct violation of a fundamental law of the country. Against these measures the nobles and citizens complained bitterly, and from them drew sad anticipations of the future. Nor were they more satisfied with the address in which, through the bishop of Arras as his spokesman, he took farewell of them at a convention of the states held at Ghent previous to his departure for Spain. The oration recommended severity against heresy, and only promised the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The reply of the states was firm and bold, and the

recollection of it must have rankled afterwards in the revengeful mind of Philip. 'I would rather be no king at all,' he said to one of his ministers at the time, 'than have heretics for my subjects.' But suppressing his resentment in the meantime, he set sail for Spain in August 1559, leaving his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V., to act as his viceroy in the Netherlands.

The duchess was to be assisted in the government by a Council of State, consisting of the six following persons: Antony de Granvelle, bishop of Arras, and afterwards a cardinal; the Count de Barlaimont, Viglius de Quichem, the Count Horn, the Count Egmont, and the Prince of Orange. Three of these, Granvelle, Barlaimont, and Viglius, were devoted to the Spanish interest, and were therefore very unpopular in the Netherlands; the others were men of tried patriotism, from whose presence in the council much good might be expected. Granvelle was a man of extraordinary political abilities, and the fit minister of such a king as the moody and scheming Philip; Barlaimont had also distinguished himself; and in all the country there was not so eminent a lawyer as Viglius. Counts Egmont and Horn were two of the most promising men in the Netherlands, and both of them had rendered services of no ordinary kind to Philip by their conduct in the war with France. Of the Prince of Orange, the principal personage in this struggle, and the true hero of the Netherlands, we must speak more particularly.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, sometimes called William I., was born at the castle of Dillenburg, in Germany, in 1533. He was the son of William, Count of Nassau, and the heir therefore of the large possessions of the House of Nassau in France and Germany, and in the Netherlands. At the age of eleven years he had succeeded, besides, to the French principedom of Orange, by the will of his cousin René of Nassau; so that before he arrived at manhood, he was one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Europe. William was educated in the principles of the Reformation: but having entered, when quite a boy, into the employment of the Emperor Charles V., he changed the habits of a Protestant for those of a Roman Catholic: and accordingly, at the time at which we introduce him to our readers, he was conscientiously a Catholic, although by no means a bigoted, nor even perhaps what the Spaniards would have called a sound one. The Emperor Charles, who, like all such men, possessed a shrewd insight into character, and could pick out by a glance the men of mind and talent from among those who came within his notice, had from the first singled out the young Prince of Orange as a person from whom great things were to be expected. Accordingly, in the employment of Charles, Prince William had had ample opportunities of displaying the two kinds of ability then most in request, and which every public man of that age, except he were an ecclesiastic, was required to combine – diplomatic and military talent. While yet scarcely more than

twenty years of age, he had risen to be the first man in the emperor's regard. And this liking of Charles for him was not merely of that kind which an elderly and experienced man sometimes contracts for a fresh-hearted and enthusiastic youth; it was a real friendship on equal terms; for so highly did he value the prudence and wisdom of the young warrior and politician, that he confided to him the greatest state secrets; and was often heard to say that from the Prince of Orange he had received many very important political hints. It was on the arm of William of Orange that Charles had leant for support on the memorable day when, in the Assembly of the States at Brussels, he rose feebly from his seat, and declared his abdication of the sovereign power. And it is said that one of Charles's last advices to his son Philip was to cultivate the good-will of the people of the Netherlands, and especially to defer to the counsels of the Prince of Orange. When, therefore, in the year 1555, Philip began his rule in the Netherlands, there were few persons who were either better entitled or more truly disposed to act the part of faithful and loyal advisers than William of Nassau, then twenty-two years of age. But close as had been William's relation to the late emperor, there were stronger principles and feelings in his mind than gratitude to the son of the man he had loved. He had thought deeply on the question, how a nation should be governed, and had come to entertain opinions very hostile to arbitrary power; he had observed what appeared to him, even as a Catholic, gross blunders in the mode of treating religious differences; he had imbibed deeply the Dutch spirit of independence; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy. Nor was he at all a visionary, or a man whose activity would be officious and troublesome; he was eminently a practical man, one who had a strong sense of what is expedient in existing circumstances; and his manner was so grave and quiet, that he obtained the name of William the Silent. Still, many things occurred during Philip's five years' residence in the Netherlands to make him speak out and remonstrate. He was one of those who had tried to persuade the king to use gentler and more popular measures, and the consequence was, that a decided aversion grew up in the dark and haughty mind of Philip to the Prince of Orange.

PERSECUTIONS COMMENCE.

Having thus introduced the Prince of Orange to the reader, we return to the history of the Netherlands, which were now under the local management of the Duchess of Parma. The administration of this female viceroy produced violent discontent. The persecutions of the Protestants were becoming so fierce that, over and above the suffering inflicted on individuals, the commerce of the country was sensibly falling off. The establishment of a court like the Inquisition

was still in contemplation ; Spaniards were still appointed to places of trust in preference to Flemings ; and finally, the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been removed long ago, were still burdening the country with their presence. The woes of the people were becoming intolerable ; occasionally there were slight outbreaks of violence ; and a low murmur of vehement feeling ran through the whole population, foreboding a general eruption. 'Our poor fatherland,' they said to each other; 'God has afflicted it with two enemies, water and Spaniards: we have built dykes, and overcome the one, but how shall we get rid of the other? Why, if nothing better occur, we know one way at least, and we shall keep it in reserve—we can set the two enemies against each other. We can break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them.' Granvelle was the object of their special hatred : to him they attributed every unpopular measure. At length a confederacy of influential persons was formed to procure his recall ; the Prince of Orange placed himself at the head of it ; and, by persevering effort, it succeeded in its end, and Granvelle left the Netherlands early in 1564.

The recall of Granvelle did not restore tranquillity. Viglius and Barlaimont continued to act in the same spirit. Private communications from Spain directed the regent to follow their advice, and to disregard the counsels of the Orange party ; and the obnoxious edicts against the Protestants were still put in force. About this time, too, the decrees of the famous Council of Trent, which had been convened in 1545 to take into consideration the state of the church and the means of suppressing the Reformation, and which had closed its sittings in the end of 1563, were made public ; and Philip, the most zealous Catholic of his time, issued immediate orders for their being enforced both in Spain and the Netherlands. In Spain the decrees were received as a matter of course ; but at the announcement that they were to be executed in the Netherlands, the whole country burst out in a storm of indignation. In many places the decrees were not executed at all ; and wherever the authorities did attempt to execute them, the people rose and compelled them to desist.

In this dilemma the regent resolved to send an ambassador to Spain, to represent the state of affairs to Philip better than could be done in writing, and to receive his instructions how she should proceed. Count Egmont was the person chosen ; because, in addition to his great merits as a subject of Philip, he was one of the most popular noblemen in the Netherlands. Setting out for Spain early in 1565, he was received by Philip in the most courteous manner, loaded with marks of kindness, and dismissed with a thorough conviction that the king intended to pursue a milder policy in the future government of the Low Countries. Philip, however, had but deceived him ; and at the time when he was flattering him with hopes of concessions, he was despatching orders to the regent strictly

to put in force the decrees of the Council of Trent, and in all things to carry out the king's resolute purpose of extinguishing heresy in the Netherlands. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Horn and Egmont protest that a civil war would be the consequence; in vain did the people lament, threaten, and murmur: the decrees were republished, and the inquisitors began to select their victims. All that the three patriotic noblemen could do was to retire from the council, and wash their hands of the guilt which the government was incurring. There were others, however, who, impatient of the inflictions with which Philip's obstinacy was visiting the country, resolved on a bolder, and, as it appeared, less considerate mode of action. A political club or confederacy was organised among the nobility, for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. They bound themselves by a solemn oath 'to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition, whether it were attempted openly or secretly, or by whatever name it should be called;' and also to protect and defend each other from all the consequences which might result from their having formed this league.

Perplexed and alarmed, the regent implored the Prince of Orange and his two associates, Counts Egmont and Horn, to return to the council and give her their advice. They did so; and a speech of the Prince of Orange, in which he asserted strongly the utter folly of attempting to suppress opinion by force, and argued that 'such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests it rusts, but whoever rubs it whets it,' had the effect of inclining the regent to mitigate the ferocity of her former edicts. Meanwhile the confederates were becoming bolder and more numerous. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they walked in procession through the streets to the palace of the regent, where they were admitted to an interview. In reply to their petition, she said that she was very willing to send one or more persons to Spain to lay the complaints before the king. Obliged to be content with this answer, the confederates withdrew. Next day, three hundred of them met at a grand entertainment given to them by one of their number. Among other things, it was debated what name they should assume. 'Oh,' said one of them, 'did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, when he was standing by her side, that she need not be afraid "of such a set of beggars?" Let us call ourselves *The Beggars;* we could not find a better name.' The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to; and, amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled and shattered their glasses to the toast. 'Long live the Beggars!' (*Gueux*). In the full spirit of the freak, the host sent out for a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl; and slinging the wallet across his back amidst clamours of applause, he drank from the bowl, and declared he would lose life and fortune for the great cause of the Beggars. The bowl went round, and all made the same enthusiastic declaration. From that day the Gueux, or Beggars, became the

name of the faction; and every one wore the wallet, or some other symbol of mendicancy.

While the nobles and influential persons were thus preparing to co-operate, in case of a collision with the Spanish government, a sudden and disastrous movement occurred among the lower classes. In times of general excitement, it frequently happens that malice or accident casts abroad among the people some wild and incredible rumour; such was the case on the present occasion. Intelligence spread with rapidity through the towns and cities of Flanders that the regent had given her permission for the public exercise of the Protestant form of worship; multitudes poured out into the fields after their preachers; congregations of many thousands assembled; and the local authorities found themselves powerless. A great proportion of these congregations were doubtless pious and peacefully-disposed Protestants; but taking advantage of the ferment, many idle and disorderly persons joined them, and by their efforts the general cause was disgraced. In Tournay, Ypres, Valenciennes, and other towns, the mob of real or assumed Protestants broke into the churches, and destroyed the altars and all the symbols of worship in the Roman Catholic ritual. Antwerp was for some time protected from similar outrages by the presence of the Prince of Orange; but when he was summoned by the regent to Brussels, the fury of the people broke out unrestrained. The great cathedral was the principal object of their dislike. Rushing to it in thousands, they shattered the painted windows with stones, tore down the images, and dashed them against the pavement; slit up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For many days the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, as they were called, continued their ravages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. The contagion was spreading likewise in Zealand and Holland, and more than 400 churches had been destroyed, when the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and other patriotic noblemen, then at Brussels in consultation with the regent, both vexed at the outrages themselves, and fearful that the cause of liberty in the Netherlands might suffer from them, hastened into their respective provinces, and partly by force, partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order. It is deeply to be regretted that such excesses should have stained the sacred cause of liberty; but this was an age when little was known of religious toleration, the uppermost sect, whatever it was, making it almost a duty to oppress the others. For these outrages, we presume, the Protestants of the Netherlands in the present day are as sorry as are the Roman Catholics for the unjustifiable cruelties perpetrated in their name.

After the interview between the Gueux and the regent mentioned above, an ambassador had been sent to Philip in Spain to detail grievances. Instead of deferring to his representations, Philip and

his counsellors, one of whom was Granvelle, were resolutely preparing means to crush the confederacy, and break the proud spirit of the Netherlands. Secret orders were given for the collection of troops; the regent was to be instructed to amuse the patriots until the means of punishing them were ready; and in a short time, it was hoped, there would no longer be a patriot or a heretic in the Low Countries. It is easy to conceive with what rage and bitterness of heart Philip, while indulging these dreams, must have received intelligence of the terrible doings of the Iconoclasts. But, as cautious and dissimulating as he was obstinate and revengeful, he concealed his intentions in the meantime, announced them to the regent only in secret letters and despatches, and held out hopes in public to the patriots and the people of the Netherlands that he was soon to pay them a visit in person to inquire into the condition of affairs.

It has never been clearly ascertained by what means it was that the Prince of Orange contrived to obtain intelligence of Philip's most secret plans and purposes; but certain it is that nothing passed in the cabinet at Madrid which did not find its way to the ears of the prince. Philip's intentions with regard to the Netherlands became known to him by means of a letter to the regent from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, a copy of which he had procured. The prince had hitherto endeavoured to act as a loyal subject; but this letter made it plain that it was time to be making preparations for a decided rupture. His first step, therefore, was to hold a conference with four other noblemen—namely, his brother, Louis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraten. He laid the letter before them, and the effect was as might have been expected on all of them, except Count Egmont; for, by some infatuation, this nobleman, mindful of the kindness he had experienced from Philip when visiting him as ambassador, persisted in believing that the king's designs were really conciliatory. In vain the prince argued with him; the count would not be convinced, and the conference was broken up. Meantime the people, warned by the prince of the approach of an army, began to emigrate in great numbers; and, after waiting to the last moment, William himself, in April 1567, withdrew with his family to his estates in Germany. Most earnestly did he try to persuade Count Egmont to accompany him; but his entreaties were to no purpose: and he left him with these words: 'I tell you, Egmont, you are a bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country; they will pass over you, and then break you down.'

The man whom Philip had sent into the Netherlands at the head of the army as the fit instrument of his purposes of vengeance, was the Duke of Alva, a personage who united the most consummate military skill with the disposition of a ruffian, ready to undertake any enterprise, however base. Such was the man who, at the age

of sixty, in the month of August 1567, made his entry into the Netherlands by the province of Luxemburg, at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men. One of his first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and send them prisoners to Ghent. This and other acts convinced the Duchess of Parma that she was no longer the real regent of the Netherlands; and accordingly, having asked and obtained leave to resign, she quitted the country early in 1568, Alva assuming the government instead.

Now that a grand struggle was to ensue in the Netherlands, we trust our readers clearly understand what it was about. On the one hand was a nation of quiet, orderly people, industrious in a high degree, prosperous in their commerce, and disposed to remain peaceful subjects of a foreign monarch: all they asked was to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship God in the way they preferred. On the other hand was a sovereign, who, unthankful for the blessing of reigning over such a happy and well-disposed nation, and stimulated by passion and bigotry, resolved on compelling them all to be Catholics.

CRUELTIES OF ALVA.

Alva was a suitable instrument to work out Philip's designs. Supported by a powerful army, he was unscrupulous in his persecution. Blood was shed like water; the scaffolds were crowded with victims; the prisons filled with men in all the agonies of suspense. He appointed a court, called the Court of Tumults, to investigate with rigour into past offences. The Inquisition also pursued its diabolical vocation without opposition or disguise, covering the land with its black and baleful shadow. Heretics hid their heads, glad if present conformity would save them from the tortures which others were enduring for actions which they had thought forgotten. Above 18,000 persons in all are said to have suffered death by Alva's orders. And thousands more fled from the country, dispersing themselves through France and Germany; many of them also finding an asylum in England, into which, being kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, they carried those arts and habits which had raised the Flemings high among commercial nations, and which at once incorporated themselves with the genial civilisation of England. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel; and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner into Spain. But perhaps the most signal act of cruelty in the beginning of Alva's regency was the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. After an imprisonment of nine months, these unfortunate noblemen were brought to a mock trial, and beheaded at Brussels. So popular were they, and so universal was the sympathy for their fate, that even the presence of the executioner,

and of the spies who surrounded the scaffold, could not prevent the citizens of Brussels from dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood, and treasuring them up as relics.

The Prince of Orange, residing on his family estates of Nassau in Germany, was attentively observing all that was going on in the Netherlands, and making diligent preparations for an attempt in their behalf. He entered into communication with Elizabeth, queen of England, with the leaders of the Huguenots in France, and with the various Protestant princes of Germany; and from all of these he received either actual assistance in men and money, or the promise of future support. To meet the expenses of the expedition he was fitting out, he sold his plate and furniture, and incurred debts on his estates. Having at length assembled a considerable force, he divided it into four armies, each of which was to march into the Netherlands by a different route. Before setting out, however, he thought it necessary to publish a manifesto to the world, in justification of a step so serious as engaging in hostilities with the forces of one whom he had hitherto acknowledged, and still wished to acknowledge, as his sovereign. In this manifesto, also, he made it known that he had changed his religious views: although hitherto a Catholic, he was now convinced that the doctrines of the Protestants were more agreeable to Scripture.

The issue of this first attempt was unfortunate. In several engagements with the enemy, the different bands of patriots were successful. In one of them, Count Adolphus, a brother of the Prince of Orange, was killed in the moment of victory; but at last Alva himself hurrying down to the frontier, the provisions of the prince's army beginning to fail, and winter drawing near, they were compelled to retire. The prince and his brother, Count Louis, led the remains of their army into France, to assist the Huguenots in the meantime, until there should be a better opening into the Netherlands. Alva, prouder of this success than he had been of any of his former victories, returned to Flanders, and caused medals to be struck and monuments to be raised in commemoration of it, and, what was most offensive to all the people, a brass statue of himself, in a heroic attitude, to be erected at Antwerp. Delivered now from the fear of any interruption from the Prince of Orange, he resumed his exactions and his cruelties; and for four years he and the Inquisition carried on the work of persecution and blood. To detail the history of these four years of tyranny is impossible; we can but sketch the line of the principal events, and shew how the minds of the people were ripened for the final struggle.

The Duke of Alva was greatly in want of money to pay his troops, maintain the fortifications of the various towns, and carry on his government; and Alva was not the man to respect, even if the times had been less disturbed than they were, the ancient right which the people of the Netherlands claimed of taxing themselves through

their Assembly of States. Accordingly, with a soldier-like impatience of indirect taxation, he determined to accumulate a vast sum of money by a very summary process. He imposed three taxes: the first an immediate tax of one per cent. on all property, personal or real; the second an annual tax of twenty per cent. on all heritable property; and the third a tax of ten per cent. on every sale or transfer of goods. Crushed and broken-spirited by all that they had already endured, the burghers stood utterly aghast at this new infliction. Persecution for religion's sake was hard to bear, and the Inquisition was very obnoxious, still it was but a portion of the population that actually suffered personally in such cases; but here was a visitation which came home to every Fleming and every Dutchman, and seemed but a prelude of utter ruin. Three such taxes as these of Governor Alva were never heard of within the memory of man. Utterly amazed and bewildered at first, the burghers at length tried to argue, and singled out the third of the taxes as the special subject of their representations. A tax of ten per cent. on sales of goods would amount in many cases, they said, to the value of the commodities themselves; since the same commodities were often transferred from one person to another, and from him to a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, before they came into the hands of the consumer. In vain did the states make these remonstrances; in vain did Viglius, the president of the council, second them; in vain even did the states offer to pay a large sum in lieu of the proposed taxes. Alva was inexorable. At length the general convention of the states, after procuring a few paltry concessions, was obliged to yield to the imposition of the taxes: on this condition, however, that all the states, without exception, should give in their adherence. This was a condition, as it proved, of singular importance; for, gifted with greater boldness and resolution than the other provinces, Utrecht refused to comply with the governor's demands; and, by nobly persevering in its resistance, not only raised a more determined spirit in the other provinces, but delayed the collection of the taxes so long, that in the meantime Alva received instructions from Spain to desist from measures calculated to produce such dangerous results. Alva's conduct, however, had already produced its effects; and the people of the Netherlands had come to detest the very name of Spain.

The Prince of Orange, who, after a short period of military service on the side of the Protestants in France, had returned to his estates in Germany, was earnestly intent on the condition of affairs in the Netherlands. All that could be done, however, was to harass the Spaniards as much as possible in the meantime, and enter into negotiations with the Protestant powers of other countries, with a view to obtain the means necessary for a bolder conflict. Both these courses of action were adopted by William; and it is a remarkable characteristic of his whole life, that even when he is

least heard of, he was busy in secret. While others were marching hither and thither, and performing heroic actions, they were but doing the errands on which he had sent them: it was he who, whether living in retirement in his castle in Nassau, or advancing into the Netherlands by the German frontier, or hovering in his ship on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, was really at the centre of affairs, directing all the movements that were going on, arranging everything, foreseeing everything, taking charge of everything. Of William's military actions—his battles by sea and land—we hear much; but his real greatness consisted in his prudence, his decision, his fertility in stratagem, his statesmanlike width of view, his vast knowledge of men and of the state of Europe at the time; and these are qualities which make less noise in history. This peculiarity in the life of the Prince of Orange makes the name of William *the Taciturn*, which his contemporaries gave him, on account of the sparing use he made of speech, doubly significant. The mode of harassing Alva which the prince resolved upon at the period at which we have now arrived, was that of stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose not only of capturing Spanish vessels, but also of seizing on advantageous positions along the shore. Nor was it difficult to obtain such a fleet. The unheard-of severities of Alva's regency had driven numbers of merchants with their ships into the ports of England. For some time the politic Elizabeth permitted them safe harbour and free commerce; but at last, to prevent an open rupture with Philip, she forbade their reception. Compelled thus to make the sea their home, the Dutch and Flemish merchants banded together, and placed themselves under the direction of the Prince of Orange, who commissioned them in the service of the Netherlands, authorising them to capture all Spanish vessels for their own profit, except a fifth part of the prize-money, which William was to receive and apply for the good of the Netherlands. As another means of collecting a sufficient sum of money for future necessities, William came to an understanding with the itinerant Protestant preachers, who, even during the fiercest paroxysms of Alva's cruelty and the zeal of the new Inquisition, continued to walk through the country in disguise, teaching and consoling the people. These preachers William converted into civil functionaries, employing them to ask and receive contributions from the Protestant part of the community, now larger in many localities than the Catholic. Thus was William providing, as well as he could, that prime necessary in all enterprises —money.

Alva, enraged at the news he had received of the great damage done to the Spanish shipping by the Dutch and Flemish vessels that swarmed on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, and doubly enraged when he heard that men had actually landed from several of these vessels, and taken a fort on the island of Bommel, issued an

immediate order for the collection of the taxes he had previously imposed, money being now more necessary than ever. The people, however, protested that they were reduced to beggary already, and had no means of satisfying his demands; and he had just erected seventeen gibbets in front of seventeen of the principal houses in Brussels, with the intention of hanging seventeen of the principal burgesses thereon, in order to terrify the rest into submission, when, after all was ready, and the very nooses had been made on the ends of the ropes, the news came into the town that the Dutch and Flemish vessels, under the bold and savage Count de la Marck, had made a descent on the island of Voorn, and taken the town of Brielle, which was reckoned one of the keys of the Netherlands. Alva was amazed: he had not time even to hang the seventeen burgesses. A council was held, and the Count de Bossut despatched with a body of Spanish troops to the island of Voorn. Bossut laid siege to Brielle, and was in hopes of being able to reduce it with his artillery, when one of the townsmen swimming along a canal till he came to a sluice which the Spaniards had overlooked, broke it, and let in such a deluge of water as overflowed the artillery, drowned a number of the Spaniards, and forced the rest to take to their ships, all wet and dripping as they were. This victory roused a determined spirit of resolution among the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand. The town of Flushing set the example; the towns of Dort, Gouda, Haarlem, and Leyden followed. In a short time all the towns of the two maritime provinces, except Amsterdam and Middleburg, had risen up and expelled their garrisons. In the provinces of Utrecht, Friesland, and Overyssel, similar risings took place. In this general movement the Protestants, unable to resist the opportunity of revenging their own past sufferings, were guilty of some atrocities, particularly against the monks.

The scheme of an insurrection in the maritime provinces having turned out according to his wishes, the Prince of Orange now advanced into the Netherlands by the French frontier, having succeeded, by negotiation with Protestant powers, and by the expenditure of money, in assembling an army of about 20,000 men, consisting of Germans, French, English, and Scotch. With the strength of this army he now began to grapple with Alva in the very seat of his power—the southern provinces of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp. He first took the town of Mons, an important position near the French frontier; and ere long he had reduced several other important towns. This was the only mode of action by which he could make any impression; for, in all cases of attempts to deliver a conquered country, the only mode of procedure is to root out the foreign garrisons of towns one by one; and a general victory in the open field is only valuable as conducing to that end, by either inducing the towns to surrender in despair, or making the process of besieging them less tedious. But at this time, after so

much success, various circumstances conspired both to diminish and dispirit his army. The most discouraging blow of all was the massacre of St Bartholomew, in which, on the night of the 24th of August 1572, more than 60,000 of the Protestants of France perished. By this event, all hope of assistance from France was destroyed; and, after several fruitless engagements with Alva's army, William was obliged to disband his forces, and to retire from active military operation.

The condition of the Netherlands was now as follows: Alva was nominally their governor; but in the late struggle, no fewer than sixty or seventy towns, principally in Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, had thrown off the yoke, and now bade defiance to the Spanish government. Unless these towns were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Alva's exertions were therefore devoted to the recovery of these towns; and his officers were almost all employed in sieges. Mons, Tergouw, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden were successively reduced; and so dreadful were the enormities perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers, that the citizens, after the surrender of other towns, resolved to exhaust every means of resistance rather than submit. The town of Haarlem distinguished itself by the desperate bravery with which for seven months it stood out against a large army under Alva's son. At length, trusting to a truce with the Spaniard, the famished citizens agreed to surrender. The siege, some accounts say, had cost the Spaniards 10,000 men; and now they took a fearful vengeance. Hundreds of the most respectable citizens were executed; and when the four executioners were tired of their bloody work, they tied their victims two by two together, and flung them into the lake of Haarlem. As shewing how deep a hold the great struggle of the sixteenth century has taken of the popular memory, and how many local associations there are connected with it, we may quote the following account of a curious Haarlem custom, the origin of which is traced to the siege of the city in 1572: 'In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses hung a small neatly-framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border: the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there was placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested that at the door of each house containing a female so

situated an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to; and, till the present day, every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.'*

While Alva was thus engaged in retrieving the revolted districts, his king at Madrid was growing dissatisfied with his conduct. He began to think that he had made an error in sending such a man into the Netherlands, who could scarcely make a discrimination in his cruelties between Protestants and Catholics; and he looked about for a general to succeed him. He found such a person in Don Luis Zanega y Requesens, commander of the order of Malta, a true Catholic, but a man of calm and temperate mind. Requesens accordingly made his entry into Brussels on the 17th of November 1573; and the stern old Alva returned to Spain, to be ill-treated by a master whom he had served too faithfully.

WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

In the civil government of the country, Requesens pursued quite a different line of policy from his predecessor. He began his rule by breaking down the brass statue which Alva had erected of himself at Antwerp, dissolving the Council of Tumults, abandoning the obnoxious taxes, and publishing an amnesty for past offences committed by the inhabitants of the revolted districts. But while thus changing the whole tone of the government, he was obliged to continue all those military operations which Alva had begun, for the purpose of compelling the rebel cities of Holland and Zealand to reacknowledge the sovereignty of Philip. The first object of his attention was the town of Middleburg in Zealand, which had been kept in a state of close siege by the patriots for about a year and a half, and the loss of which would be a severe blow to the Spanish cause. He caused a large fleet to be collected, and appointing two able admirals to the command of it, he went on board one of the ships himself, and sailed down the Scheldt for the relief of the town. The Prince of Orange, then in Holland, immediately hastened to the critical spot; and by his directions, the fleet of the patriots under Boissot, admiral of Holland, met the Spanish one, and engaging with it on the 29th of January 1574, gained a complete victory, sinking the ship of one of the Spanish admirals, and

* Chambers's *Tour in Holland and Belgium.*

obliging the other to swim for his life. Requesens himself stood on the dyke of Sacherlo, and witnessed the disaster. After this the town of Middleburg surrendered to the Prince of Orange; and the cause of the patriots in the maritime provinces appeared more hopeful than ever. In the meantime, two of the prince's brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, who had for some time been residing in Germany, advanced at the head of an army in the direction of the Maas, with the intention of exciting the inland provinces to assume a position similar to that which Holland and Zealand were so nobly maintaining. The issue of this attempt was fatal. Requesens had despatched a strong force to oppose them; and on the 14th of April a battle was fought between the two armies near the village of Mook; the royalists were victorious, and the two brave princes were killed. This defeat, and the death of two men so eminent and so popular, were indeed a heavy blow to the patriots; but its consequences were far less severe than they might have been. The Spanish troops, who had a long arrear of pay due them, became mutinous and unmanageable after the victory, and threatened to pillage Antwerp. Requesens contrived at length to appease them for the time by raising a hundred thousand florins from the citizens, pledging his own jewels, and melting down his plate to raise more, and granting the mutineers a free pardon. But the interval had been of use to the patriots; for a large fleet having been equipped by Requesens, and having been removed, during the mutiny, from Antwerp, where it was lying, a little way down the Scheldt, to be out of the reach of the soldiers, Boissot, the Zealand admiral, boldly sailed up the river, took forty of the ships, and shattered and sunk many more. At length, however, the mutineers returned to their duty; and Requesens, having vainly tried in the first place to end the war by a proclamation of the king's pardon to all his Catholic subjects in the Netherlands, collected his whole force for the siege of the large and populous city of Leyden.

The story of this siege is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of heroism. Leyden stands in a low situation in the midst of a labyrinth of rivulets and canals. That branch of the Rhine which still retains its ancient name passes through the middle of it; and from this stream such an infinity of canals are derived, that it is difficult to say whether the water or the land possesses the greater space. By these canals the ground on which the city stands is divided into a great number of small islands, united together by bridges. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of Requesens, on the one hand, was directed towards getting possession of this city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and preventing it from being taken. The issue depended entirely, however, on the bravery and resolution of the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up within their walls, they had to resist the

attacks and stratagems of the besiegers; and all that the Prince of Orange could do, was to occupy the surrounding country, harass the besiegers as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provisions and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communicating with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster. Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defence of the city. The resolution come to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town—corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be

employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. 'When we have nothing else left,' said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, 'we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with.' Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets, crying: 'Let the Spaniards in; oh! for God's sake let them in.' Assembling with hoarse clamours at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. 'I have no food to give you,' was the burgomaster's reply, 'and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me.' The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labour of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 guilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes were in requisition; and by the labour of a single night, the labour of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror-stricken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince

of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when, lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued by the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October 1574, and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomasters assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands

prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten. The small cut at the head of the present paper is expressive of this affecting scene. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards is the university of that city, so celebrated for the number of great historical names connected with it. 'The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and, much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575.'

The fortunate issue of the siege of Leyden changed the face of affairs. Philip consented to hold a conference with the patriots at Breda. Concessions were made on both sides, with a view of coming to an agreement; but on the question of the conduct which the government ought to pursue with reference to religion, the two parties were completely at variance.

'The heretics must be expelled from the maritime provinces,' was the demand of the Spanish deputies.

'If you expel the heretics, as you call them,' said the deputies of the patriots, 'you will expel more than two-thirds of the inhabitants; and if you do so, there will not be enough of men to mend the dykes.'

'The king,' replied the Spaniards, 'would rather lose the provinces than have them peopled with heretics.' The conference accordingly broke up, without having accomplished anything.

Again armies began their marchings and countermarchings through the country. Requesens had succeeded in an attempt which he expected to be of great assistance to him in his design of reducing Zealand, and he was endeavouring to follow up this advantage by laying siege to the town of Zierikzee, when he was seized with a fever, and died after a few days' illness.

PATRIOTIC MEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the death of Requesens, the Council of State, consisting at that time of nine members, among whom were Viglius and Barlaimont, as well as some others less devoted to the Spanish cause, assumed the government, there being no person on the spot authorised by Philip to take upon himself the office of regent. Under the rule of this committee the greatest confusion prevailed; but at length the liberal members of the Council of State took courage, and issued an order for a convention of the states; and at this convention, which was opened on the 14th of September 1576, it was agreed to hold a solemn congress of representatives from the various provinces, in the town-house of Ghent, on the 10th of October.

This remarkable turn of affairs was brought about in a great

measure by the exertions of the Prince of Orange. The war had now lasted nearly ten years. The result was, that the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands, which on Philip's accession had acknowledged his sway, were now broken up into two groups, the maritime provinces constituting one group, and the inland provinces another. In the maritime group, of which Holland and Zealand were the most important members, the majority of the inhabitants were Protestants, and consequently they had maintained a more determined attitude during the war; and at this moment, although they had not formally disowned Philip's sovereignty, they were really governing themselves under the administration of the Prince of Orange. In the inland group, the state of matters was very different. The majority of the inhabitants of this group were Catholics, and consequently their opposition to Spanish tyranny had been less vigorous and less enthusiastic. But William was not content with seeing only one part of the Netherlands delivered from Spanish tyranny, even if it had been possible to deliver the maritime provinces without convulsing and agitating the others. His object was to secure liberty to the whole of the Netherlands, whether that were to be accomplished by a judicious compromise with Spain, or by formally casting off all allegiance to Spain whatever, and uniting the various provinces into a new independent European state. It was in consequence, therefore, of his public recommendations to the Council of State, and his secret dealings with influential men, that the States-General had been held, and the congress of Ghent agreed upon.

After sitting for about a month, the congress published the result of its deliberations in the shape of a treaty of confederacy between the maritime and the inland provinces. This treaty is known in history by the name of the *Pacification of Ghent*. It consisted of twenty-five articles, and its principal provisions were, that the maritime provinces, with the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and the inland or Catholic provinces on the other, should mutually assist each other in expelling the Spaniards; that all the tyrannous and persecuting decrees of Alva should be repealed; that in the inland provinces the Catholic religion should still continue to be the legal one; and that in Holland and Zealand all civil and religious arrangements should be permitted to stand until they should be revised by a future assembly of the states.

At the very instant when the Netherlands were beginning to rejoice in the hopes arising from the pacification of Ghent, there arrived a new regent, sent from Spain. This was Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a man of great talent, both civil and military, and of an exceedingly amiable and winning disposition. By the advice of the Prince of Orange, the Council resolved to conclude a strict bargain with the new regent before admitting him to the government. A meeting of noblemen, ecclesiastics, and other

influential persons was held at Brussels on the 9th of January 1577, at which a compact in support of the late resolutions at Ghent was formed, known by the name of the *Union of Brussels;* and a copy of the deed of union having been transmitted to Don John, the result was a conference between him and certain deputies appointed by the states. At this conference, which was held in a city of Luxemburg, a treaty was agreed upon, dated the 12th of February 1577, and known by the name of the *Perpetual Edict.* It secured for the inland provinces all that they had been so earnestly contending for, all that the *Pacification of Ghent* bound them to demand—the removal of the Spanish troops, the release of prisoners, and a mild and considerate government. The Protestant provinces of Holland and Zealand, however, were dissatisfied with it, and refused their concurrence.

It appeared now as if the long struggle had come to an end; as if Spain and the Netherlands had finally compromised their differences. When Don John made his entry into Brussels on the 1st of May 1577, the citizens congratulated themselves on the skill with which they had managed to limit his authority, and said to each other: 'Ah, it will cost our new regent some trouble to play his game as Alva did.'

No sooner, however, had John taken the reins of government in his hands, than he began to free himself from all the restraints which the inland provinces thought they had imposed on him. Resolved to recover all the prerogatives he had parted with, he despatched letters written in cipher to Philip, urging him to send back the Spanish and Italian forces into the Netherlands; and making a journey from Brussels to the frontier province of Namur, he took possession of the capital of the province, intending to wait there till the troops should arrive. The letters were intercepted by the king of Navarre, and being immediately sent to the Prince of Orange, were by him made public. Enraged at the discovery of the regent's treachery, the authorities of the inland provinces now determined to cast him off; and at the same time they entreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels and assume the administration of affairs. Accordingly, leaving his own faithful maritime provinces, the prince sailed up the Scheldt, and thence made his passage by canal to Brussels, amid the cheers of the multitudes who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of 'Vader Willem' coming to do for them what he had already done for the Hollanders and Zealanders. He entered Brussels on the 23d of September, and was immediately invested with the office of governor of Brabant, a title which gave him as much power as if he had been a regent appointed by Philip himself. The whole of the Netherlands now, except the two frontier provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, where Don John still maintained his influence, were under the government of William of Orange. His darling scheme of uniting the maritime and the inland

provinces under one system of government, extending to both the blessings of perfect civil freedom, and allowing each group to establish that form of worship which was most conformable to its own wishes—the maritime group the Protestant, and the inland group the Catholic form, while yet neither the Catholics should be persecuted in the one nor the Protestants in the other—this scheme was now all but realised. With respect to the question, how Philip's rights as the sovereign of the Netherlands should be dealt with, this was a point about which, in the meantime, it was unnecessary to give himself much trouble. It would be decided afterwards by the course of events.

This happy aspect of things was not of long duration. William had hardly entered on his office, when he began to be harassed by those petty insect annoyances which always buzz and flutter round greatness, making the life of a man who pursues a career of active well-doing on a large scale very far from a pleasant one to himself. At length a powerful cabal was formed against him by certain Catholic noblemen; and, without the consent of the states, or any other legitimate authority, the Archduke Mathias, brother of the emperor of Germany, was invited to come and assume the government of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. The arrival of this self-announced governor was a decided surprise to the states; but the quick eye of the Prince of Orange saw that it might be turned to advantage. By inviting Mathias to assume the office which Don John considered to be his, the Catholic nobles had given an unpardonable offence to Philip; and if Mathias *did* assume the government, it would set the Spanish king and the German emperor at variance; both of which events were exceedingly desirable as matters then stood. William therefore was the first to recommend his own resignation, and the appointment of Mathias as governor instead—a change which would do no harm, as Mathias was a silly young man whom it would be very easy to manage. On the 18th of January 1578, Mathias therefore was formally installed as governor-general, with the Prince of Orange as his lieutenant in every department; and Don John was at the same time declared a public enemy.

Meanwhile Philip had sent a powerful army to reinstate Don John. At the head of this army was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of that Duchess of Parma who had been regent before Alva, and though yet young, reputed to be the first military genius of the age. Pushing into the interior of the Netherlands with this army, Don John speedily reconquered a large tract of the country; and the states, defeated in several engagements, were obliged to entreat assistance from foreign powers. After several months of war, they were delivered from all fear of having the treacherous John restored to the regency; for, on the 1st of October 1578, he died suddenly at Bougy. But if delivered of one enemy in

John, they had to contend with another in all respects more formidable in his successor, the matchless Prince of Parma. The prospect of a campaign against a man so eminent in the art of war completely disheartened them; and any chance they might have had of being able to repel the invasion which he conducted, was infinitely lessened by the outbreak of violent dissensions in the southern provinces, especially between the Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, and the Walloons, or inhabitants of the south-eastern provinces.

UNION OF THE SEVEN PROVINCES.

In these circumstances, the Prince of Orange thought it best to take precautions for securing the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands. It had long appeared to William that the next best thing to a union of all the provinces of the Netherlands under a free government, would be the union of the maritime provinces by themselves under such a government. These provinces would form a distinct state, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant; and the difficulty of governing them separately would be far less than that of governing them in conjunction with the southern or Walloon provinces, whose inhabitants were not only Catholic, but half French in their lineage and their habits. The progress which the Prince of Parma was now making, not only in conquering, but in conciliating the Walloons, decided William to carry into effect his long-cherished idea, and to attempt a formal separation between the northern provinces and the rest of the Netherlands. His efforts succeeded; and on the 29th of January, there was solemnly signed at Utrecht a treaty of union between the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Friesland, by which they formed themselves into an independent republic. Thus was a new European state founded, which, being joined afterwards by the two provinces of Overyssel and Groningen, and recognised by the foreign powers, obtained the name of *The Seven United Provinces*, and subsequently of *Holland*.

But while labouring to effect this great object, William by no means ceased to struggle for another which he considered greater still—the independence of the whole Netherlands. If a community of religion, and the enthusiastic attachment of the people to his person, endeared the northern provinces to him in a peculiar manner, the breadth of his intellect, and his general love of liberty, made him take a deep interest in the fate of the southern provinces; and gladly would he devote his best exertions to secure for the Flemings and the Walloons of the south that independence which he had to all appearance secured for the Dutch of the north. Accordingly, both before and after the union of the northern provinces, he continued to act as lieutenant-governor under Mathias, and to superintend the administration of the southern provinces.

Meanwhile an attempt was made by the pope and the emperor of Germany to bring about a reconciliation between Spain and the Netherlands. But Philip's bigotry again interposed a barrier in the way of an agreement: for he declared, that whatever other concessions he might be willing to make, he never would be at peace with heresy. While these negotiations were pending, the Prince of Parma had slackened his military activity; but when the congress broke up its sittings in the end of 1579, he recommenced his campaign in the southern provinces with fresh ardour.

It was evident, however, to the Prince of Orange, that the issue of the struggle could not be decided by one or two battles with the Prince of Parma. His aim all along had been to thwart Philip by engaging some of the principal European powers on the side of the Netherlands. No sooner, therefore, had he seen the Protestant provinces of the north united by the treaty of Utrecht, than he began to mature another scheme by which he hoped to obtain for the union greater strength within itself, and greater estimation in the eyes of foreign nations. This was no other than the formal deposition of Philip from the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and the election of a new sovereign capable of bringing into the field all the power of some foreign nation to counterpoise that of Spain. He hesitated for some time whether the future sovereign of the Netherlands should be Queen Elizabeth of England, or the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king; but at last decided in favour of the latter. Having finally weighed his scheme, and resolved to adopt it, he procured a meeting of the States-General at Antwerp; and there Philip was deposed as 'a tyrant;' the Netherlands were declared a free and independent state; and the Duke of Anjou, having become bound to use the power of France to expel the Spaniards from his new dominion, entered on the exercise of the sovereignty. At the same time, William of Orange was installed in the government of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, under the title of Stadtholder, and with the reservation of the right of homage to the Duke of Anjou.

These arrangements were concluded in 1581 and 1582; and for two years after, the history of the struggle is but an uninteresting record of sieges and engagements, important at the time, but too numerous to be detailed in a narrative. We hasten to the concluding act of the drama.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled

his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be openly deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead—this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood-relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation the prince published a defence of his own conduct, which, under the name of *The Apology*, has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until everything was fairly settled. On the 18th of March 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birthday. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy: and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Anastro himself escaped. It was

long feared that the wound was mortal; but it proved not to be so; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to the counsel of the Prince of Orange; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burned the ships in their harbours as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder 'Vader Willem.' By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Château-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done? Who should be elected next? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had

gone to Delft, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretence of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. 'God have mercy on me and on this poor people,' were the only words he was able to utter, and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which shew that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his murder. He had been four times married, and left ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

CONCLUDING HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The death of the Prince of Orange left the Netherlands divided into two parts—the northern or Protestant provinces, united in a confederacy, and to all intents and purposes independent of Spain; and the southern or Catholic provinces, either subject to Spain, or only struggling for independence. The subsequent histories of these two portions of the Netherlands are different.

Holland, as the seven united provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overyssel, and Groningen came to be called, successfully resisted all the attempts of Spain to re-subjugate it. Prince Maurice inherited his father's abilities and his honours, and for many years he conducted the war in which the determination of Spain to recover its territory involved the provinces. On his death, in 1625, he was succeeded in the government by his youngest brother, Frederic Henry; and before his death, in 1647, the existence of Holland as an independent European state was recognised by almost every foreign cabinet, and Spain saw that it was in vain to continue the war. His son, William II., died, after a short and turbulent reign, in 1650, leaving a widow, who, within a week of her husband's death, gave birth to a son, William III.

On the abdication of James II. of England, this William III., the great-grandson of the hero of the Netherlands, came from Holland to ascend the throne of Great Britain, in conjunction with his wife

Mary, James's daughter. During his reign Great Britain and Holland were under one rule; but when he died childless in 1701, the States-General of the Seven Provinces, instead of appointing a new stadtholder, took the government into their own hands. The title of Prince of Orange, however, did not become extinct; it was inherited by his cousin, Frison of Nassau, who was governor of the single province of Friesland. The activity and energy of this new Prince of Orange and of his son soon gave them an ascendency in all the provinces; and in 1747, in the person of the latter, the House of Orange again acceded to the dignity of the stadtholderate of the United Provinces. At the close of the last century, Holland suffered from the invasion of the French, and was for some time in their hands; but finally, in 1813, the Prince of Orange was restored to power, being admitted to the government as a sovereign prince.

Having thus traced the history of the northern provinces of the Netherlands down to 1815, let us trace that of the southern ones down to the same year.

After the death of William of Orange, the Prince of Parma continued his victorious career in the southern provinces; and if he did not altogether crush the spirit of patriotism, he at least rendered it weak and powerless. Although, therefore, Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic Henry, while repelling the attempts of the Spaniards to reconquer Holland, endeavoured also to drive them out of the rest of the Netherlands, they were never able fully to effect this, and Spain still kept possession of all the southern provinces. In 1713, Philip III. of Spain gave these southern provinces as a marriage-portion to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria; and from that time they ceased to be called the Spanish provinces, and obtained the name of the Belgian provinces, or of the Austrian Netherlands. This arrangement lasted till 1795, when it was swept away by the French Revolution. After a struggle between France and Austria, the Austrian Netherlands and the province of Liege were divided into nine departments, forming an integral part of the French republic; and they continued to be so till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

At this great epoch, when Europe, recovering from the shock of the French Revolution, had leisure to arrange its various territories according to its own pleasure, separating some countries which had been long joined, and joining others which had been long separated, it was determined once more to unite Holland and the Belgian provinces into one state. Accordingly, in 1815, the Prince of Orange had the southern provinces added to his dominions, and was recognised by the various powers of Europe as king of the whole Netherlands. In 1579, the country had been broken up into two parts; and now, in 1815, they were reunited, with no chance, so far as appearances went, of ever being separated again. But appearances were fallacious. As we have already informed our

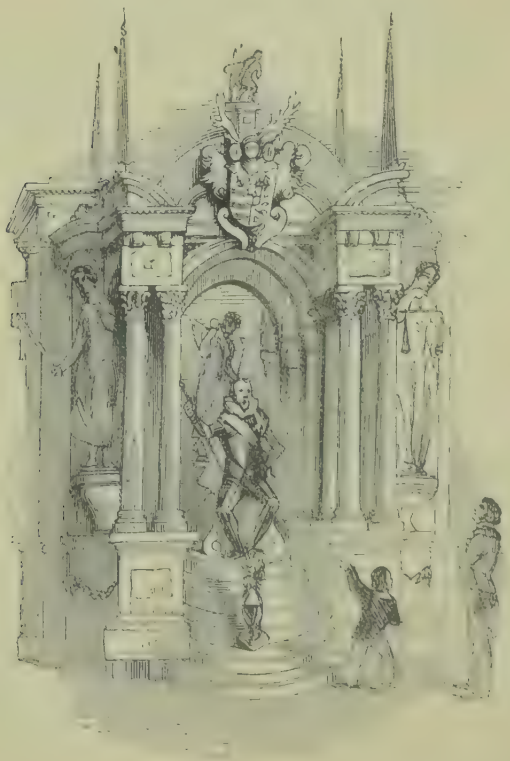
readers, there had always been certain marked differences of lineage, religion, language, and habits between the people of the northern and those of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. In 1830, when the second French revolution took place, the Belgians revolted from their allegiance, and insisted on being separated from Holland, and erected into an independent kingdom. The demand was, after some delay, complied with by foreign powers. On the 15th of November 1831 the boundary-line was fixed, and the Netherlands were divided into the two independent states of Holland and Belgium. The crown of the latter was accepted by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who, on his decease in 1865, was succeeded by his son, Leopold II., the present sovereign.

The modern kingdom of Holland consists of the following eleven provinces: North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, North Brabant, Guelderland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Limburg; its capital is the Hague. The population in 1866 amounted to 3,552,665. The prevailing form of worship is the Calvinistic; but all other forms enjoy perfect toleration. Holland is celebrated for its excellent educational institutions, which are on a liberal footing, and acceptable to all sects and classes.

The kingdom of Belgium consists of nine provinces: Limburg, Liege, Namur, Luxembourg, Hainault, South Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, and Antwerp; its capital is Brussels. The population of Belgium in 1865 was 4,984,451. The Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has become Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainault, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium.

We have now shewn how the Netherlands effected their independence; how the country became divided into the two modern kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; and it only remains for us to say that, successful as were the struggles of the people against oppression, the Netherlands, taken as a whole, have not till this hour attained the opulence and prosperity of which they were deprived by the iniquitous aggressions of Philip II. in the sixteenth century. In travelling through the country, we everywhere see symptoms of fallen grandeur. Antwerp, once the most opulent mercantile city in Europe, is now in a state of decay; while Louvain, Mechlin, Utrecht, Leyden, Dort, Delft, all exhibit similar tokens of desertion. To 'the Spaniards' is everywhere ascribed the ruin of trade, the destruction of works of art, and the distresses to which the country has been exposed. Such are the results of the unhappy war which scourged the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Although advancing by new efforts towards its former condition, three

centuries have not obliterated the traces of this fearful struggle for civil and religious freedom. Considering the services performed by William of Orange in this great effort, no one can look without emotion on the splendid monument erected over his tomb in the New Church of Delft, of which we append a representation. It is a lofty structure of marble, embellished with many figures, one of which is that of the prince, in bronze, sitting with his truncheon of office, and his helmet at his feet; while behind is a figure of Fame sounding with her trumpet the praises of the hero.



ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

THE cat belongs to the same natural family as the lion, tiger, panther, leopard, puma, serval, ocelot, and lynx. The tribe is perhaps one of the best defined in zoology, all its members having characteristics of structure and habit not to be confounded with those of other animals. Every reader must be familiar with the forms of the tiger and domestic cat, and these may be taken as types of the family. The rounded head and pointed ears, the long lithe body, covered with fine silky hair, and often beautifully marked, the silent stealthy step, occasioned by treading only on the fleshy ball of the foot, the sharp retractile claws, the large lustrous eyes, capable, from the expansive power of the pupil, of seeing in the dark, the whiskered lip, the trenchant carnivorous teeth, and the tongue covered with recurved bony prickles, are common to all.

In their habits and manner of life they are equally akin. They inhabit the forest and the brake, sleeping away the greater part of their time, and only visiting the glade and open plain when pressed by hunger. They are for the most part nocturnal in their habits, being guided to their prey by their peculiar power of vision, by their scent, and by their hearing, which is superior to that of most other animals. Naturally, they are strictly carnivorous, not hunting down their prey by a protracted chase, like the wolf and dog, but by lying in wait, or by moving stealthily with their supple joints and cushioned feet, till within spring of their victims, on which they dart

with a growl, as if the muscular effort of the moment were painful even to themselves. Whether the attack be that of a tiger on a buffalo, or that of a cat on a helpless mouse, the mode of action is the same—a bound with the whole body from the distance of many yards, a violent stroke with the forefoot, a clutch with the claws, which are thrust from their sheaths, and a half-tearing half-sucking motion of the jaws, as if the animal gloated in ecstasy over the blood of its victim.

This mode of life has gained for these animals the common epithets of 'cruel, savage, and bloodthirsty,' and has caused them to be looked upon by the uninformed as monsters in creation. Nothing could be more erroneous. No creature is capable of moral good and moral evil save man; he it is alone that can judge for himself; and he it is upon whom this gift of judgment has imposed the responsibility of right and wrong. The tiger in slaughtering a stag gratifies no evil passion; he merely satisfies an appetite which nature has implanted within him, and which nature has surrounded with the objects for its satisfaction. When these objects shall die out, then also will the tiger cease to exist; and were the whole world equally peopled and cultivated with our own island, the feline family would be limited to a single genus—namely, the humble cat. But as things are at present constituted, the valleys and plains of the tropics are clothed with an excessive vegetation, supporting numerous herbivorous animals, which could only be kept within due limits by the existence of carnivora, such as the lion, tiger, leopard, and panther.

The distribution of the feline animals is governed by those conditions to which we have alluded; and thus the puma inhabits the North American prairie, the jaguar the savannahs of South America, the lion the arid plains of Africa and Asia, the tiger and panther the tropical jungles of the old world; the minor species, as the ocelot and lynx, have a wider range in both worlds; while the domestic cat associates with man in almost every region. With the exception of the latter, none of the other genera have been tamed or domesticated, so that they are strictly 'wild beasts,' against which man wages a ceaseless war of extirpation. It is true that in the East one species of leopard is trained for hunting, but this but very sparingly, and even then he does not follow the game by scent, but is carried by the hunters, and only let loose when he is within a few bounds of the animal. It must not be inferred, however, that they are untamable; for every creature is capable more or less of being trained by man, provided it receives due attention; and we have sufficient evidence, in the wonderful feats performed by the lions and tigers of Mr Carter and Van Amburgh, that the *Felinæ* are by no means destitute of intelligent docility. The truth is, there is no inducement to tame them; and thus the cat—the most diminutive of the family, and the only one of direct utility to civilised man—is likely to continue, as it ever has been, the sole domesticated member.

THE DOMESTICATED CAT.

Respecting the domestication of the cat, of which there are many varieties, differing in size, length of hair, colour, and the like, we have no authentic information. We have no knowledge when it became the associate of man; nor do we know anything concerning its original habitat. It is true that the wild cat has inhabited Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and Asia, from the earliest periods; but that animal presents so many differences, that naturalists generally consider it as belonging to a distinct species. Thus it is a larger and more powerful animal than the domestic one; has longer and shaggier fur; has a more ferocious aspect; has the intestinal canal shorter, which proves it to be more decidedly carnivorous; and has the heart and stomach not quite so like those of the more omnivorous dog. The most of these are transient distinctions, which domestication might obliterate; but we can hardly conceive of the same influence acting so decidedly upon the internal structure. However this may be, the general opinion at present is, that they belong to different species; that the wild cat is strictly an inhabitant of the brake, enduring with admirable fortitude the extremes of heat and cold; and that the domestic animal, from its more delicate constitution, and its fondness of warmth, seems to have sprung from a southern habitat.

Every one is so perfectly familiar with the domestic cat, that any description of the animal is altogether unnecessary; yet one or two of the more obvious varieties may be mentioned, with the remark, that it is quite as difficult, from their present appearance, to refer them all to one stock, as it is to believe that that stock is the wild cat of the British brake. The Cat of Angora, says a recent writer, of whose descriptions we avail ourselves, is a very beautiful variety, with silvery hair of fine silken texture, generally longest on the neck, but also long on the tail. Some are yellowish, and others olive, approaching to the colour of the lion; but they are all delicate creatures, and of gentle dispositions. The Persian Cat is a variety with the hair very much produced, and very silky, perhaps more so than the cat of Angora. It is, however, differently coloured, being of a fine uniform gray on the upper part, with the texture of the fur as soft as silk, and the lustre glossy; the colour fades off on the lower parts of the sides, and passes into white, or nearly so, on the belly. This is probably one of the most beautiful varieties, and it is said to be exceedingly gentle in its manners. The Chinese Cat has the fur beautifully glossed, but it is very different from either of those which have been mentioned. It is variegated with black and yellow, and, unlike the most of the race, has the ears pendulous. The last we shall mention is the Tortoise-shell Cat, one of the prettiest varieties of those which have the fur of moderate length, and without any

particular silvery gloss. The colours are very pure black, white, and reddish orange; and in this country, at least, males thus marked are said to be rare, though they are quite common in Egypt and the south of Europe. This variety has other qualities to recommend it besides the beauty of its colours. Tortoise-shell cats, though very elegant and delicate in their form, are, at the same time, very active, and among the most attached and grateful of the whole race. It may be remarked, however, that there is much less difference in manners than in appearance, and that those which are best fed and most kindly treated are invariably the best natured and the most attached.

It has already been observed that little or nothing is known regarding the history of the domestic cat; and naturally so, since the animal is generally too insignificant to merit much attention. The cat has been known from time immemorial to the Chinese, Hindus, and Persians; was domiciled among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans; and even figures in the mythology of some of these nations. Among the Egyptians the cat was held in the greatest veneration. If one died a natural death, it was mourned for with certain appointed symbols of grief; and if killed, the murderer was given up to the rabble to be buffeted to death. Cats were thus not only held sacred when alive, but after death were embalmed and deposited in the niches of the catacombs. The story is told that an insult offered to a cat by a Roman was the cause of an insurrection among the Egyptians, even when the fact of their own vanquishment could not excite them to rebel; and it is also told that Cambyses, availing himself of this regard for the animal, made himself master of Pelusis, which had hitherto successfully resisted his arms. The stratagem which he fell upon was in the highest degree ingenious: he gave to each of his soldiers employed in the attack a live cat instead of a buckler, and the Egyptian garrison, rather than injure the objects of their veneration, suffered themselves to be conquered. M. Baumgarten informs us, that when he was at Damascus he saw there a kind of hospital for cats: the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mohammed, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his garment, and carefully fed with his own hands—cutting off his sleeve rather than disturb the slumber of his favourite. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose.

In the early history of our own country also, cats were of so much importance as to be the subject of special enactments. In the reign of Howel the Good, king of Wales, who died in 948, laws were made to fix the prices of different animals, among which the cat

was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, twopence; after which it was rated at fourpence—a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and, if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer a third of the purchase-money. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, with her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (its head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. This is curious not only as a matter of history, but as shewing that, while the wild cat of the country was so abundant as to be troublesome, the domestic species was apparently an import of great rarity, and of considerable value.

INSTANCES OF ATTACHMENT.

It is a vulgar and erroneous belief that cats are only attached to places: there are hundreds of instances on record where they have shewn the most devoted and enduring attachment to persons who have treated them with kindness. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of London had a tortoise-shell cat, which, though he never fed it, or paid much attention to it, formed an attachment for him equal to that of a dog. It knew his ring at the bell, and at whatever time he came home, it was rubbing against his legs long before the servant came, saw him into the sitting-room, and then walked off. It was a very active animal, and usually went bird-catching during the night; but when its master rose, which was generally early in the morning, the cat was always ready to receive him at the door of his room, and accompanied him in his morning walk in the garden, alternately skipping to the tops of the trees, and descending and gamboling about him. When he was in his study, it used to pay him several visits in the day, always short ones; but it never retired till he had recognised it. If rubbing against his legs had not the desired effect, it would mount the writing-table, nudge his shoulder, and if that would not do, pat him on the cheek; but the moment he had shaken it by the paw, and given it a pat or two on the head, it walked off. When he was indisposed it paid him several visits every day, but never continued in the room; and although it was fond of society generally, and also of its food, it never obtruded its company during meals. Its attachment was thus quite disinterested, and no pains whatever had been taken to train it.

When M. Sonnini was in Egypt, he had an Angora cat, which remained in his possession for a long time. This animal was one of the most beautiful of its kind, and equally attractive in its manners and dispositions. In Sonnini's solitary moments, she chiefly kept by his side; she interrupted him frequently in the midst of his labours or meditations, by little affecting caresses, and generally followed him in his walks. During his absence, she sought and called for him incessantly, with the utmost inquietude; and if it were long before he reappeared, she would quit his apartment, and attach herself to the person of the house where he lived; for whom, next to himself, she entertained the greatest affection. She recognised his voice at a distance, and seemed on each fresh meeting with him to feel increased satisfaction. Her gait was frank, and her look as gentle as her character. She possessed, in a word, the disposition of the most amiable dog beneath the brilliant fur of a cat. 'This animal,' says M. Sonnini, 'was my principal amusement for several years. How was the expression of her attachment depicted upon her countenance! How many times have her tender caresses made me forget my troubles, and consoled me in my misfortunes! My beautiful and interesting companion at length perished. After several days of suffering, during which I never forsook her, her eyes constantly fixed on me, were at length extinguished; and her loss rent my heart with sorrow.'

Mohammed's cat must have ingratiated herself with her master in no common degree, for the prophet preferred cutting off the sleeve of his garment to disturbing the repose of his favourite, who had fallen asleep on it. It is said that Rousseau esteemed the cat more than the dog; but though few will be inclined to go this length, the former is undoubtedly capable of close personal attachment, and knows how to recommend herself to those for whom she feels an affection. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that he had it embalmed after death, and placed in a niche of his apartment. Dr Johnson, too, had his feline favourite, of which it is told that it once fell ill, and refused every kind of food that could be thought of, till at last an oyster was offered by accident, which it greedily seized, and seemed to relish. The doctor, thinking that his servants would not be over-attentive to the duties of cat-nurse, undertook the charge himself, went daily for a few oysters, brought them home in his pocket, and administered them to poor Puss till she had quite recovered. The celebrated painter, Godefroi Mind, devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of cats, in which he gained such celebrity, that he was distinguished by the appellation of the 'Raphael of cats.' He did not view them merely as subjects for art, but his attachment to the animal was unbounded. At one time hydrophobia prevailed to such an extent among the cats of Berne, that 800 were destroyed in consequence of an order issued by the magistrates. Poor Mind was in the deepest grief for the death of the cats, nor was he ever

after completely consoled. He had, however, so successfully secreted his own favourite cat, that she was spared. Minette was always near him when he was at work, and he carried on a kind of conversation with her by gestures and words. Sometimes Minette occupied his lap, while two or three kittens were perched on his shoulder, or on the back of his neck, as he stooped at his occupation; and thus he would remain for hours together without stirring, for fear of disturbing his companions, whose purring soothed and composed him. What made this the more remarkable was, that Mind was not particularly well-tempered, and that he could never be disturbed by visitors. His cat was no doubt equally attached to her master.

It is very common for cats to select one member of a family on whom they lavish all their fondness, while to the others they comport themselves with the utmost indifference. 'I remember,' says a female correspondent, 'there was a cat with her kittens found in a hole in the wall, in the garden of the house where my father-in-law lived. One of the kittens, being a very beautiful black one, was brought into the house, and almost immediately attached himself in a very extraordinary way to me. I was in mourning at the time, and perhaps the similarity of the hue of my dress to his sable fur might first have attracted him; but however this may have been, whenever he came into the room he constantly jumped into my lap, and evinced his fondness by purring and rubbing his head against me in a very coaxing manner. He continued thus to distinguish me during the rest of his life, and though I went with my father-in-law's family every winter to Dublin, and every summer to the country, the change of abode (to which cats are supposed so averse) never troubled my favourite, provided he could be with me. Frequently, when we have been walking home after spending the evening out, he has come running down half the street to meet us, testifying the greatest delight. On one occasion, when I had an illness which confined me for upwards of two months to my room, poor Lee Boo deserted the parlour altogether, though he had been always patted and caressed by every one there. He would sit for hours mewing disconsolately at my door, and when he could, he would steal in, jump upon the bed, testifying his joy at seeing me by loud purring and coaxing, and sometimes licking my hand. The very day I went down, he resumed his regular attendance in the parlour.'

One of the most affecting instances of personal attachment in the cat, is that mentioned by M. Ladoucette. Madame Helvitius had a favourite, which constantly lay at her feet, seemingly always ready to defend her. It never molested the birds which its mistress kept; it would not take food from any hand save hers; and would not allow any one else to caress it. At the death of his mistress, the poor cat was removed from her chamber, but it made its way there the next morning, went on the bed, sat upon her chair, slowly and mournfully paced over her toilet, and cried most piteously, as if lamenting his

poor mistress. After her funeral, it was found stretched on her grave, apparently having died from excess of grief. Another equally remarkable instance is related by Mr Pennant in his *Account of London*. Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the friend and companion of the Earl of Essex in his fatal insurrection, having been some time confined in the Tower, was one day surprised by a visit from his favourite cat, which is said to have reached its master by descending the chimney of his apartment.

The following anecdote of combined attachment and sagacity rivals anything that has been told of the dog, and places the cat in a much more favourable light than current opinion would allow: In the summer of 1800, a physician of Lyon was requested to inquire into a murder that had been committed on a woman of that city. He accordingly went to the residence of the deceased, where he found her extended lifeless on the floor, and weltering in her blood. A large white cat was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard, at the further end of the apartment, where he seemed to have taken refuge. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the corpse, and his attitude and looks expressing horror and affright. The following morning he was found in the same station and attitude; and when the room was filled with officers of justice, neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the loud conversation of the company, could in the least degree divert his attention. As soon, however, as the suspected persons were brought in, his eyes glared with increased fury; his hair bristled; he darted into the middle of the apartment, where he stopped for a moment to gaze at them, and then precipitately retreated. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted; and they now, for the first time during the whole course of the horrid business, felt their atrocious audacity forsake them.

AFFECTION FOR OTHER ANIMALS.

Every one who has observed the deportment of the female cat towards her young, must have admired not only her maternal assiduity, but the playful simplicity she assumes to amuse them. The same tenderness she has been known to bestow on the young of other creatures; nursing them and tending them with the most devoted watchfulness. Books on animal biography abound with instances of this nature. Mr White of Selborne mentions that a friend of his had a leveret brought to him, which his servants fed with milk from a spoon. About the same time his cat kittened, and the young ones were drowned. The little hare was lost, and it was supposed to have been devoured by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight after, as the gentleman was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat with tail erect trotting towards him, and calling with short notes of complacency, such as cats use towards their kittens, and something gamboling after,

which proved to be the leveret, which the cat had supported with her milk. The same writer relates a similar anecdote of a boy who had taken three young squirrels from their nest. These creatures he put under a cat which had lately lost her kittens, and found that she nursed and suckled them with the same assiduity and affection as if they had been her own progeny. So many persons went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat, that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety, and therefore concealed them over the ceiling, where one of them perished.

A similar story is told, in Dodsley's *Annual Register*, of a cat that suckled a couple of young rabbits, which had been thrown to her to devour; and, what is equally wonderful, we have heard of a cat that brought out two chickens, and treated them with the same affection as she did her kittens. A more remarkable instance, however, occurred some years ago in the house of a Mr Greenfield of Maryland. A cat had kittens, to which she frequently carried mice and other small animals for food, and among the rest she is supposed to have carried a young rat. The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr Greenfield had the kittens and rat brought down stairs, and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till great numbers had become eye-witnesses of the preternatural affection.

We shall close our instances of the cat's affection towards the young of other animals by the following anecdote from the pages of Marryat, allowing the captain to tell it in his own amusing way: 'A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring a portion of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day kittened, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gamboled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion: they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel

who was nursing the three other puppies. "Oh," says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the spaniel with a snarl; "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I 'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.'

Besides these instances where the maternal feeling is the exciting motive, there are many accounts of cats having lived in amity with creatures to whom they are supposed to be naturally averse. A few years since, a collection of wild beasts, birds, &c., was exhibited, in which the most attractive object was a cage inhabited by a cat, a guinea-pig, some white mice, and some birds—all living together in peace and harmony—Puss not only having laid aside her predatory propensities, but actually regarding her companions with looks of complacency and kindness. 'We have at present,' says a correspondent, 'a cat who has formed a very warm friendship with a large Newfoundland dog. She is continually caressing him, advances in all haste to him when he comes in, with her tail erect, then rubs her head against him, and purrs delightedly. When he lies before the kitchen fire, she uses him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. As soon as she has arranged it to her liking, she lies down and composes herself to sleep, generally purring till she is no longer awake; and they often lie thus for an hour at a time. Poor Wallace bears this rough combing of his locks with the most patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and merely giving her a benevolent look, or gently licking her.'

We have also met with the following, which shews how the cat will look for assistance in cases of emergency, and that she will hit upon some way of shewing her gratitude for the kindness conferred. We give it in the words of the individual who recounts it: 'I was on a visit to a friend last summer, who had a favourite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family while I was at the Park, and Pincher paid a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; Pincher was in the drawing-room, and the cat was attending her family in the garret. Pincher seemed to be considerably annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning which continually startled him; and just as he had crept close to my feet, some one entered the drawing-room followed by Puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and

mewing with all her might. She came up to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, and then walked to the door; stopped, looked back, mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Come with me, Pincher;" but Pincher was too much frightened himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation. The cat then returned and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable; though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept still closer to me; and Puss finding all her entreaties unavailing, then left the room. Soon after this, her mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close to the door of my sleeping apartment. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kittens above and this little one below, I suppose she had wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the others; for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened upstairs. I followed her with my young charge, placed it beside her, and moved their little bed further from the window, through which the lightning had flashed so vividly as to alarm poor Puss for the safety of her family. I remained there till the storm had subsided, and all was again calm. On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found her waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I made my appearance. She went to the breakfast-room with me, and remained, as I have mentioned, until breakfast was over, and then went upstairs to her family. She had never done this before, and never did it again: she had shewn her gratitude for my care of her little ones, and her duty was done.'

COURAGE AND BOLDNESS.

The cat, being naturally carnivorous, may be expected to possess considerable audacity. Every one must have witnessed the boldness with which a cat of ordinary size will stand up against even the largest Newfoundland dog, bristling her hair, and using her claws with the greatest address, so long as she can keep her front to her antagonist. Indeed it is only when the dog can lay hold of the comparatively slender spine of his opponent, that he overcomes her—few dogs having the boldness long to resist the ferocity with

which she assails their faces and eyes with her claws. The following instance of maternal courage and affection, recorded in the *Naturalists' Cabinet*, is worthy of admiration: 'A cat who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon about the stable-door. While she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barnyard in expectation of prey. In a moment, swift as lightning, the hawk darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but Puss, no way daunted by this accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour; and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she immediately ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons on its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent.'

The cat's dislike to wet her feet has long been proverbial. The saying, 'she likes fish, but won't wet her feet for them,' is, however, not strictly true: the cat has been known to take the water after a fish, just as she will take the brake after a young hare or pheasant. Her dislike to soil her feet arises as much from her natural love of cleanliness, and the desire to keep her fur dry, as from any fear that she has to take the water. A friend of Dr Darwin's saw a cat catch a trout, by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The animal belonged to a Mrs Stanley, who had frequently seen her catch fish in the same manner in the summer, when the mill-pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. Other cats have been known to take fish in shallow water as they stood on the bank. This may probably be a natural act of taking prey, which acquired delicacy by domestication has in general prevented cats from using, though their desire of eating fish continues in its original strength.

INSTANCES OF MEMORY.

The attachment of the cat to particular persons and places, and the fact of its often returning to its original home after a long absence, and over a great distance, prove the possession of a pretty accurate memory. All the felinæ seem well endowed in this respect, and none more so, perhaps, than the domestic cat. The following surprising instance we transcribe from the *Scotsman* newspaper for 1819: 'A favourite tabby belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident, while his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which is about half a mile from the village. The vessel was about a month absent, and on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, Puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down into the cabin. Two others of her young ones were afterwards caught quite wild in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What makes this the more remarkable is, that vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned.' How wonderfully accurate must this animal's recollection of the ship have been? The differences, however trifling, between it and other vessels which put in, must have been all closely observed and remembered; or we must suppose the creature to have had its recollections awakened by the voice or figure of some of its shipmates passing near to the wood where its family was located.

We have all heard of cats returning to the homes from which they have been sent, and this we might readily conceive to be the result of accurate observation and retentive memory; but there are many instances, well authenticated, where they could hardly have been aided by their faculties, and where they appear to have been guided by some mysterious instinct. 'We have a cat,' says our lady correspondent already quoted, 'who was a very wild character, often committing depredations in the larder, destroying our young pigeons, and making great havoc among the birds. He was considered so lawless, that, after a consultation on what was best to be done, a decree of banishment was issued against him, and he was sent in a thick linen bag to a cottage at about two miles' distance, where he was offered shelter, as he was an expert mouser. We thought we should never see Mr Tib again, but found ourselves quite mistaken; for late one evening, about three weeks after, he walked into the kitchen, and greeted every one so kindly, that he met with a more favourable reception than his previous conduct could have warranted him in expecting. Whether he has repented of his late

misconduct, whether he is conscious that it was the cause of his banishment, or whether he has passed through scenes which have broken his daring spirit, we cannot say, but all his bad habits are actually conquered, and he is now quite a pattern of domestic propriety.' Still more extraordinary is the instance related by a gentleman who removed his establishment from the county of Sligo to near Dublin, a distance of not less than ninety miles. When about to change his residence, he and his children regretted very much being obliged to leave a favourite cat behind them, which had endeared itself to them by its docility and affection. This gentleman had not been many days settled in his new abode, when one evening, as the family were sitting chatting after tea, the servant came in, followed by a cat so precisely like the one left behind, that all the family repeated his name at once. The creature testified great joy in his own way at the meeting. He was closely examined, and no difference whatever was discernible between the cat in Sligo and that now beside them. Still, it was difficult to believe it was their poor pet; for how could he have travelled after them, or how could he have found them out? And yet the exact resemblance, and the satisfaction which the poor animal evinced as he walked about, seemingly in all the confidence of being among his friends, with his tail erect, and purring with pleasure, left but little doubt upon their minds that this was indeed their own cat. The gentleman took him upon his lap, and examining him closely, found that his claws were actually worn down, which at once convinced him that poor Puss had really travelled the whole ninety miles' journey.

SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

While we readily admit that the cat is inferior in docility and intelligence to the dog, we are not of those who would exalt the one at the expense of the other, and continue to harbour absurd prejudices against the dispositions and manners of the former. We have seen that it is by no means destitute of attachment, gentleness, courage, memory, and other mental attributes; and if we regard it honestly, we shall also find that it exhibits in many instances no small degree of sagacious ingenuity. 'No experiment,' says an intelligent writer, 'can be more beautiful than that of setting a kitten for the first time before a looking-glass. The animal appears surprised and pleased with the resemblance, and makes several attempts at touching its new acquaintance; and at length finding its efforts fruitless, it looks behind the glass, and appears highly astonished at the absence of the figure. It again views itself, and tries to touch the image with its foot, suddenly looking at intervals behind the glass. It then becomes more accurate in its observations, and begins, as it were, to make experiments, by stretching out its paw in different directions; and when it finds that these motions

are answered in every respect by the figure in the glass, it seems at length to be convinced of the real nature of the image.' If so acute and intelligent in its very infancy, what may we expect when its faculties are matured by observation and experiment?

'A friend of mine,' says the Rev. Mr Bingley, 'possessed a cat and a dog, which, not being able to live together in peace, had several contentious struggles for the mastery; and in the end the dog so completely prevailed, that the cat was driven away, and forced to seek for shelter elsewhere. Several months elapsed, during which the dog alone possessed the house. At length, however, he was poisoned by a female servant, whose nocturnal visitors he had too often betrayed, and was soon afterwards carried out lifeless into the court before the door. The cat, from a neighbouring roof, was observed to watch the motions of several persons who went up to look at him; and when all were retired, he descended and crept with some degree of caution into the place. He soon ventured to approach; and after having frequently patted the dog with his paw, appeared perfectly sensible that his late quarrelsome companion could no more insult him; and from that time he quietly returned to his former residence and habits.' Here there was only a reasoning process exhibited; but in the following instance, related by Dr Smellie, there was ingenuity of performance combined with the sagacity: 'A cat frequented a closet, the door of which was fastened by a common iron latch. A window was situated near the door. When the door was shut, the cat gave herself no uneasiness; for, as soon as she was tired of her confinement, she mounted on the sill of the window, and with her paws dexterously lifted the latch and came out. This practice she continued for years.'

Still more ingenious are several of the instances related by M. Antoine in his *Animaux Célèbres*: In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard, that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that Puss was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to avail herself of the summons. Some hours after, she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour; when the inmates of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat clinging to the bell-rope, and setting it in motion as well as she was able, in order that she might have her dinner served up to her. In this instance the cat must have been in the habit of observing what went forward, and was therefore led to associate the ringing of the bell with the serving up of dinner; and feeling the want of her meal, very naturally applied herself to perform the act which had always preceded its appearance. Another anecdote, evincing still greater ingenuity and cunning, is related by the same amusing compiler. An Angora cat,

belonging to the Charter-house of Paris, having observed that the cook always left the kitchen upon the ringing of a certain bell, and thus left the coast clear for his depredations, soon acquired the art of pulling the bell, and during the cook's absence regularly made off with some of the delicacies which were left unprotected. This trick he repeated at intervals for several weeks, till one day he was detected by a person who was placed in wait for the purloiner.

The power of observation in the lower animals is much more active and accurate than is generally supposed; and to those who have watched their conduct, they seem not only to observe persons and events, but actually to know days, and if not to understand our language, at least to comprehend the meaning of the tones in which it is uttered. A very curious proof of the observant faculty in the cat is given in the following story: There was a lady who lived at Potsdam with her children, one of whom ran a splinter into her little foot, which caused her to scream out most violently. At first her cries were disregarded, and supposed to proceed from crossness; but at length the eldest sister, who had been asleep, was awakened by the screams, and as she was just getting up to quiet the child, she observed a favourite cat, with whom they were wont to play, and who was of a remarkably gentle disposition, leave its seat under the stove, go to the crying girl, and give her such a smart blow on the cheek with one of its paws, as to draw blood. After this the animal walked back with the greatest composure and gravity to its place, as if satisfied with having chastised the child for crying, and with the hope of indulging in a comfortable nap. No doubt it had often seen the child punished for crossness, and as there was no one near to administer correction, Puss had determined to take the law into her own hand.

It is told that before the conquest of Cyprus by the Turks, a garrison of disciplined cats was kept on that island for the purpose of destroying the serpents wherewith it was infested. So well trained were these feline hunters, that they came into their meals at the sound of a bell, and upon a similar signal returned in order to the chase, which they prosecuted with the most admirable zeal and address.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

The following additional incidents and characteristics of the cat kind are removed from the suspicion, sometimes attaching to unauthenticated stories, of being exaggerated or, it may even be in some cases, fabricated. They are selected from communications sent us by Mrs P——, a lady now living—the sister of a late eminent naturalist, and are exclusively the result of her own observation. 'Having,' she writes, 'now for more than forty-five years made the graceful "Feline" tribe my constant and loved companions,

and objects of study and close observation, I think I may venture to affirm that all the little incidents I am about to relate are strictly true, and what I can personally vouch for. From my childhood, cats were my pets, and I have never found their affection and gratitude fail in one instance.' She first mentions 'a beautiful male white Persian cat named "Ben." I had his mother, so that he was petted and trained from a kitten. His love for me was unbounded; he followed me like a dog, even if I was on my pony; and a severe illness obliging me to leave home for a year, nearly caused his death. He mourned for me, refused his food, and became quite wild and savage, allowing no one to handle him, and always lay on an old dress of mine, which he would suffer no one to remove from him. My mother, by great care and coaxing, induced him to eat a little; but when I returned after a year's absence, he was the shadow of his former self; his soft coat dishevelled, and no longer glossy, and his whole aspect changed. The moment I spoke—indeed, before I spoke, he recognised my step the instant I came into the room—he rushed to me, overwhelmed me with caresses, licked my face and hands, and seemed overpowered with joy. He soon regained his former good looks, and has been my faithful companion for many years. I had at that time eight or nine cats, all faithful and fond, but none so intelligent as Ben.'

The feat of lifting the latch mentioned at page 15 is paralleled, if not outdone, by a magnificent cat now in Mrs P——'s possession. 'He is a dark broad-striped tabby, with black soles to the feet, black lips, and light tufts to the ears, like the Nubian or Egyptian cats brought home by the Prince of Wales. He weighs $16\frac{3}{4}$ lbs, and measures one yard three inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail; he answers to his name, Gyp (as indeed mine all do to their respective names), and can open any door when he wishes. If it is an old-fashioned one, fastening with a latch, he puts his paw on the tip of the latch, and opens it. He will turn a button, and open a cupboard door, but never thieves. More strange still: all the lower room-doors, also the bedrooms, open, as such doors usually do, with a brass knob; Gyp will stand on his hind-legs, take the knob in his paws, and rattle and turn it until he gets it open. He sleeps on a cushion by the fire with the other cats; but about two or three o'clock in the morning, when the fire goes out, and he is cold, he always comes up-stairs, opens the bedroom door, and comes to bed to me, or lies on one of my dresses. While on this topic, I may add the case of a poor little stray kitten I have taken in. It is so fearful of being shut out, that the moment you put it out of doors, it returns, and flies up at the handle, to open it. Another cat my husband knew as a boy, used always to open a cottage-door, clinging with one paw to the handle of the door, and putting the other on the top of the latch.'

Mrs P—— laughs at the idea of its being thought strange for a

cat to know its name. 'Why, I never had one that did not. It is only because people call them "Puss," and never treat them as if they were the sensible, loving animals they are, that they do not always do so. My five cats at present always answer to their several names, and come when called; and if, when they are asleep, I call "Gyp," he looks up, but not one of the others. If I call "Star," or "Lily," or "Tiger," whichever I speak to gives an intelligent look, or a pur of recognition, if too sleepy to move at first, unless I repeat the call. They would follow as well as dogs, were it not for fear of strangers; for are they not always hooted and stoned? My home is in a remarkably secluded situation, close to the river Blythe, amid water-meadows, surrounded by deep ditches, and happily there are no game-preservers near. When I put on my shawl for my evening stroll by the river, the pussies all muster and follow me, and gambol about me—running by my side and before me. They go as far as I do, and return with me. They do the same by my kind husband, who happily likes animals, and indulges me in my tastes; they follow him in the same way into the boat, or anywhere. We have only one neighbour; and if either or both of us go there, particularly if it is night, the cats follow us, and wait outside for our return, and escort us home.'

Mrs P—— gives a still more striking instance of this propensity to follow, in the case of a little tabby cat belonging to one of the coast-guard at the neighbouring village. It 'always follows him on his beat; and all last winter, in quite bitter weather, would not be left at home, but used to go out with him on the beach for nearly two miles, where he had to meet the other man, remain with him all his watch, and return in the morning.

'When we were moving from our former place, twelve miles off, to our present cottage, Gyp, then a young cat, used to ride backwards and forwards with his master and myself in the gig, sitting between us. Now, when we go out for a drive, either or both of us, with our tiny pony, when we return, the cats always come to meet us, and jump up into the gig before almost it stops. If they hear another vehicle approaching, they hide; so they must know the sound of ours.

'It is universally said that cats like places better than persons. Such, indeed, is their nature; but something is also due to the circumstance that they are never treated as rational companions, and in conformity with their delicate refined natures. They do prefer known localities, because of their timid and retiring character; but treat them as they should be treated, and their love for their master or mistress is stronger than their dislike to changes. I have never had any difficulty in removing mine.'

A poor little kitten rescued by Mrs P—— from cruel boys, and brought up by hand, proved a model of affection. 'Her favourite place was on my shoulder; she would lick my face, my hands, and

always knew if I was ill. I am subject to violent headaches at times, which confine me to my bed while they last; Tiny's place was my pillow, and by every gentle endearment did she try to express her sorrow at my pain, and try to soothe it. Another peculiarity of hers was her "philoprogenitiveness." She had the most extraordinary love of kittens; no matter whose they were, she would take, nurse, and mother them. It seemed as if she remembered her own helpless condition. She and my other female cat (who is so shy, and unlike Tiny) had kittens together: Tiny would have all; so the real mother compromised the matter by sharing the cares, and both lay in one basket with the kittens between them. One day Tiny brought home a neighbour's kitten, and brought it up; and some children having called and brought two kittens to look at, Tiny took possession of them, and when they were taken away, actually followed the children some way, to get the kittens again. Now, generally, though such affectionate parents, they do not like other cats' kittens.'

Mrs P—— protests against the current opinion that cats are born thieves. If almost all cats are so in fact, it is 'because they are never properly fed. I can leave my breakfast or dinner table with milk, butter, meat, and the whole five cats in the room, without their ever offering to touch anything. They have their own saucers of milk under the table, which they can go to; and when I give them their proper meals, they come regularly at my call to be fed. They eat nothing raw, or unless quite clean and nicely cut up.

'Cats, it is said, so fed and petted, are not good mousers. Nothing is farther from the truth. When we came to this place, it swarmed with water-rats, and other rats too, out of vessels which come to the small quay; now, you scarcely ever see one. I have known my great Gyp bring in seven or eight of a morning, and the young ones follow in his steps. They have no fear of water, watch along the edge of the ditches, and plunge in after the water-rats. They will catch shrew-mice too, which cats generally will not touch. My neighbour's cat has not half the heart to attack its prey, though left, as cats usually are, to find its living as it can. One summer evening, we were, along with some friends, on the green close to our little cottage, when Gyp presented himself with a great rat in his mouth, and set it down in the centre of the green for the younger cats. One of them, quite a kitten, attacked it, but got bitten, and shrank back. Gyp walked gravely into the ring, lifted his paw, knocked down the rat, and then retired, as much as to say: "There; I have shewn you how to proceed; go on." And so they did: the young pussies finished him. Poor Tiger, the young kitten who attacked the rat, grew, without exception, to be the handsomest cat I ever saw: he was dark, narrow-striped like a tiger, with a beautiful ringed, black-tipped tail; and he was a "Tiger" to all but me. Rats he used to bring to my feet —great ones. He would sit at the window and look out, and I knew in a moment if a stranger came in sight; he would growl and set up

his back, notwithstanding that he was so loving to me, and so intelligent. Having had the misfortune to break his leg, he suffered me to set it and bind it up without any resistance. I grieve to say somebody stole or killed him, I fear for his splendid skin. I have a son of his, a young Tiger; he is a handsome, intelligent cat, but nothing to equal his father. One thing, however, I must tell you about him, which proves that cats know what you say—a faculty usually denied them. I comb my cats every day; the others don't dislike it, but that is all; they submit; but Tiger delights in it. If I comb one of the others first, he pushes himself in between; and if he sees me combing my own hair, he comes, and by all his arts begs to share in the operation. And at any time if I say: "Come, where is Tiger's comb?" and put my hand towards where I keep it, he will come running, and jump up to my hand, and ask as plainly as he can for what he wishes.

'As a proof that cats also know time as well as dogs, I may mention the case of a cat belonging to the same coast-guardsman already spoken of. Having been brought up as a kitten with his children, it was devotedly attached to one of his little boys, and when the child was at school, it always knew when it was four o'clock in the afternoon; and if they did not let it out at the door, would have flown through the window, to go up the lane, more than half a mile, to meet him returning from school.'

According to Mrs P——, it is owing to the refined and sensitive organisation of the cat, that its capability of attachment to persons has been so commonly denied. Its affection is a kind of hot-house plant; the least harsh usage, like ungenial weather, checks it in the bud. 'There is something refined and delicate in the love and affection of a cat; a harsh word, an unkind action, is enough to break their hearts, they are so sensitive. There is always to me a coarseness in the dog's affection; harsh words, blows even, do not seem to affect them much: it is not so with the Felinæ; their organisation and their feelings are more delicate. They are also retiring and secretive, and are shy in manifesting their affection, except when alone with those they trust. Nor is it mere cupboard love, as is often said; I will engage to make a cat love me without feeding. In any house I frequently enter, if there is a cat, it soon knows me, and takes to me. I never give my cats away, for fear of their having unhappy homes; but I have made one exception in the case of a neighbouring gardener here, who is fond of cats; he has had one of my cats from a kitten, and it knows his footstep, nay, more, his ring at the door-bell, or his knock at the door. If asleep on his master's chair, he jumps up the moment he hears either, although he does not stir if another person rings or knocks. This fact I vouch for.'

Long and careful observation has made Mrs P—— and her husband firm believers in the powers commonly ascribed to the cat

of forecasting the weather. 'No barometer can foretell changes of weather better than they do; I never fail to know what is coming; it is now blowing and raining, as I said it would do twenty-four hours ago. When the pussies fly about and jump and play, it is a sure sign of wind; if they wash their faces, and lick their feet much, there will always be rain or snow before long; if there is a great deal of electricity in their fur when you stroke or comb them—if it crackles and sparkles—then be sure, if it is summer, there will be a thunder-storm; if winter, severe frost, hail, and stormy weather. No doubt it is their extreme sensitiveness of constitution that makes them so easily affected by changes in the atmosphere.'

The following incident, shewing remarkable sagacity in a cat, was brought to light at an inquest held, April 1869, at Hartlepool, on the body of Isabella Joyce, who met her death by drowning in the sea. The deceased, who was in her twenty-eighth year, had been living with a brother-in-law, named Charles Dent, a fitter. She left the house about nine o'clock on Tuesday night, saying that she was going into the yard, and as she did not return, her sister searched for her at some neighbours' houses, but without result; and an hour later, when her husband came in from work, they renewed the search—at first without result; but as they were re-entering their home, a favourite cat manifested peculiar evidences of affection towards Mrs Dent, and then ran off towards the sea—the cat all the way now and again returning to caress her mistress, as if to encourage her forward. They both followed their feline guide, who soon brought them to the object of their search, lying just on the brink of the waves, the sea washing over her.

THE RAT.

ALTHOUGH not a domestic animal in the sense that the cat is, yet the rat is intimately associated with man—more intimately, in fact, than is pleasant. Whatever man does, it has been observed, rat always takes part in the proceeding; whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, storing a stackyard or a pantry, or planting a distant colony; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that 'flitted too.'

There are a great many species of rats, but the only two found in Europe are the Black Rat (*Mus rattus*) and the Brown Rat (*Mus decumanus*). What is called the water-rat is not properly a rat at all; it is more nearly allied to the beavers, and its right name is the water-vole. Widely spread and numerous as rats now are everywhere, their appearance in Europe took place in modern times.

Both species appear to be natives of the central parts of Asia, where other nearly allied species are also found. The black rat found its way to Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century; the brown rat first appeared at Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and reached Britain and the rest of Western Europe about the middle of the century. The Jacobites of Britain were accustomed to delight themselves with the notion that it came with the House of Hanover, and chose to call it the *Hanoverian Rat*. It also received the name of *Norway Rat*, from a belief, unquestionably erroneous, that it was introduced from Norway, a country which it did not reach until long after it was fully established in Britain.

These two species are like one another, and very similar in their habits. The brown rat is the larger and more powerful of the two, and has waged war against the other with such success as to cause its total, or almost total, disappearance from many places where it was once very abundant; so that in many parts of Britain, where the black rat was once plentiful and troublesome, it would now be difficult, perhaps impossible, to obtain a single specimen. Rats, when pressed by hunger, do not scruple to devour the weaker even of their own kind. The extirpation of the black rat does not, however, always follow from the introduction of the brown rat, each probably finding situations more particularly suited to itself. In their native regions, they exist together; and in some parts of Europe the black rat is still the more plentiful of the two. Both infest ships, and are thus conveyed to the most distant parts of the world, some of them getting ashore at every port, and establishing new colonies, so that they are now common—and particularly the brown rat—almost wherever commerce extends.

The disappearance of the black rat before the brown, has been accounted for by a difference in their habits, conjoined with a change which has been gradually taking place in the circumstances of their existence. The black rat is hardly a burrowing animal, and in old-fashioned country houses used to live chiefly in holes of the thatch or turf, of which the roofs in those days were usually formed. The brown rat, on the other hand, burrows deep in the earth, and often seeks security for its nest beneath the very foundation-stones of houses. The quantity of earth, stones, and rubbish which they will cast up in forming one of these dens of refuge, is quite incredible; and it often seems impossible to eradicate them without taking down the wall. Their habits lead them also to take refuge in the sewers of towns, the drains made under gentlemen's houses, and other concealed places, particularly where there is foul water. The female occasionally brings forth nineteen at a litter.

In the style of building now generally adopted, and which extends even to the meanest farm-offices, there are none of those thatched roofs, stone and turf walls, or clay cottages, which were the favourite

haunts of the black rat; and this species is therefore deprived of almost every resource for lodging. The same circumstance which has had this effect has been favourable to the accommodation of their congeners, the brown rat, who find additional sewers, drains, and conduits of water in every new erection, and who avail themselves instantly of them all to find lodging for their numberless progeny. This circumstance, together with the astonishing fertility of the brown rat, has decided the fate of the two races. We have thus an illustration of the Darwinian theory, that in the struggle for existence the possession of the field remains with the plant or animal best fitted to maintain itself on it.

Since the irruption of the browns, they have had a century and a half in which to increase and multiply, and have carried out that injunction at such a rate, that a rat-census for 1870 would make rather an alarming blue-book. The females breed at three months old, live in a state of polygamy, add to the vermin population five or six times in the year, and produce eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes as many as eighteen young in a litter. It has been calculated that in three years there will spring no less than six hundred and fifty-one thousand rats from a single pair.

The voracity of rats is no less remarkable than their fecundity. Their taste is universal; nothing comes amiss to their palate. Their love for free-trade in corn makes it necessary to floor our Thames granaries with concrete and glass, and panoply their walls in sheet-iron. They swarm in the sewers near the slaughter-houses, for the sake of the offal; they undermine stacks of cheeses in warehouses, often falling victims to their unskilful engineering, by being crushed by them. To the careful housewife, rats are a perpetual annoyance; supping off her best yellow or mottled soap, making light of her moulds and dips, defying her to save her bacon, or preserve her jams and pastry, poaching her eggs, licking her butter, dipping their tails in flasks of oil, and even devouring boots and shoes. In spring, the country rat, forsaking the stack in which he has been snugly housed during the winter, takes to the fields; he burrows like the rabbit, and makes cruel war upon young leverets and game of all kinds. Not content with eating his fill of grain in the fields, he lays by a store for future use. With the arrival of autumn, the majority of barn-rats return to their old homes; some, however, prefer the wild life of the woods, and become regular poachers.

The wholesale larceny with which the rat is too justly charged, is criminal enough, in all conscience, but worse remains behind. He has been known to make a meal of the fingers and toes of a living baby. There is one dish that is more tempting to the rat's palate than any other, and for which he will desert anything else in the eatable world, and that is, a defunct relative. Should two rats agree to settle their differences by a mortal combat, their friends and

acquaintances look on as complacently as distinguished amateurs contemplate a fight for the championship. But immediately the affair is concluded by the death of one of the combatants, the spectators break up the ring, and incontinently set upon victor and vanquished, and eat them up then and there. Woe, too, to any unfortunate meeting with an accident, or becoming infirm, for he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, instead of its being a proof of his resolution in preferring to leave a limb behind rather than remain in captivity, the chances are that some of his kith and kin have eaten him alive. In consequence of this propensity for cannibalism, when Mrs Rat becomes a mother, she is obliged to hide her offspring, lest papa or some old gentleman of his acquaintance should make his dinner of them, which he would certainly do if he found them unprotected.

When rats once establish themselves in a ship, it is next to impossible to dislodge them. When the plague becomes intolerable, suffocation is had recourse to; the hatches are closed, and the hold is filled with the fumes of sulphur or of charcoal; steam is sometimes used. We have heard of an American captain who adopted a very ingenious but less creditable plan. Having been almost eaten up by these creatures in his ship for some years, he took an opportunity one voyage, after delivering his cargo in Holland, to lay a plank from his own vessel to that of a countryman, who had just finished loading a cargo of cheese; the greedy sagacity of the rats led them instantly to discover the communication, and before morning next day, there was not one of them remaining in his ship. By removing the plank, he of course took care they should not resume their old quarters; and so by a cruel trick he rid himself of this voracious colony of rats.

In justice to an object of such universal dislike, it is but fair to mention the good qualities of the rat. He is not quite devoid of all feeling and affection; both Mr Jesse and Mr Cotton attest having seen blind rats being led by their companions to a place of security. Nor are instances rare of the rat becoming tame, and shewing its attachment to those who pet and fondle it. An interesting case of this kind is given in the Memoirs of M. de La Tude, of whose cruel detention for thirty-five years in the Bastille and other prisons, an account will be found in another number of this series.

'For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food and lodging in my straw. Sometimes, when I was asleep, they ran across my face, and more than once, by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them.

'The dungeons of the Bastille are octagonal; the one where I was confined had a loophole two feet and a half above the floor. On

the inside, it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside wall it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loophole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy: the stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair and table. When tired of reclining on a foul and infected pallet, I dragged myself to the loophole to imbibe a little fresh air. To lighten the weight of my chains, I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loophole; I called him to me; he looked at me, without shewing any fear; I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached, took the bread, went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece: I flung him another, but at a less distance; a third, nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him: for, after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day he came again. I treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread; for this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

'I have no idea where his dwelling-place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me; he discovered, on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose; he examined them both, and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day, for the first time, he came to sleep there. The following morning he paid me a very early visit: I gave him his breakfast; when he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw no more of him till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw, as soon as he had issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat; she seemed much more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however, at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and seized what I threw half-way towards her. Sometimes she quarrelled with the male, and when she proved either stronger or more skilful, ran back to the hole, carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened, the male rat crept close up to me for consolation, and, to revenge himself on the other, ate what I gave him too far from the hole for her to venture to dispute it with him, but always pretending to exhibit his prize, as if in bravado. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the meat or bread between his fore-paws, like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of defiance.

'One day, the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out, and seized between her teeth the morsel which the other was beginning to munch. Neither would let go, and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female, who was the nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved, by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the bustle of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasure I derived from such a trifling source, but there are sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

'When my dinner was brought in, I called my companions: the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who in the course of a week brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me, from the dish or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally, I threw them a piece of meat scalding hot: the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; whilst the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize. Sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

'There was among them a female whom I had christened Rapino-Hirondelle, on account of her agility. I took great pleasure in making her jump; and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others, that she never condescended to take what I held up for them; she placed herself in the attitude of a dog pointing at game—allowed one of the rats to spring at the morsel offered to him, and at the moment when he seized it, would dart forward, and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unlucky for him if she missed her spring; for then she invariably seized him by the neck with her teeth, as sharp as needles; the other, yelling with pain, would leave his prey at the mercy of Rapino-Hirondelle, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

'With these simple and innocent occupations, I contrived, for two years, to divert my mind from constantly brooding over my miseries;

and now and then I surprised myself in a sensation of positive enjoyment. A bountiful Deity had no doubt created this solace for me; and when I gave myself up to it, in those happy moments, the world disappeared. I thought no longer of men and their barbarities but as a dream. My intellectual horizon was bounded by the walls of my prison; my senses, my reason, and my imagination were centered within that narrow compass. I found myself in the midst of a family who loved and interested me; why, then, should I wish to transport myself back into another hemisphere, where I had met with nothing but oppressors and executioners.'

SAGACITY OF RATS.

In the indulgence of their predilection for eggs, rats display great judgment. It would appear almost impossible for them to carry off such fragile spoil without breakage, but they do contrive to do so. If the theft is achieved without a confederate, the rat stretches out its fore-leg underneath the egg, steadies it above with its cheek, and hops away cautiously upon three legs. To convey an egg from the bottom to the top of a house is a still more difficult affair, and probably an impossibility for a single rat to perform. With the aid of a partner, the operation is thus managed: the male rat stands upon his head, and lifts up the egg with his hind-legs; the female taking it thence in her fore-paws, secures it till her lord ascends a step higher; and so they proceed from stair to stair, till their booty is deposited safely in their hole. A London pastry-cook had some fine eggs which he prized highly, but the number of which was mysteriously diminished night after night. Suspicion of course fell upon the domestics. One of them, a maid-servant, hearing one night a noise on the stairs, stole out on the landing, fancying she might be fortunate enough to detect the egg-pilferer. She was not mistaken, although she was considerably astonished at discovering who the real offenders were. She saw two rats, one larger than the other, busily engaged in carrying the cherished eggs down-stairs, and felt too interested in watching their proceedings to think of disturbing them. The big rat stood on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws and head resting on the step above; the lady-rat rolled the egg gently towards her spouse; clasping it gently, but firmly, he lifted it carefully on the step upon which he stood, holding it there until she came and took charge of it, when he descended a step lower; till the clever pair reached the lowermost floor with their prize uninjured.

The following we have on the authority of an eye-witness. Our informant observed several of them one morning gathered about a hen's nest where there were some eggs; and imagining that they intended in some way to make these their prey, or perhaps to carry them off, as they are frequently said to do, he resolved to watch their motions: in a short time he saw one of them lay himself down

beside an egg, where, folding his body round it lengthwise, he held it as firm as he could; after which, the better to secure his grasp, he took his tail between his teeth; the others then approached, and, seizing him by the neck, fairly dragged off the rat and the egg together.

We know a gentleman who, in the summer of 1867, took quarters for his family for two months in a country manse. The first night of their arrival, various stores—rice, eggs, butter, loaves of bread, &c. —were left exposed in the kitchen; in the morning, everything had utterly disappeared. A few days after, our friend, who is a fisher, brought home upwards of two dozen of good trout. The lid of the basket was fastened with a padlock; and the whole was left standing on the kitchen floor. In the morning, the usual oblong hole in the lid was found gnawed into something of a round shape (we have seen it as the rats left it), and the trouts were gone—not a fin left. The basket would not have held enough rats at once to eat the fish; had they waited and each taken a turn? or had a slim rat entered and handed, or *mouthed* out the trouts to the others?

Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, relates the following anecdote, which he had from a person of the strictest veracity, who was a witness of the fact: 'A box containing some bottles of Florence oil was placed in a storeroom which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil, and the mouth of them secured as before. The next morning, the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching the room, which was done through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box and insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, they licked off the oil which adhered to them.'

What follows is illustrative both of the sagacity and courage of the rat. A medical friend of Mr Jesse's 'having entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal *of such slow locomotive powers*, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to await patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and, with the most prompt decision, took up his

station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of pugilists) the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

'The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently shewed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy: the strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicted another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained.

'In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued with the greatest energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat; whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of and grasping his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

'The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself

in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.'

Many stories are told of rats migrating from places on the eve of danger; but they are seldom authenticated as they ought to be. In the following instance, this property is averred to have been shewn both by rats and a cat; and we consider the authentication to have been all that could be wished. At four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of October 1854, the mill of Peebles was found on fire, and it was completely burned down. Two hours before the conflagration, a man passing the neighbouring bridge over the Tweed observed a moving mass of something which appeared to him like a shoal of salmon taking a stream, and the sight was accompanied by a pattering as of small feet. He considered the mystery as cleared up next morning, when the mill was burned, and four stacks in a field near the far end of the bridge were found to have been taken possession of by a huge colony of rats! Eighteen months before, a female cat, declining to accompany its owner's family to another part of the town, and not choosing to remain with a new family in the house in which it had hitherto lived, volunteered itself as an inmate of the mill, where it had since remained, notwithstanding many attempts of its original owner to wile it to his new home. Invariably, when left free—even though one of her kittens was used as a decoy—she left his house, and returned to the mill. On the evening before the burning, and fully seven hours before it took place, she came up to her old master as he was standing with some friends on the street, accosted him with friendly rubbings on his ankles, and contentedly accompanied him on his return to his house, from which she never after attempted to remove.

EXTIRPATION OF RATS.

It has been calculated that, at the very moderate allowance of a wine-glassful of wheat a day for each, a thousand rats will consume nearly three hundred pounds worth a year. At this rate, what a bill of damages the agricultural and other produce destroyed in this way all over the United Kingdom would exhibit! How to extirpate, or, at all events, abate this wasteful nuisance, becomes thus a matter of serious import both individually and nationally. In a handbook on *The Rat*, by James Rodwell (Routledge & Co.), this subject is entered into at large, and a great variety of expedients are described; we can only give a few of the more general suggestions. For farm-steadings and large establishments, it is common to employ professional rat-catchers. When this is done, the man employed should get a sufficient yearly retaining fee, and not be

called in for an occasional battue. If you tell him that you have no rats now, and therefore do not need his services more, he will take care that before six months are past you shall have plenty. He can lure the rats from all the farms round about on to yours, so that soon you will be swarming alive. Rat-catchers are popularly believed to have some mysterious power of bewitching rats. The charms in common use we are told are four—'namely, a red herring, some old rags, a small bottle of the oil of aniseed, and a calf's tail. These are the witches! and the method of using them is simply thus: If you prefer the red herring, all you have to do is to tie it by the tail with a piece of string; but be careful to handle it as little as possible. Then, after dark, when all is quiet, just trail it on the ground round the barn or rick where the rats are, and then strike off, trailing it all the way to the place where you wish them to go, and there leave it; or, if you know the place where they drink, it is only necessary to trail it across their path to the place you would have them go, and that will have the same effect. The consequence is, when the rats come out to drink at the nearest pond, ditch, or river, they will catch the scent of the herring; off they will go, nosing it all the way like hounds; and when there, it is a hundred to one they do not go back, but quietly take up their abode where they are. This method of drawing them mostly proves successful; but either of the others I think better, which is, to fasten a string to the old rags or calf's tail; then pour some of the oil of aniseed upon them, and trail them the same as the herring to the place where you wish the rats should go.'

The principal agents in the destruction of rats are ferrets, dogs, traps, nets, and poisons; but the last should never be used where the others are available. The work should be set about in earnest, and a vigorous effort made at the outset. 'With ferrets, dogs, sticks, traps, and guns, kill all you can, and poison the remainder.' In setting a trap of whatever kind, never touch trap or bait with naked hands, as the scent has a repelling effect. The trap should be made clean with brush and water; then the bait—which may be a piece of cheese, herring, liver, or bacon—should be toasted on a fork, and put into the trap without touching it with the fingers. The trap itself should be handled only with a thick glove scented with two or three drops of the oil of aniseed. It improves the bait to put a single drop of the oil on a piece of writing-paper, and rub the bait on it; more than one drop would make it smell rank. If, while baiting a trap, you rub your hands from time to time with a handful of oatmeal scented with three or four drops of this oil, you may dispense with gloves, and even render the trap more attractive.

Of poisons for the destruction of rats, the most usual is arsenic, and one of the simplest ways of using it is as follows: At first put slices of bread and butter, sprinkled with lump-sugar, from time to time, near their holes or haunts; and then, when they have come to

devour this readily, sprinkle it with arsenic as well as sugar. With all precautions, however, the danger of accidents from arsenic is so great that it ought to be abandoned, and recourse had to phosphoric poisons, which human beings instantly detect by their smell. The following recipe is highly recommended: 'Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged in water heated to about 150° Fahrenheit; introduce into it half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard; then add a pint of proof-spirit or whisky; cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been heated to 150°; take it at the same time out of the water, and agitate smartly, till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, forming a milky-looking liquid. The liquid, being cooled, will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again; for none of it enters into the combination, but merely serves to comminute the phosphorus, and diffuse it in very fine particles through the lard.

'This compound, on being warmed very gently, may be poured out into a mixture of wheat-flour and sugar, incorporated therewith, and then flavoured with the oil of rhodium or not, at pleasure. The flavour may be varied with the oil of aniseed. This dough being made into pellets, is to be laid in the rat-holes. By its luminousness in the dark, it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. They soon are seen issuing from their lurking-places, in quest of water to quench their burning thirst, and they commonly die near the water. They continue to eat it as long as it is offered to them, without being deterred by the fate of their fellows, as is known to be the case with arsenical doses.'

THE SUN.*

I. THE SUN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

OUR glorious luminary, the fountain of light and heat, and the source of all our energy, without whose beams the earth would be a frozen wilderness, is a star—the star nearest to us. Our earth, on the other hand, is one of many planets which, like so many children of the sun, depend upon him for everything; and these planets pursue their regulated courses round the central luminary at different distances. We may readily believe that very many other stars are thus accompanied.

Now, just as it is necessary, in order to get an idea of the earth's place in nature, to compare its mass, motions, &c. in the solar system with those proper to other planets, so, in order to gain an idea of the sun's place in nature, it is necessary to find out his position among the stars, and all those characteristics which distinguish him now from one and now from another among his compeers in the host of heaven. First, then, as to his position among the stars.

Imagine yourself carried away from earth and sun to the very confines of the visible universe. Gradually, as you are being carried along, the sun will grow dim in the distance; and probably, in your journey, you will in turn come near other suns, whose brilliancy will far surpass that of the luminary you had left behind. But on you will speed, until a time will come at which the last star of our galaxy will appear to have been left behind; and from this moment these stars will all appear to close up, until your eye, in the depths of space, will be enabled to regard our star system as a whole. You will see a cluster of stars of curious form, round and flat like a disc, with its edge very irregular, and doubled or split for about one-half of its circumference.

Such, then, would you find our own peculiar universe or firmament, the position of our sun in it being very near the centre of the disc, where the two surfaces, so to speak, begin to fork. The appearance of the galaxy is represented in fig. 1, where S denotes the place of the sun.†

* By Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., and J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S.

† These remarks are based on the researches of Sir William Herschel. They have, however, been called in question.

Astronomers have evidence that, compared with the other stars, our sun is by no means to be looked upon as either a large or a bright one. There is, for instance, reason to believe that Sirius is much larger than it. But although we cannot speak with certainty on the absolute quantity of light emitted by the sun as compared with other stars, the relative amount which reaches us

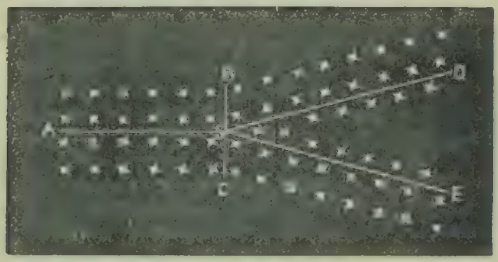


Fig. 1.

has been calculated with some approach to accuracy; thus α Lyræ gives us 10,000,000,000 less light than our sun does; and this brings us at once to another consideration. The light which reaches the eye from a luminous object varies with its distance; and α Lyræ, for instance, would give us as much light as the sun if it were as near, but it is more than a million times farther off; and, generally speaking, the distances of the stars from the earth, and therefore from the sun, are so inconceivably great, that the only wonder is that we can see them at all, not that they appear so faint and so different from our own luminary.

The earth travels round the sun once a year at a distance of 91,000,000 miles, more or less; and across this space light travels in eight and a half minutes, going, as we know, at the rate of 186,000 miles in one second of time. What, then, compared with this distance, is the distance from the sun to the nearest fixed star? Astronomers have been able to answer this question. If we take the average distance from, say, a dozen of the brightest stars in the sky, we find it to be such, that light travelling at the speed we have mentioned, would require fifteen and a half years to reach the sun, or what amounts nearly to the same thing, our earth! and this period is gradually increased for the fainter stars, until we reach the fearful one of 3500 years for the faintest.

Our readers ought by this time to have a pretty good idea of the sun's place in our universe: a word now as to its weight and size. When once we have determined the distance of a thing, it is easy to find its real size from its apparent size—that is, the angle it subtends at the eye in seconds of arc. It forms no part of our present

intention to shew how the sun's distance has been measured, as the proceeding is complicated, and requires a detailed statement, although the method adopted is merely the extension of that used by an ordinary land-surveyor, who measures the breadth of a river which he cannot cross, or the distance of a tower which he cannot reach. We may, however, give the simple proportion by which the sun's diameter is determined when the distance and angular diameter are known, for the distance is nothing more nor less than the radius of the circle on which the angle is measured. There are 1,296,000 seconds of arc in an entire circumference; there are, therefore, $\frac{1,296,000}{3.1416}$ seconds in that part of the circumference equal to the diameter, and $\frac{1,296,000}{3.1416 \times 2} = 206,265''$ in that part of the circumference equal to the radius; so that we have—The diameter of the body in miles : the distance in miles : : the angular diameter : 206,265″. Now, the diameter of the sun, at the earth's mean distance, is a trifle over 32′—that is, a little over half a degree, so that we have 206,265″ : 91,000,000 miles : : 1920″ : 842,702. More accurately, it is 852,584 miles.

Having, then, this diameter, we can determine the size or volume of the sun; it is 1,200,000 times greater than our earth. Thanks to Newton's universal law of gravitation, we can determine his weight or mass from the motions of the planets around him, their orbits being curved because they are continually being deflected from a straight path by the action of the sun's attraction, just as a projectile shot from a cannon is deflected from its straight path by the action of the earth's attraction. In this way it has been found that the *weight* or *mass* of the sun is 300,000 times greater than that of our earth. Here, then, it is at once evident that the materials of which the sun is built up are lighter, bulk for bulk, than those of which our earth is composed, for, otherwise, being 1,200,000 times as large, it would be 1,200,000 times as heavy; but as it is only 300,000 times as heavy, it follows that, bulk for bulk, it is only one-quarter as dense $\left(\frac{300,000}{1,200,000} = \frac{1}{4}\right)$ as the earth. We shall shew further on how this great lightness may probably be accounted for.

Our account of the sun would be incomplete did we not refer to the system of bodies which revolve round it, including the earth. We find *planets*—of which the Earth is one—differing greatly in size, and situated at various distances from the sun. We find again a ring of little planets, clustering in one part of the system, called *asteroids*, or *minor planets:* and we already know of at least two masses or rings of smaller planets still, some of them so small that they weigh but a few grains; these give rise to the appearances called *meteors*, *bolides*, or *shooting-stars*. We find also *comets*, some of which break in, as it were, upon us from all parts of space, and then, passing round our sun, rush back again; we find others so

Fig. 2.—General Sketch of the Solar System.

little erratic that they may be looked upon as members of the solar household. We have then

Eight large Planets, as follow, in the order of distance from the sun: 1. Mercury; 2. Venus; 3. EARTH; 4. Mars; 5. Jupiter; 6. Saturn; 7. Uranus; 8. Neptune.

One hundred and six small Planets revolving round the sun, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

Meteoric bodies, which at times approach near the earth's orbit, and occasionally reach the earth's surface.

Comets.

The Zodiacal Light.—A ring of apparently nebulous matter, the exact nature and position of which in the system are not yet determined.

Let us next inquire into the various *distances* of the planets from the sun, bearing in mind, that as the orbits are elliptical, the planets are sometimes nearer to the sun than at other times. The average or mean distances are as follow; the *sizes* and *times of revolution* are also given:

	Distance in Miles.	Diameter in Miles.	Period of Revolution round the Sun. D. H. M.
Mercury.....	35,393,000	2,962	87 23 15
Venus.....	66,130,000	7,510	224 16 48
EARTH.....	91,430,000	7,901	365 6 9
Mars.....	139,312,000	4,000	686 23 31
Jupiter.....	475,693,000	85,390	4,332 14 2
Saturn.....	872,135,000	71,904	10,759 5 16
Uranus.....1,752,851,000		33,024	30,686 17 21
Neptune.....2,746,271,000		36,620	60,118 0 0

Such, then, is the sun and his system, taken as a whole—a point of view not to be passed over in any general description of the sun. We now pass on to the telescopic appearance of the great central luminary.

II. WHAT THE SUN IS LIKE.

Having now got an idea of the sun's place in the universe, and his size, mass, and density, compared with our own earth, we may begin to scrutinise him somewhat more closely. One of the first triumphs of the telescope was the discovery of spots in the sun—a discovery which sent a thrill through the world of schoolmen, for they imagined that the fundamental Aristotelian doctrine of the immutability and incorruptibility of the heavens was thereby contravened. It is doubtful whether this discovery is to be attributed to the great Galileo, or to Fabricius, or even to our own countryman Harriot; it is certain, however, that they observed sun-spots about the years 1610 and 1611. It is not surprising that the strangest explanations of these curious solar phenomena were hazarded in those early times with the imperfect instruments then

in use. It was at length, however, suspected by Galileo that they really belonged to the sun, and were not planets revolving

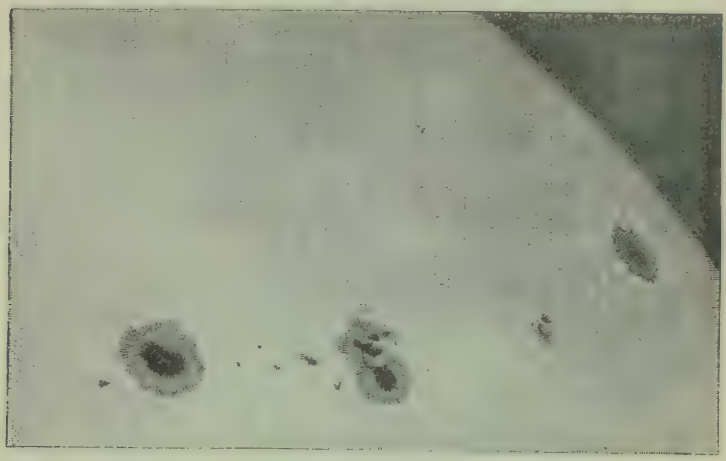


Fig. 3.—General Telescopic Appearance of the Sun, shewing spots and faculæ.

round him; and from their motions he at once inferred that the sun turned on his axis like our own earth—some 25 days or so being required for a complete rotation. It needed, however, a period of

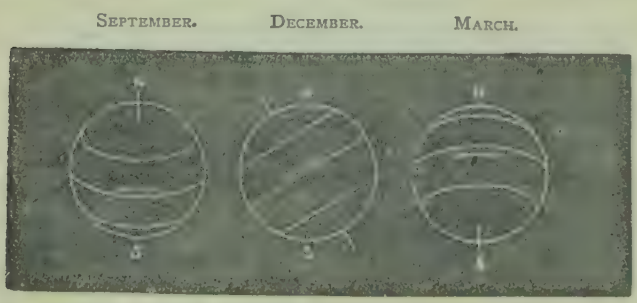


Fig. 4.—Position of the Sun's Axis, and apparent paths of the spots across the disc, as seen from the Earth at different times of the year. The arrows shew the direction in which the sun turns round.

150 years to make any great step in advance on the work done by Galileo and his contemporaries, and this step we owe to Dr Wilson of Glasgow, who in the year 1769 shewed it to be very probable

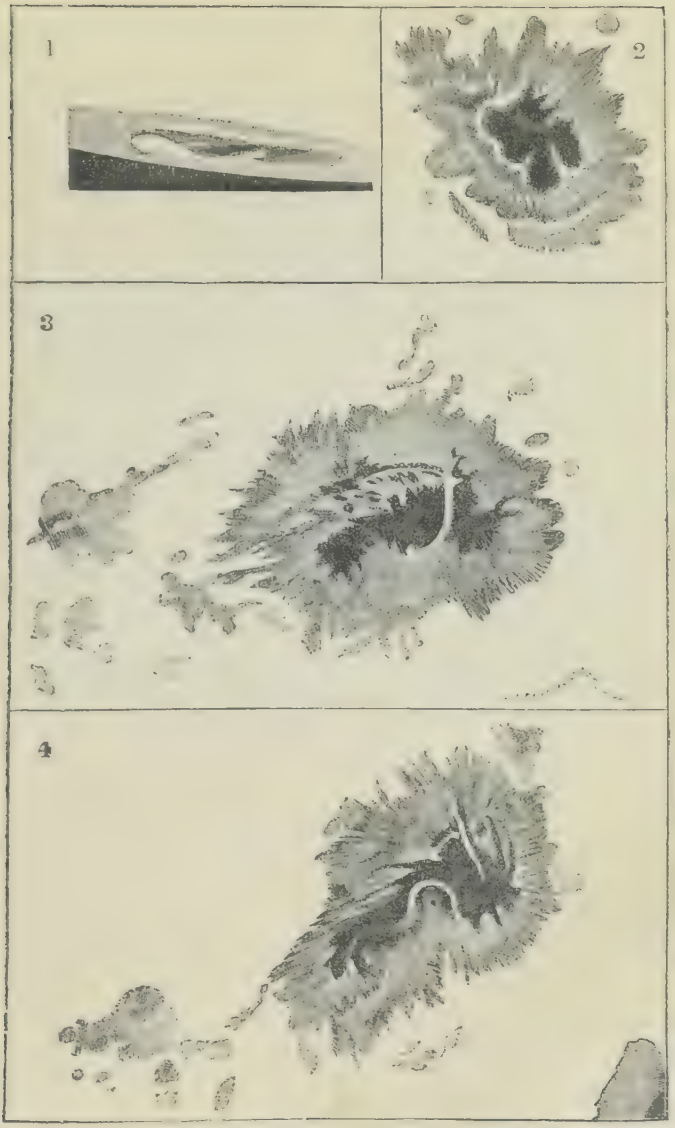


Fig. 5.—Sun-spots (the great sun-spot of 1865): 1. The spot entering the sun's disc, October 7 (foreshortened view). 2. October 10. 3. October 14, central view, shewing the formation of a bridge, and the nucleus. 4. October 16.

that the spots were really cavities in the sun's outer shining surface, which is called the *photosphere*. This proof was based upon the change of appearance which a spot undergoes when seen near the sun's edge, called in astronomical language the *limb*, and when seen near the centre of the sun's disc; for it will readily be perceived that, owing to the sun's rotation, a spot first appears at one side, then travels across the visible disc, and finally disappears at the other side. Now, when we observe a spot in the centre of the sun, what we generally see is this: in the centre of the spot, a more or less regular patch of blackness, called the *umbra*, or shade; and surrounding this, and separating the umbra from the photosphere, a half-tone, called the *penumbra*. Sometimes in the umbra we get a still darker shade, called the *nucleus*, and surrounding the penumbra are often masses brighter than the general surface of the photosphere, which are called *faculæ* (Latin, torches).

When, however, a spot is seen close to the border or limb of the sun, we only see the *penumbra* on the side farther from the centre. Now, it is only possible to explain these appearances by supposing the umbra of a spot to be nearer the sun's centre than the penumbra; and if our readers will take the trouble to look a common flower-pot or any similar object full in the face, and then look along the top of it sideways, first on one side of them, then on the other, they will see the force of this reasoning. The truth of Wilson's observations has been since abundantly confirmed by an examination of Mr De La Rue's solar photographs taken at Kew.

Spots are regions of incessant change; sometimes in a day we may observe changes taking place which must have resulted from movements of almost incredible velocity, and, indeed, very careful observations reveal changes of less magnitude from hour to hour; and when we recollect that spots 50,000 miles across are not uncommon, and that, with our most powerful telescopes, we can only see what is going on as if the sun were situated some 180,000 miles away, we at once recognise that changes, to be seen at all, must be of a stupendous magnitude, to judge by our planetary standard.

From the spots we next come to the general surface. In a good telescope, the faculæ, which, as we have already stated, often surround a spot, are seen to be irregularly distributed all over the sun, appearing most distinctly when near the limb. The whole solar surface, including the faculæ, but excluding, of course, the spots, appears to be coarsely mottled, and to be made up of bright roundish patches with soft edges, sprinkled, without any approach to regularity, on a less luminous background. These roundish patches, when they are observed near a spot and in the penumbra, are seen to be drawn out as if by currents (like our clouds sometimes); and one is driven to the conclusion that the photosphere of the sun is really of a cloudy nature.

In what has gone before, we have merely alluded to the sun as

usually seen ; but there are other occasions—precious moments for the astronomer—when the sun is eclipsed, when the dark body of

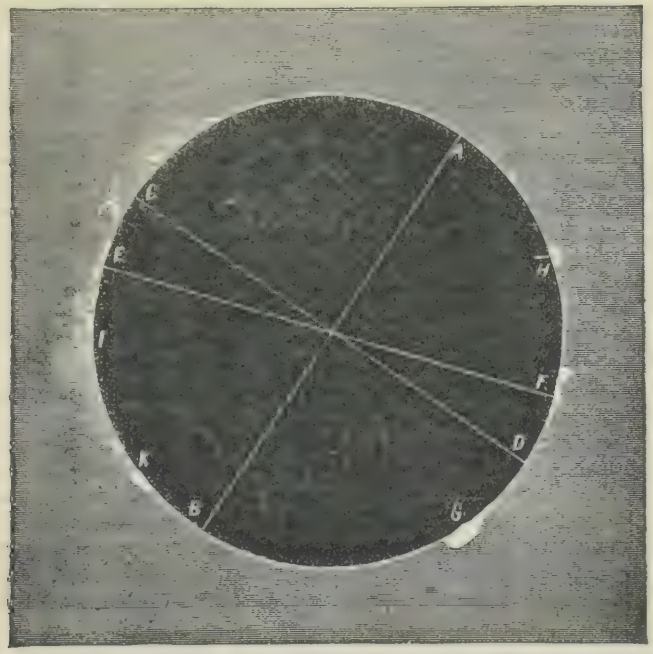


Fig. 6.—Total Eclipse : the Eclipse observed in America, August 1869.

the moon, interposed between us and the sun, cuts off all his light, and allows our eyes to observe his surroundings. 'A total eclipse of the sun is at once one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring sights it is possible for man to witness. All nature conspires to make it strange and unearthly. The sky first grows of a livid, or purple, or yellowish crimson colour, which gradually darkens, and the colour appears to run over large portions of the sky, irrespective of the clouds : the sea turns lurid red ; and finally the moon's shadow sweeps across the surface of the earth, and is even seen in the air ; all sense of distance is lost ; the faces of men assume a livid hue ; flowers close, cocks crow, the animal world sharing in the general excitement. Soon the stars burst out, and surrounding the dark moon on all sides is seen a glorious halo, generally of a silver-white light : this is called the *corona*. It is slightly radiated in structure, and extends sometimes beyond the moon to a distance equal to her diameter. Besides this, rays of light, called *aigrettes*, diverge from the moon's edge, and appear to be shining through the light of the

corona. . . . . When the totality has commenced, apparently close to the edge of the moon, and therefore within the corona, are observed fantastically shaped masses, full lake-red, fading into rose-pink, variously called red flames and red prominences.' This quotation (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1868, page 254) will give our readers a good idea of the eclipse teachings; their importance, and the great additions to our knowledge which have lately been gained by means of them, will come out fully in the next division of our subject; we shall in this content ourselves with a notice of the way in which the fact that they are really solar appendages has grown upon us.

The halo of light called the corona seems to have been observed from the earliest times, but our knowledge of the existence of the red prominences only dates from 1706, when they were seen by a Captain Stannyan at Bern; and they were at first attributed to the effect of a mirage produced by the moon's atmosphere. In the years 1842 and 1851, however, very careful observations of them were made by many astronomers in the total eclipses which happened in those years, the first in Italy and the south of France, the last in Sweden.

The observers seem to have been entranced with the exceeding beauty of these strange objects, which were likened in colour to that of the Alps illuminated by the setting sun, and of peach blossom, and in shape to such objects as 'cimeters' and boomerangs. In the latter eclipse, Mr Airy detected, besides the higher prominences, a lower level (scarlet in colour), which he termed a 'sierra.' This was situated along the sun's edge, where it was just covered by the edge

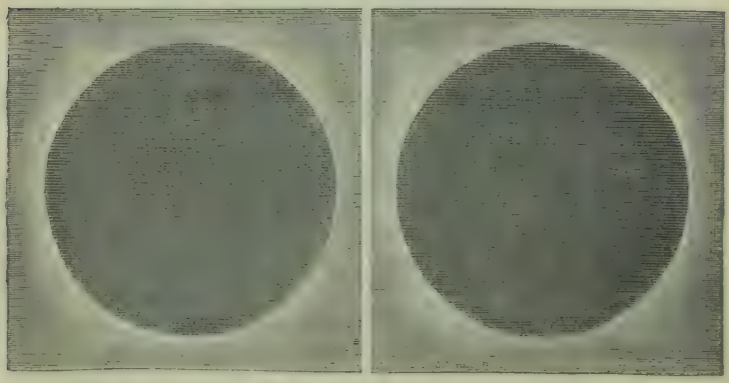


Fig. 7.—The Total Eclipse of 1860, shewing the prominences.

of the moon. The changes observed seemed so obviously connected with the passage of the moon over the sun—the prominences were

eclipsed and uncovered in a way so closely resembling that in which the sun itself went through similar phases—that the astronomer-royal remarked : 'It was impossible to see the changes which took place in the prominences, without feeling the conviction that they belonged to the sun, and not to the moon.' Here, then, was a great point almost gained—we say almost, because the evidence that they really belonged to the sun was not accepted on all sides : but we had not long to wait. The year 1860 brought another total eclipse—this time visible in Spain—and an expedition of astronomers, sent by the government in the famous *Himalaya*, settled the question definitely, for the prominences were now *photographed* by Mr Warren De La Rue of this country, and Father Secchi, the director of the observatory attached to the Roman College ; and there was no mistaking the evidence of the photographic plates taken near the beginning and end of the totality, the totality denoting the time during which the sun was covered by the moon. We reproduce two of the photographs in question (fig. 7), which will give an idea of the curious shapes of the prominences observed at such moments, and of the manner in which all round the sun, in regions where the part just beyond the edge is visible, the larger prominences are connected by a lower continuous level of the same class of objects, and how the moon travelled over them.

Here we may conveniently pause, and sum up what we have stated respecting the telescopic appearance of our great luminary. With an uneclipsed sun we see the shining photosphere darkened here and there by spots in which tremendous changes take place, and brightened here and there by faculæ. With an eclipsed sun, a new field of phenomena is laid open to us, and we know that these phenomena really indicate to us, that outside the sun, as ordinarily visible to us, strange red objects make their appearance, which, as will be shewn in the sequel, indicate an outer transparent envelope.

III. THE SUN'S PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION.

By the sun's physical constitution we mean the manner in which the sun is built up, what it is composed of, and what are the conditions under which matter exists on our great central luminary.

Long before the invention of the telescope, there was a very definite and wide-spread notion as to the sun's physical constitution. It was accepted on all hands as a globe of fire, and this ancient idea was not shaken till the time of Sir William Herschel, who, from his own observations and those of Dr Wilson of Glasgow, to which we have alluded, came to the conclusion that the sun, after all, might be a cool habitable globe like our own, with populous cities and vine-clad slopes, verdant valleys, and, in fact, everything to make life enjoyable upon it. He arrived at this conclusion in the following way. In a spot, said he, we have in the centre a dark region ;

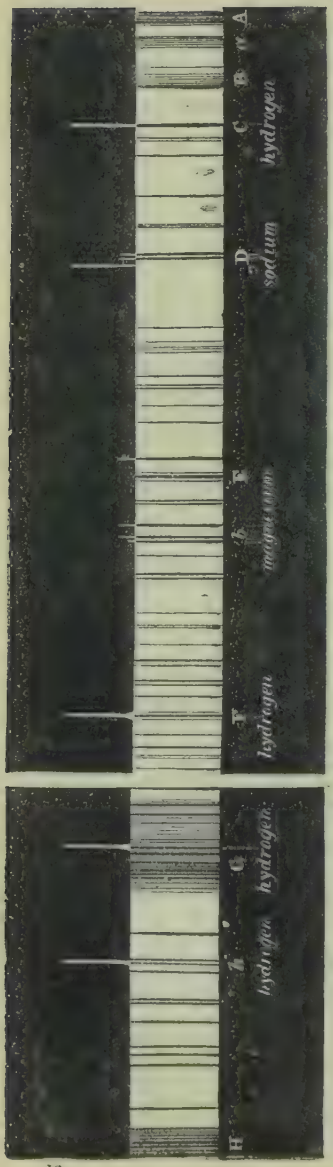


Fig. 8.—Spectrum of Sun's Disc and of his Chromosphere.

surrounding this we have another less dark than the region of the spot and less luminous than the photosphere, represented by the penumbra of a spot; and, last of all, we have the photosphere itself. According to him, then, the photosphere was a region of light-and heat-giving cloud high up in the sun's atmosphere, radiating its light both earthwards and sunwards. The penumbræ were nothing more nor less than the indications of another highly reflecting stratum of cloud, which acted as a shield, and kept off the bright radiation of the photosphere from the sun, represented by the black portion of a spot. So a spot was nothing more nor less than the cool body of the sun duly seen through openings in these two cloudy envelopes, the opening in the outer envelope being larger than that in the inner reflecting one.

But just about the time when Mr De La Rue was photographing the total eclipse in Spain, Kirchhoff at Heidelberg was examining spectroscopically the light of the sun. Our readers are no doubt well aware that white-light or sun-light is composed of a great many differently coloured rays, so blended together as to reach the eye without impressing it with one colour more than another. They are also aware that the spectroscope is that instrument whose office it is to separate all such rays from one another. Now, if we examine a slit illuminated by the sun's rays by means of a spectroscope, we see the red of the light from this slit to our

right, and the blue from it to our left; in fact, what we see is no longer a slit, but a band gradually passing from red at the right, through orange, yellow, green, and blue to indigo and violet at the left. The reason of this is, that the spectroscope enables us to see each individual component of the light from the slit in a different position, so that we have, as it were, a great multitude of differently coloured images of the slit placed side by side, forming a many-coloured band, which is called the spectrum. Now, Kirchhoff and Bunsen found that in general all solid or liquid bodies at a very high temperature give out almost every variety of light, being in this respect very much like the sun. But, on the other hand, metallic vapours at a high temperature give out only a very few definite rays of light—the position of these rays in the spectrum serving to distinguish one vapour from another, since no two vaporous elements give out the same rays. But there is yet another very remarkable law. It had been previously shewn by Stokes and Stewart, and it was independently discovered by Kirchhoff, that substances, when comparatively cold, absorb the very same rays that they give out when heated. Thus, the vapour of sodium, when highly heated, gives out two peculiar rays of yellow light, known spectroscopically as the double line D. But this same vapour of sodium, if comparatively cold, and placed in front of a highly heated solid or liquid substance (which, as we have seen, gives out all the rays of the spectrum), will absorb precisely those very two yellow lines which itself gives out—in such a case we shall have an otherwise continuous spectrum with the double line D comparatively dark. If, therefore, we have an otherwise continuous spectrum with a number of dark lines in it, we may conclude that, while the source of light is some solid or liquid body, there is placed between us and it certain comparatively cold vapours, which cause the black lines, and the position of which in the spectrum serves to determine the chemical nature of these vapours. Now, the solar spectrum is a continuous spectrum intersected by such black lines, and thus Kirchhoff was enabled to state that the sun itself was a solid or liquid body in a state of incandescence, thereby coming back very much to the original notion, and entirely negativing Sir William Herschel's hypothesis; and furthermore, he could affirm that in the sun's atmosphere, which was supposed to be the corona seen in total eclipses, we have, between the source of light and ourselves, in a comparatively cold state (observe, only comparatively cold) the vapours of sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, iron, barium, and some other substances.

Let us now endeavour to realise the gain to science made by the German philosopher.

1. The photosphere of the sun no doubt consists of an incandescent solid or liquid body (most probably a liquid, according to Kirchhoff).

2. There is above it a comparatively cold absorbing atmosphere,

containing hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, barium, iron, and other bodies in the state of vapour. This is indicated by the corona during eclipses.

It has been previously stated that the photosphere of the sun is always in a state of violent agitation, and we have thus great difficulty in believing that, if liquid or solid, it represents either an ocean or a continent. The natural alternative is to suppose it of the nature of a cloud. May it not, in fact, represent the cloud plane, or plane of deposition of solid and liquid particles, from an intensely heated gaseous medium?

Viewing the subject in this light, it will be seen that we do not know how much of the sun is solid or liquid, and how much gaseous, but we may readily believe that a comparatively large portion is in the latter state. If we add to this the fact, that the temperature is very high, we have an easy explanation of the comparatively small specific gravity of our luminary.

We shall now proceed to another part of our subject. It is hardly more than ten years since the attention of men of science began to be turned to the nature of sun-spots, or at least so turned as to afford some hope of the true explanation of these phenomena being arrived at.

Mr Carrington, in his large and remarkable treatise, shewed, among other things, that there was no doubt a proper motion attributable to spots; and from his observations, we may suppose that these phenomena have a greater or less forward motion of their own—that is to say, a motion in the direction of the sun's rotation—in addition to their motion owing to that rotation. It was afterwards shewn by Messrs Warren De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy (the Kew observers), that the faculæ, or bright patches which accompany a spot, are for the most part found behind it (the word behind having reference to the direction of rotation). These gentlemen agreed that the lagging behind of the faculæ, taken in conjunction with the forward motion of the spots, observed by Carrington, might be accounted for by supposing that the faculæ denote an up-rush of matter from below, which, going from a region of smaller to a region of greater velocity of rotation, would thus fall behind. On the other hand, they conceived the spots to denote the down-rush of matter from above, which, coming from a region of greater velocity of rotation, would thus move forward. Now, Kirchhoff, as we have seen, had previously shewed that the upper atmosphere of the sun is lower in temperature than the photosphere; and it was therefore argued by the Kew observers, that where we have a down-rush of such an atmosphere, we ought to expect a deficiency of luminosity; so that probably all the gradations of luminosity on the sun's surface may be due to one and the same cause—namely, the presence, to a greater or less extent, of a *comparatively cold*, absorbing atmosphere. The evidence in favour of this hypothesis was shortly afterwards

increased by means of an observation of Lockyer, who saw a piece of facula in the act of descending into a spot, during which process it gradually lost its brightness, becoming at last like the spot itself. Nevertheless, the above hypothesis, although probable, was not universally received; but the recent observations of Lockyer have gone far to complete the proof. In March 1866, this observer attached a small spectroscope to his telescope, and derived evidence in favour of the blackness of spots being due to a greater absorption being at work in a spot than elsewhere. Here we have an entirely new method of research, which we shall proceed to shew has already been fruitful of result. Kirchhoff questioned the sunbeam as a whole, regardless of the part of the sun from whence it came. Lockyer, on the other hand, questioned each part of the sun separately, and has even included the regions round the sun in which the red flames and corona are visible during total eclipses.

It should here be remarked that in the year 1865 two very important memoirs dealing with all the telescopic and photographic observations accumulated up to that time on the subject of solar physics were given to the world. One of them was privately printed in this country, the other appeared in the *Compte Rendu* of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

English science, represented by Messrs De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, said that a spot is dark because the solar light is absorbed by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere, pouring down there on to the photosphere. French science, on the other hand, represented by M. Faye, said that a spot is dark because the interior of the sun is composed of feebly illuminating gases, and because we have in a sun-spot a hole in the photosphere, through which these feebly luminous interior gases of the sun are there alone visible.

This was a clear issue, which probably the spectroscope, and possibly nothing else, could solve; for the spectroscope is an instrument whose special *métier* it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra without bright lines in the case of solids and liquids, and bright lines, with or without continuous spectra, in the case of gases and vapours. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is *selective*, the dark lines—the Fraunhofer lines in the solar spectrum—affording an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

Let us see how this applies to Lockyer's observation stated above. With regard to the English theory, if there were more absorption in a spot than elsewhere, we might expect evidences of absorption; that is, the whole solar spectrum would be visible in the spectrum of a spot, but it would be dimmed, either throughout the length of the

spectrum or in places only. With regard to the French theory, having radiating gaseous matter only to deal with, we should, according to the then generally received idea, get bright lines only in the spot spectrum. What was seen was in favour of the English theory. There *was* abundant evidence of absorption in the spots, and there *was not* any indication of gaseous radiation.

The question which he next put to himself was the following one, to use his own words: 'Assuming an absorbing atmosphere to encircle the sun, in accordance with the general idea and Kirchhoff's hypothesis, what are those strange red flames seen apparently in it at total eclipses, jutting here and there from beyond the sun's hidden periphery, and here again hanging cloudlike?'

'The enormous atmosphere, which apparently the spectroscope had now proved to be a cool absorbing one, was supposed to be indicated during eclipses by a halo of light called the *corona*, in which corona the red flames are visible. Now, as the red flames are always observed to give out more light than the corona, they were probably hotter than it; and reasoning thus on the matter with my friend Dr Balfour Stewart one day, we came to the conclusion that they were most probably masses of glowing gas. Now, this being so, the spectroscope *could* help us, and in this way. The light from solid or liquid bodies is scattered broadcast, so to speak, by the prism into a long band of light, called a continuous spectrum, because from one end of it to the other the light is persistent. The light from gaseous and vaporous bodies, on the contrary, is most brilliant in a few channels; it is *husbanded*, and, instead of being scattered broadcast over a long band, is limited to a few lines in the band—in some cases to a very few lines. Hence, if we have two bodies, one solid or liquid, and the other gaseous or vaporous, which give out exactly equal amounts of light, then the bright lines of the latter will be brighter than those parts of the spectrum of the other to which they correspond in colour or refrangibility.

'Again, if the gaseous or vaporous substance gives out but few lines, then, although the light which emanates from it may be much less brilliant than that radiated by a solid or liquid, the light may be so localised, and therefore intensified, in the one case, and so spread out, and therefore diluted, in the other, that the bright lines from the feeble light source may in the spectroscope appear much brighter than the corresponding parts of the spectrum of the more lustrous solid body. Now, here comes a very important point: supposing the continuous spectrum of a solid or liquid to be mixed with the discontinuous spectrum of a gas, we can, by increasing the number of prisms in a spectroscope, dilute the continuous spectrum of the solid or liquid body very much indeed, while the dispersion will not seemingly reduce the brilliancy of the lines given out by the gas; as a consequence, the more dispersion we employ, the brighter relatively will the lines of the gaseous spectrum appear. The reason

why we do not see the prominences every day in our telescopes is, that they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun, a brightness due to the fact, that the particles in the atmosphere reflect to us the continuous solar spectrum. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by the atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

'You will see, however, after what I have said, that there was a possibility that if we could bring a spectroscope on the field we might turn the tide of battle altogether, assuming the prominences to be gaseous, as the reflected continuous spectrum might be dispersed almost into invisibility, the brilliancy of the prominence lines scarcely suffering any diminution by the process. The first attempt was made in 1866, a Herschel-Browning spectroscope being attached to my telescope, and the first and many succeeding attempts failed; there was not dispersion enough to dilute the spectrum of the regions near the sun sufficiently, and, as a consequence, the tell-tale lines still remained veiled and invisible. Nature's secrets were not to be wrested from her by a *coup de main*.' *

While this observer was preparing a spectroscope of great power, having found his first insufficient, the total eclipse of 1868 took place in India; and it was shewn by the various distinguished observers who utilised the precious five minutes of totality on that occasion, that the red flames certainly consist of incandescent gas, as their spectrum consists of a few bright lines. One of the observers, M. Janssen, was so struck with the brightness of the prominences rendered visible during the eclipse, that he conceived the idea of looking for them during the ordinary state of the sun, and next morning put his design into execution with complete success. He was then sure that the lines of the prominences were those of incandescent hydrogen. But before the news of this discovery had reached our country, Lockyer's spectroscope had been completed, and the bright lines perceived by this observer.

We now proceed to the subsequent results obtained by this new method of research.

When Lockyer was first able to obtain results in this country similar to those previously obtained by M. Janssen, though unknown to him, his instrument was incomplete; when other adjustments had been added, he found that at whatever part of the sun's edge he looked, he could not get rid of the newly discovered lines; shewing that for some five thousand miles in height all round the sun there was an envelope of which the prominences were but the higher waves. This envelope he has named the 'Chromosphere,' as it is the region in which all the variously coloured effects are seen in total eclipses, and because it is of importance to distinguish between

* *Proceedings, Royal Institution*, 1869.

its discontinuous spectrum and the continuous one of the photosphere. And now another fact came out. The bright line F took the form of an arrow-head, the dark Fraunhofer line in the ordinary solar spectrum forming the shaft, the corresponding chromospheric line forming the head; it was broad close to the sun's edge, and tapered off to a fine point, an appearance not observed in the other lines.

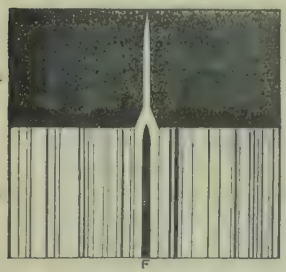


Fig. 9.—Shape of the F line in the Spectrum of Chromosphere: A, chromosphere spectrum; B, sun spectrum.

Nature is always full of surprises, and here was a surprise and a magnificent help to further inquiry lurking in this line of hydrogen; shewing, moreover, that in the largest questions progress in modern science depends upon careful observations of details. It had already been recorded that, under certain conditions, the green line of hydrogen widened out; and it at once struck Lockyer that the 'arrow-head' was nothing but an indication of this widening out as the sun was approached.

Hereupon researches on the radiation and absorption of hydrogen and other gases and vapours were undertaken by Lockyer, in conjunction with the eminent chemist Frankland, and at once an important modification of Kirchhoff's theory presented itself. They soon came to the conclusion that the principal, if not the only cause of the widening of the F line was *pressure;* that the gaseous medium of which the higher prominences are composed exists in a condition of *excessive tenuity;* and that even at the lower surface of the chromosphere, that is, on the sun itself, in common parlance, the pressure is very far below the pressure of the earth's atmosphere. The determination of the above-mentioned facts obviously leads us necessarily to several important modifications of the theory which we owe to Kirchhoff, who based it upon his examination of the solar spectrum. According to his hypothesis, the photosphere itself is either solid or liquid, and it is surrounded by an extensive comparatively cool and non-luminous atmosphere composed of gases and the vapours of the substances incandescent in the photosphere. Lockyer and Frankland found, however, instead of this compound cool and non-luminous atmosphere outside the photosphere, one which is in a state of incandescence, is therefore luminous, and which gives merely, or at all events mainly, the spectrum of hydrogen; and the tenuity of this incandescent atmosphere is such *that they considered it extremely improbable* that any considerable atmosphere, such as the corona has been imagined to indicate, exists outside it.

Here already, then, we find the 'cool absorbing atmosphere' of the theorists considerably reduced, and apparently much more simple in its composition than had been imagined by Kirchhoff and others; and the new method has rapidly accumulated facts which indicate that the absorption to which the reversal of the spectrum and the Fraunhofer lines are due, mainly takes place in the photosphere itself, or extremely near to it, instead of in an extensive outer absorbing atmosphere.

This theory of the sun's constitution is moreover strengthened by other facts. As a rule, the chromosphere rests conformably, as geologists would say, on the photosphere, but the atmosphere (as just defined) is tremendously riddled by convection-currents; and where these are most powerfully at work the *upper layers of the photosphere are injected into the chromosphere*. Thus the lines due to the vapour of sodium, magnesium, barium, and iron have been seen in the spectrum of the chromosphere, appearing there as very short and very *thin lines*, generally much thinner than the black lines due to their absorption in the solar spectrum. These injections are nearly always accompanied by prominences, in which tremendous changes are observed at such times, for the new method enables us to see the actual forms of the prominences every day. Lockyer attempted to accomplish this in the first instance by means of an oscillating slit—a method which has since perfectly succeeded—but hearing that Mr Huggins had succeeded in doing the same thing by means of absorptive media, using an open slit and a peculiar arrangement of his observing telescope, it struck him at once that an open slit was quite sufficient, and this he finds to be the case. By this method the smallest details of the prominences and of the chromosphere itself are rendered perfectly visible and easy of observation, so that now we are quite independent of eclipses, even in the matter of the *form* of these strange solar appendages. Lockyer writes: 'I have been perfectly enchanted with the sight which my spectroscope has revealed to me. The solar and atmospheric spectra being hidden, and the image of the wide slit and the part of the prominence under observation alone being visible, the telescope or slit is moved slowly, and the strange shadow-forms flit past, and are seen as they are seen in eclipses. Here one is reminded, by the fleecy, infinitely-delicate cloud-films, of an English hedgerow with luxuriant elms; here of a densely intertwined tropical forest, the intimately interwoven branches threading in all directions, the prominences generally expanding as they mount upwards, and changing slowly, indeed almost imperceptibly. It does not at all follow that the largest prominences are those in which the intensest action, or the most rapid change is going on—the action as visible to us being generally confined to the regions just in, or above, the chromosphere; the changes arising from violent up-rush or rapid dissipation—the up-rush and

dissipation representing the birth and death of a prominence. As a rule, the attachment to the chromosphere is narrow, and is not often single; higher up, the stems, so to speak, intertwine, and the prominence expands and soars upward until it is lost in delicate filaments, which are carried away in floating masses.' By these means Lockyer has observed prominences, many tens of thousands of miles in height, disappear in a few minutes.

Frankland and Lockyer have been able to connect together the thin lines seen in the chromosphere spectrum with the thick lines seen in the spot spectrum, by observing the absorption line due to the vapour of sodium in a closed tube, when metallic sodium is slowly reduced to vapour, the absorption line of which is in one part as thin as it is in the ordinary solar spectrum; in another, almost if not quite as thick as it appears in a spot. As the sodium vapour rises in the tube the dark line of absorption makes its appearance as an extremely fine line, and finally the light which traverses the upper layer of the sodium vapour scarcely suffers any absorption—the line is thin; while, on the contrary, the light which traverses the lower, denser layers suffers tremendous absorption: the line is inordinately thick, such as we see it in the spectrum of a spot.

Bearing in mind the grand generalisation by which Kirchhoff accounted for the Fraunhofer lines—namely, that if we have a gas or a vapour of a lower temperature than another light-source, and view that light-source through the gas or vapour, we shall observe absorption of those particular rays which the gaseous vapour would emit if incandescent—other facts are revealed by the new method of the greatest importance. When the chromosphere is observed on the sun's limb, with no brighter light-source behind it, its characteristic lines are seen *bright*. But when the chromosphere on the sun itself is observed—that is, when the brighter sun is on the other side of the hydrogen envelope, then, as a rule, its function is reduced—is toned down—the envelope acts as an absorber—the lines are observed black as a rule, and this is the secret of the Fraunhofer lines; but it is almost impossible to observe the sun for an hour without observing the hydrogen lines, every now and then, *bright upon the sun itself!* Not only are the lines observed bright, but the strongly luminous hydrogen *is carried up* by tremendous convection-currents at different pressures; and under these circumstances the bright line is seen to be expanded on both sides of its normal position. Moreover, at times there is a dim light on both sides of the black line, and the line itself is thinned out, shewing that, although there is an up-rush of strongly luminous material, the column is still surmounted by some less luminous hydrogen, possibly separated from the other portion, which still performs the functions of an absorber. This idea seems strengthened by another fact—namely, that at times the lines, still black, expand on both sides, as if, in fact, in these regions there were a depression in the

chromosphere; the pressure being greater, and the hydrogen lines therefore thicker, at the base of the chromosphere than at the summit.

There is a new field of discovery opened out by this method which seems more startling than all the rest—we refer to the movements of the hydrogen envelope and prominences at which we have before hinted. All observations with powerful telescopes indicate that tremendous changes are always going on in spots. Now, change means movement, and as spot phenomena occur immediately below the level of the chromosphere, we may easily imagine that the chromosphere and its higher waves, the prominences, will also partake of the movements, be they up or down rushes, cyclones, or merely lateral motions. The spectroscope enables us to determine the velocities of these movements with a considerable approach to accuracy; and at times they are inconceivably great.

Let us first endeavour to give an idea how this result is arrived at, and here we must beg indulgence for a gross illustration of one of the most supremely delicate of nature's operations. Imagine a barrack out of which is constantly issuing with measured tread and military precision an infinite number of soldiers in single or Indian file; and suppose yourself in a street seeing these soldiers pass. You stand still, and take out your watch, and find that so many pass you in a second or minute, and that the number of soldiers, as well as the interval between them, is always the same. You now move slowly *towards* the barrack, still noting what happens. You find that more soldiers pass you than before in the same time, and, reckoned in time, the interval between each soldier is less. You now move still slowly *from* the barrack—that is, with the soldiers. You find that fewer soldiers now pass you, and that the interval between each is longer. Now suppose yourself at rest, and suppose the barrack to have a motion now towards you, now from you. In the first case the men will be paid out, so to speak, more rapidly. The motion of the barrack-gate towards you will plant each soldier nearer the preceding one than he would have been if the barrack had remained at rest. The soldiers will really be nearer together. In the second case, it is obvious that the interval will be greater, and the soldiers will really be further apart. So that, generally, representing the interval between each soldier by an elastic cord, if the barrack and the eye approach each other by the motion of either, the cord will contract; in the case of recession, the cord will stretch. Now let the barrack represent the hydrogen on the sun perpetually paying out waves of light, and the elastic cord represent one of these waves; its length will be changed if the hydrogen and the eye approach each other by the motion of either. Particular wave-lengths with the normal velocity of light are represented to us by different colours. The long waves are red. The short waves are violet. Now let us fix our attention on the green wave, the

refrangibility of which is indicated by the F line of hydrogen. If any change of wave-length is observed in this line, *and not in the adjacent ones*, it is clear that it is not to the motion of the earth or sun, but to that of the hydrogen itself and alone that the change must be ascribed. If the hydrogen on the sun is approaching us, *the waves will be crushed together;* they will therefore be shortened, and the light will incline towards the violet—that is, towards the light with the shortest waves; and if the waves are shortened only by the $\frac{1}{1000000}$th of a millimètre, we can detect the motion. If the hydrogen on the sun is receding from us, the waves will be drawn out; they will therefore be longer, and the green ray will incline towards the red.

We must next point out, that there are two different circumstances under which the hydrogen may approach or recede from the eye. If we take a globe, as representing the sun, and fix our attention on the centre of this globe, it is evident that an up-rush or a down-rush is necessary to cause any alteration of wave-length. A cyclone or lateral movement of any kind is powerless; there will be no motion to or from the eye, but only at right angles to the line of sight. Next let us fix our attention on the edge of the globe—the limb, in astronomical language: here it is evident that an upward or downward movement is as powerless to alter the wave-length as a lateral movement was in the other case; but that, should any lateral or cyclonic movement occur here of sufficient velocity, it might be detected. So that we have the centre of the disc for studying upward and downward movements, and the limb for studying lateral or cyclonic movements, if they exist.

Here is a diagram shewing the strange contortions which the F hydrogen line undergoes at the centre of the sun's disc. Not only have we the line bright, but the dark one is twisted in places,

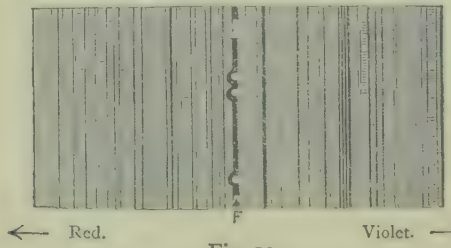


Fig. 10.

generally inclining towards the red; and often when this happens we have a bright line on the violet side. It is seen, sometimes, stopping short of one of the small sun-spots; swelling out prior to disappearance; invisible in a facula between two small spots; changed into a bright line, and widened out on both sides two or

three times in the very small spots; becoming bright near a spot, and expanding over it on both sides; very many times widened out near a spot, sometimes considerably, on the less refrangible side; and, finally, extended as a bright line without any thickening over a small spot. Now the other Fraunhofer lines on the diagram may be looked upon as so many milestones telling us with what rapidity the up-rush and down-rush take place; for these twistings are nothing more nor less than alterations of wave-length, and, thanks to Ångström's map, we can map out distances along the spectrum from F in $\frac{1}{10000000}$ths of a millimètre from the centre of that line; and we know that an alteration of that line, $\frac{1}{10000000}$th millimètre towards the violet, means a velocity of thirty-eight miles a second towards the eye—that is, an up-rush; and that a similar alteration towards the red means a similar velocity from the eye—that is, a down-rush. The fact that the black line inclines to the red, shews that the less bright hydrogen descends; the fact that the bright line—where both are visible side by side—inclines to the violet, shews that the more vivid hydrogen ascends; and the alteration of wave-length is such that twenty miles a second is very common. Now, observations of the lateral motions at the limb are of course made by the chromospheric bright lines seen beyond the limb. Here the velocities are very much more startling; not velocities of up-rush and down-rush, but swinging and cyclonic motions of the hydrogen. What we shall see will be this. The portion of the prominence at rest will give us no alteration of wave-length; its bright line will be in a line with the corresponding black one in the spectrum. The portion moving towards the eye, however, will give us an alteration of wave-length towards the violet. We are now in a position to grasp the phenomena revealed to Lockyer by his spectroscope, when at times the F line is seen double and even triple! the alteration of wave-length being such that the motion of that part of the prominence giving the most extreme alteration must have exceeded 120 miles per second, if we are to explain these phenomena by the only known possible cause which is open to us. By moving the slit it is possible to see in which part of the prominence these great motions arose, and to follow the change of wave-length to its extremest limit.

In connection with this new method it may be remarked that we have two very carefully prepared recent maps of the solar spectrum, one by Kirchhoff, the other by Ångström, made a few years apart, and at different epochs with regard to the sun-spot period. In these maps we see a vast difference in the relative thicknesses of the C and F lines, and great differences in the relative darkness and position of the lines; and in these different thicknesses of the lines we may be supplied with a barometer, so to speak, to measure the varying pressures in the solar and stellar chromospheres; for every star has, has had, or will have a chromosphere. It was suggested

by Lockyer in 1866 that possibly a spectroscopic examination of the sun's limb might teach us somewhat of the outburst of the star in Corona, and we now see that all that is necessary to get just such an outburst in our own sun is to increase the power of his convection-currents, which we know to be ever at work. Here, then, is one cataclysm the less in astronomy—one less 'World on Fire,' and possibly also a bright light thrown on the past history of our own planet. This new method, moreover, gives us a more or less firm hold on the strange phenomena presented by variable stars, and an application of the facts already referred to opens out generalisations of the highest interest and importance; and having at length fairly grappled with some of the phenomena of the nearest star, we may soon hope for more certain knowledge of the distant ones.

To recapitulate: (1) The upper layer of the sun's chromosphere consists of hydrogen. (2) Below this we have the photosphere, a region containing metallic vapours, along, probably, with numerous deposited cloud-particles of these vapours, which form, as it were, small centres of radiation. (3) The appropriate machinery by means of which the radiation of the sun is kept up would appear to be convection-currents carrying down the cooled particles, and supplying fresh ones. This perhaps explains the granulated or mottled appearance of the general surface of the sun. (4) Under certain circumstances, these convection-currents assume a larger size, and are rendered visible as faculæ and sun-spots. We have only now to ask the question, under what circumstances do convection-currents swell into sun-spots? and here we come to a region of the greatest interest, but also of the greatest obscurity. We shall briefly indicate the results which appear to be proved. In the first place, Hofrath Schwabe of Dessau has shewn, as the result of forty years' observations of sun-spots, that these phenomena attain a maximum of size and frequency (speaking roughly) every ten years. Next, General Sir E. Sabine has shewn that the years of maximum sun-spots are also years of peculiarly great disturbance in the magnetism of our earth and of frequent auroræ borealeS. Thirdly, Carrington has shewn that sun-spots confine themselves to the equatorial region of our luminary, and are never found at its poles. Fourthly, Messrs De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy have rendered it very probable that the behaviour and frequency of sun-spots are regulated by the position of the planets—the influential planets being, as might naturally be supposed, Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury. To test the truth of this hypothesis, these gentlemen have measured the area of every spot which has appeared on the sun's surface from the year 1832 to the present date, making use, for this purpose, of the observations of Schwabe and Carrington, as well as of those taken at Kew. From these measurements they have obtained the following table, which exhibits the excess or deficiency of the whole spotted area of the

sun's surface, according to the relative positions of these three influential planets.

EXCESS OR DEFICIENCY.

Angular separation between	Jupiter and Venus.	Venus and Mercury.
0° and 30°	+ 881	+ 1675
30 " 60	— 60	— 139
60 " 90	— 452	— 1665
90 " 120	— 579	— 2355
120 " 150	— 705	— 2318
150 " 180	— 759	— 1604
180 " 210	— 893	— 481
210 " 240	— 752	+ 547
240 " 270	— 263	+ 431
270 " 300	+ 70	+ 228
300 " 330	+ 480	+ 1318
330 " 0	+ 1134	+ 2283

From this table it will be seen that the united result of 54 conjunctions of Venus and Jupiter exhibits an excess of 1134 when these two planets are together, and a deficiency of 893 when they are apart. And we see also that the united result of 90 conjunctions of Venus and Mercury exhibits in like manner an excess of 2283 when the two planets are together, and a deficiency of 2355 when they are apart. With these remarks, let us now proceed to the last division of our subject.

IV. RELATIONS SUBSISTING BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SYSTEM.

1. *The sun is the centre of motion of the system.*—While the earth and the other planets move round the sun each in its period with a great velocity, the sun himself is fixed, or, to speak more precisely, has a very slight motion round the centre of gravity of the system. But the sun being by far the heaviest and most massive body in the system, the centre of this system is not far from the sun's centre; hence his motions are small, and he may with propriety be called a fixed body, compared to the planets, which are wandering or movable bodies. It is well known to our readers in what manner the motion of the earth round its axis in one day joined to its motion round the sun in one year procures us that pleasing and necessary variety of day and night, summer and winter, without something analogous to which we cannot imagine organised beings to exist. We need not, therefore, enter more largely into this relation between the sun and planets, but go on to consider the next.

2. *The sun is the source of light and heat of the system.*—Without the sun, everything on the surface of the earth would be dark and frozen. When we set ourselves to calculate the amount of heat

which the sun gives out, we are quite bewildered with the magnitude of the figures with which we have to deal. We have only to bear in mind that the amount of heat received by the earth in one year from the sun would be sufficient to melt a layer of ice 100 feet thick, covering the whole surface of the earth, to appreciate our own indebtedness; but we have further to reflect that the sun is supposed to give out *two thousand million times* more heat than that which reaches us, to obtain an idea, however inadequate, of the enormous radiation of light and heat from the surface of our luminary. Now, we have reason to believe that this light and heat are given out by cloud-like particles, forming what is called the photosphere of the sun, and we therefore see prominently the necessity for some machinery by which these particles may be constantly recruited.

The work which they have to do is so amazingly great, that we cannot wonder if they speedily become exhausted; and we are led to recognise the enormous convection-currents of the sun as the machinery by which one set of particles is withdrawn from view, while a fresh and hot set from beneath is pushed upwards to do duty: no wonder, then, that these convection-currents are so vast.

We ought here to say a few words regarding the heating of various parts of the earth by the sun's rays.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind, that when a beam of light and heat falls upon a surface in a slanting manner, it loses a great deal of its effect.

If a beam of light coming in the direction of the arrow-heads fall upon a surface, AB, at right angles to this direction, this surface will then receive as much as it possibly can of the beam of light; but if the surface is inclined to the beam, as at AB′, it will evidently receive fewer rays; if still more inclined, as at AB″, it will receive still fewer; and so on, until the rays will merely graze the surface.

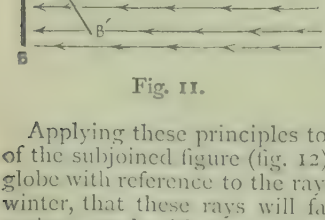


Fig. 11.

Applying these principles to the earth, it will be easily seen, by aid of the subjoined figure (fig. 12), which represents the position of our globe with reference to the rays of the sun at midsummer and at midwinter, that these rays will fall with most effect on the equatorial regions, and with least effect on the polar. In the one figure, the position of the earth indicates that it is winter in the northern hemisphere, in which the sun's rays are not able to reach the pole. But in the other figure it is summer in the northern regions, and winter in the southern, and the south pole is now in darkness.

Thus we see that the difference in climate between equatorial and polar regions is due to the obliquity of the sun's rays, and that the difference between summer and winter is due to the same cause.

We may add that we can account in the same way for the manifest difference in the sun's strength between morning or evening and mid-day. At morning and at evening the sun's rays are very oblique, and the shadow of anything is greatly increased in size;

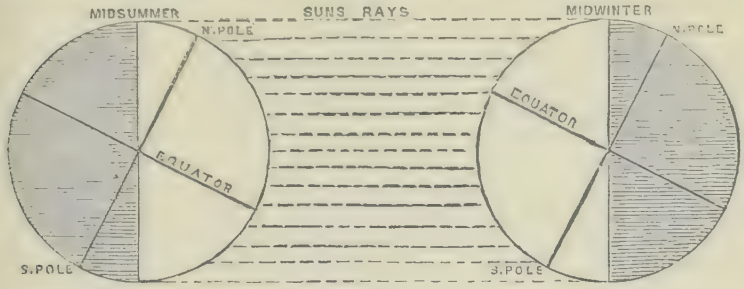


Fig. 12.

now the shadow covers that portion of ground which would be illuminated by the sun's rays if the object giving the shadow were removed; we therefore conclude that at evening and morning a small vertical object receives as much light and heat as a long strip of ground; in fact, the ground is then rather grazed than struck by the rays of our luminary.

Let us now describe an important property of our atmosphere, in virtue of which the sun's rays are economised. Its principle of action is the same as that of the forcing-frame, or glass-house. The glass which covers the house allows the rays of the sun to penetrate freely into the interior, which becomes heated in consequence; but the rays are now converted into another kind of heat, which cannot pass through glass; they can get in, but they cannot get out, and a frame of this kind is in fact a *trap to catch a sunbeam*. Now, the earth's atmosphere enjoys properties similar to the glass of the frame; that is to say, it allows the sun's rays freely to reach and heat the earth, but it does not allow the heat which the earth gives out to pass freely away into empty space. It catches this heat on its way out; and if it were not for this property of our atmosphere, the earth would probably be uninhabitable, and the nights would be intensely cold.

So much for the use we make of the heat and light of the sun; now, whence has our luminary derived this enormous supply of heat? The sun supplies us. What has supplied the sun? One conceivable answer to this question is that the sun has been created hot, just as it is conceivable to suppose that a diamond or a nugget of gold has been formed originally as we find it. Nevertheless, the man of science, when he sees any appearance or state of being, endeavours, if he possibly can, to deduce it from some other previous state of

being, acted upon by the operation of natural laws. We are therefore led to inquire if there be not some natural process going on possibly in other regions at the present moment, which might, ages ago, have acted upon our luminary, so as to generate in its mass the enormous amount of heat which it possesses. This question has been very much discussed by philosophers of late, and the only tenable hypothesis appears to be that advanced by Professor Helmholz and Sir W. Thomson. According to this theory, the particles which now form our sun were originally a widely diffused chaotic mass, endued, however, with the power of gravitation. The sun might then have been not very unlike some of the nebulæ which the telescope reveals to us in the distant realms of space, and which the spectroscope pronounces to be large masses of incandescent gas, in a state of great tenuity. But in virtue of the force of gravitation, such masses will gradually condense, and the motion generated by this condensation will be ultimately transformed into light and heat, just as by percussion or friction we may at any moment transform motion into light and heat. Conceive, for instance, that there is a large number of stones on the top of a mountain, and that they are all hurled downwards to the earth. They will acquire during their descent a great velocity, which will ultimately disappear, through friction and percussion, when the stones have reached the limit of their fall. An equivalent will, however, be left behind to represent this velocity, in the shape of heat, for the stones, by means of their friction against the earth, and by the final blow which they gave it, will generate heat. Thus we see how, through these stones having come nearer to the earth's centre, a certain measurable quantity of heat has been produced. Now, if the enormous number of particles which form our sun may be supposed to have fallen towards their present position from the extremities of space during the course of ages, or, in other words, to have become condensed, we have every reason to believe that in this case, just as in the former, the energy of motion towards the central mass will ultimately disappear as motion, and take the form of heat; and it has been calculated that this cause, and this only, is competent to account for the vast amount of heat possessed by our luminary.

We now see how, by the operation of the same law, the centre of motion of a system must also be the centre of light and heat; for the force of gravitation, which we have supposed to pull the outlying chaotic particles together, depends upon mass; hence, a large quantity of matter, such as that which forms a sun, will exert a very strong pulling force, and the quantity of heat ultimately generated will be very great. Add to this the fact, that a large body will retain its heat longer than a small one, and we see at once why the large masses of the universe, which are necessarily the centres of motion, are also the sources of light and heat. We may even expand this thought still further, for we can hardly imagine that the sun's surface

could continue to give out for any length of time such an enormous mass of heat, unless its particles were constantly recruited by convection-currents. But in order that convection-currents may be strong, two things must happen together. We must, in the first place, have a substance which expands greatly through heat; and secondly, we must have a great gravitating force. The surface must, in fact, be gaseous, and the body of enormous size. Now, the gaseous nature of the sun's surface is due directly to his heat, and this heat, again, is probably owing to his great mass, while the great gravitating force is caused directly by his mass. To recapitulate, mass, according to the condensation theory, causes high temperature indirectly; it also causes great gravitation directly. High temperature causes a gaseous surface; a gaseous surface and great gravitation cause powerful convection-currents; and such currents, by bringing a continually varying set of particles to the surface, keep up the luminosity. *Mass* would therefore appear to be the indirect cause, not only of the great temperature of large bodies, but of that peculiar machinery which insures to them a continuously luminous surface. We have thus two classes of bodies in the universe: one we call suns, which may be characterised as large, hot, and fixed; and the other we call planets, which may be characterised as small, cold, and wandering.

Let us now pass on to the next relation subsisting between the sun and the planets.

3. *The sun is the origin of the energy which is displayed on the surface of the earth.*—Energy means the power of doing work, and work may be measured very conveniently thus: If we raise a one-pound weight one foot high, we may be said to do one unit of work; if two feet high, two units; and so on. Or, doubling the weight, if we raise a two-pound weight one foot high, we may be said to do two units; if two feet high, four units; and so on—the law of measurement being obvious. Inasmuch, therefore, as a man has the power of raising many pounds many feet high, and thus doing a large amount of work, he may be said to have stored in his frame a large amount of energy.

But the amount of energy is not unlimited, for, after the man has done a good day's work, he begins to feel tired and hungry. He must rest, in order to repair the machinery of his frame; but he must do something more—he must eat; and a man who does very little work will exist upon less food and worse diet than a man who does much. It is thus abundantly obvious that a man, in order to do work, must have food; and in putting so much food into his system, he is in reality putting into it so much energy, or capacity for doing work, whether that work be carrying a certain weight up a certain height, or any other recognised species of labour. Let us, therefore, go back a step farther, and endeavour to ascertain whence this food derives its energy. If the man has eaten vegetable

food, we need not go back any farther; but if he has eaten animal food, say part of an ox, and has transferred the energy of the ox into his own system, we inquire whence the ox derives his energy, and answer clearly, from the food which he consumes—and that food is a vegetable. We are thus led to regard the vegetable kingdom as being the source of that energy which our frames possess in common with those of the inferior animals; and we have now only to go back one step more, and ask whence vegetables derive the energy which they possess.

The leaf of a vegetable is a laboratory in which chemical change is constantly going on. In the leaves, carbonic acid is decomposed, being changed into oxygen, which is given out, while carbon in some shape is retained and assimilated. Thus we see that the leaf of a vegetable does the very reverse of what we do in our fires: we burn carbon, or cause it to unite with oxygen, becoming carbonic acid gas; but the leaf of a vegetable decomposes carbonic acid gas back again into carbon and oxygen. Now, oxygen has a great attraction for carbon, and unites with it intimately; it therefore requires (as may well be imagined) the application of a great deal of energy to pull these two bodies asunder when once they have been united, or, in other words, to decompose carbonic acid; and we naturally ask whence the leaves of plants derive this energy. The reply is, from the sun's rays. The energy of certain rays from the sun is spent in producing this species of decomposition in the leaves of plants, throwing off the oxygen, and working the carbon into the tissue of the plant, where it forms food for man and beast, and also woody fibre. There has thus been a transmutation of the energy of the sun's rays into the substance of the plant, and from the plant into the substance of the ox, and from the ox into our frames; and our energy is thus seen to be ultimately due to the sun's rays.

But we can make another use of vegetable products—we can use them as fuel to our steam-engines, and by means of these we can accomplish a great deal of work without the necessity of expending our personal energy. But this does not lessen our obligation to the sun, for, as stated above, the woody-fibre of plants is formed through the intervention of his rays. Coal may be used as a substitute for wood, but coal was once woody fibre ages ago, and coal-beds form a store of energy upon which man may draw; not, however, without a sense of his indebtedness to the sun, whose rays in past ages have been influential in producing that woody fibre which has now assumed the shape of coal.

When we come to investigate our other sources of energy, we find them all, with the one exception of tidal energy, directly or indirectly due to the sun's rays. Thus, the force of the wind may be used in driving windmills and the sails of ships, but our atmospheric currents are caused by the sun; or a head of water may be used as in

a water-mill, but this very water has been carried up to its present height by the sun's beams, first in the form of vapour, and then descending in the form of rain. We think that we have entered into this subject sufficiently to convince our readers that the energy which is displayed on the earth's surface is mainly due to the sun's rays, and we now pass on to the next head.

4. *The sun is the source of the delicacy of construction displayed in organised beings.*—An animal must be able to do work, and must therefore possess a store of energy, which, as we have seen, is derived ultimately from the sun. But something more than the mere power of doing work must be possessed, for in whatever way life, will, and intelligence act, there is, in the first place, and preceding every voluntary motion, some exceedingly minute change in the structure of the brain. It is there, so to speak, that the trigger is pulled, and an extremely small impulse communicated to a very delicate organism, which results in some visible motion. Our forms, and those of other animals, are, in fact, very delicate pieces of mechanism, and the smallest conceivable impulse at the nervous centre of the system may produce the most astonishing result. We think that this delicacy of organisation depends upon the fact, that the substances which enter into the structure of the body are in a chemically delicate or even unstable state. In our opinion, delicacy of structure is inseparably connected with liability to change, so that there may be a physical basis for that belief which associates together the beautiful with the evanescent. The poet no doubt spoke out a scientific truth, though he knew it not, when he said :

> 'How small a part of time they share
> That are so wondrous sweet and fair.'

Now, this delicate tissue which enters into the human frame, as well as into the frames of animals, is originally derived from the vegetable world. Plants are, in fact, the great manufacturers of organic tissue, but in order to do so they require the rays of the sun. An unstable substance is continually changing, in order to get into a more stable condition ; it requires, therefore, a continuous effort, involving an expenditure of energy, to keep up that constant supply of unstable forms which we behold, and this energy comes ultimately from the sun. But if the sun may be said to be in one sense the source of all life and vigour and delicacy of being, he is not himself exempt from the great law of evanescence. Sir W. Thomson, in his beautiful theory of the dissipation of energy, has shewn that while in *quantity* this constituent of the universe remains always the same, in *quality* it is gradually becoming degraded, so that the sun himself will in the course of ages grow old and unfit for work, as well as we who write this article and those who read it. The fire will die out. It matters not whether its diameter be 800,000 miles or the half-inch of a tallow candle. We must, however, here pause, otherwise we may

be led into a train of thought foreign to the object of this paper, which is to look at things from the physical standpoint merely.

5. *Other relations.*—Late researches have pointed out that other very obscure but very interesting relations probably subsist between the head and the various members of our system. In the first place, the sun himself possesses very great molecular delicacy of construction. When we find that sun-spots are variable in amount, and have a period of maximum recurring every ten or eleven years, we are naturally led to associate this with some other phenomenon known to be periodical. This would point at once to planetary positions as somehow connected with spot-frequency, but the length of the spot-period is not yet known with sufficient accuracy to enable us to determine whether it corresponds with any evident planetary period. It would, however, appear, when investigating more closely the behaviour of spots, that they have a tendency, on the average, to break out on that part of the sun's disc which is removing by rotation from the immediate neighbourhood of Venus, and to attain their maximum on that portion of the disc which is farthest away from that planet. Jupiter and Mercury have also, it has been conjectured, a similar action; but that of Venus appears to be more marked, probably because she remains for a longer time closer to the earth, or point of view, than any other planet. It has also been shewn by General Sir Edward Sabine, who has investigated the magnetic state of our own earth, that disturbances in terrestrial magnetism take place to a greater extent in those years which are also the epoch of maximum sun-spots. These magnetic disturbances are again accompanied by displays of the aurora borealis, and by earth-currents making their appearance in our telegraphic wires. We have thus a proof that the earth is so bound to our celestial luminary as to respond to the changes which take place on its surface. Hofrath Schwabe, who has watched the sun for about forty years, imagines that the appearance presented by the planet Jupiter has some relation to sun-spots. In virtue of all these things, we must conclude that there is some relation between the sun and the other members of the system, the nature of which is not yet understood, but the reality of which can hardly be ignored. The whole subject is yet in its infancy, and presents a very fertile field for future research.

STORY OF COLBERT.*

IN the shop of a woollen-draper in Rheims, an ancient provincial town in France, an apprentice boy, of slim personal appearance and handsome intelligent features, stood within the counter, poring over the pages of a well-thumbed volume. His name was Baptiste, or, more properly, Jean Baptiste Colbert.

'What day of the month is this?' asked M. Certain, a thin, withered old man, the master of the establishment, looking out from his green leathern arm-chair, at the further extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

'The 30th of October 1632,' replied the youth.

'Not altogether correct,' cried the old woollen-draper briskly: 'you are right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year. This is 1634, my lad, and that you should know, for you are now fifteen years of age, and should be able to reckon correctly.'

'And so I should, godfather; and I am sure I am fond enough of ciphering. But my mind was a little engaged with history; and at the moment you spoke, I was'——

'Oh, I see; reading, as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for anything. But what kind of a book is it? What interests you so much?'

* This truthful and graphic account of the rise of the distinguished Colbert has been translated and partly adapted from the French for the present work. A more suitable gift could not be offered to British youth.

'Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency.'

'The Duke of Montmorency! What have you to say to him? You think yourself a great man, I suppose, my little fellow, because you have among your ancestors the barons of Gasteril.'

'Castlehill, godfather: the Castlehills are the common ancestors of the Colberts of Scotland and of France; we have the same coat-of-arms.'

'Bah! what is that to me? When your mother, Madame Colbert, came to ask me to stand sponsor for you, in compliment to my poor sister, with whom she had been educated, do you think I asked who were your ancestors? Here, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do with is to sell cloth.'

'I am quite aware of that, sir,' modestly answered the young man: 'I will do my best, I am sure.'

'Oh, I daresay you will, by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray tell me what he was tried for.'

'You know, godfather, when Louis XIII. set out from Paris in 1629, and notwithstanding the extreme cold, went in person to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend him against the claims which the Duke of Savoy made upon Montferrat'——

'I declare the little fellow is born a statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together,' said the old woollen-draper, staring up at his godson, whose student-like paleness and expression of profound thought seemed little suited to the softness of his childish features, and the fair silken hair which fell in large curls on his shoulders, rivalling in whiteness those of a young girl.

'Well, godfather,' continued Baptiste, his face glowing with just indignation, 'when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Cazal, seized upon Pignerol, and, according to the treaty of Querasque, concluded three years before, put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the duchy of Mantua—when, with the title of *Deliverer of Italy*, which this treaty gave him, he returned with the Duke of Richelieu to the capital, he found there a thousand intrigues. His brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted; several nobles had joined his party, the principal of whom was the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Lower Languedoc, of which he was governor; but being taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castelnaudary, he was beheaded by order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th October 1632.'

'There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues and machinations,'* observed the old woollen-

* Cardinal de Richelieu (born 1585—died 1642) was prime-minister of Louis XIII., and although a revengeful, cruel, and unprincipled man, has been reckoned by historians one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin, who is noticed in the present story.

draper, who, as you may perceive, my young readers, did not dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

'Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic,' replied Baptiste with animation; 'and if ever I am prime-minister'——

A roar of laughter from the old woollen-draper, from the apprentices, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping the front part of the shop, interrupted poor little Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples.

'There are no longer any children!—there are no longer any children!' cried Moline laughing.

'If—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er,' repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawling out each syllable; 'if—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er!—Do me the favour, sir,' added he, abruptly changing his tone, 'first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and to learn to be thankful for having got into so respectable a means of earning a livelihood.'

'Pardon, my good godfather; I spoke on the spur of the moment, and will endeavour to be all that could be desired of me.'

'Well, well, no more of that. Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris, Set off now to the banker, and take the invoice to him, and at the same time shew him those cloths, to make hangings for a country-house that he has purchased in the environs. Come here, sir, and remember the prices of these cloths: No. 1 is marked three crowns a yard; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony.'

'Am I to make any abatement, godfather?' asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline the porter loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

'Abatement!' cried the woollen-draper; 'not a farthing. The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less. Remember.'

Baptiste, followed by Moline with a large parcel of cloth, quickly measured the distance which separated M. Guillaume Certain's shop from the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying.

'You will recollect what your godfather said to you, will you not, Master Baptiste? No. 1, three crowns; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns: that's your story. Why, what is the matter with you? What are you thinking of, with your eyes on the ground? One would think you were looking for pins.'

'To tell you the truth, Moline, I do not think my godfather understands me. I wish to be a good shopkeeper, if that is to be my destiny; but surely a man may not be the worse tradesman for taking pleasure in a book, when it does not interfere with his profession.'

'Perhaps so, Baptiste, my good lad; but I am afraid you are a little too much given to forgetfulness; but no doubt you will do well in time. Come, cheer up; here is the hotel.'

'I wish to see M. Cenani,' said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

'The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10,' said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright-green damask, richly flowered with red.

'I come from M. Certain,' said Baptiste, bowing.

'Here are several pieces of cloth for your honour to choose from,' added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said: 'Let me see,' at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened; and scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. 'I like this best; what is its price?'

'Fifteen crowns a yard,' answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

'Very well,' said the latter; 'it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?'

'Thirty yards,' said Moline, looking at the mark; and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir,'——

'It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns make four hundred and fifty crowns: here they are;' and going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

'Do you know how to write, my little friend?' said he to him.

'Yes, sir,' said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

'Well, give me a receipt.'

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth; both then bowed and retired.

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocose, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

'Well?' said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—'well?'

'Here we are at last,' said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. 'You have made no mistake, I hope,' said he.

'I don't think I have,' said Baptiste quietly.

'But I think you have,' said Moline with a smothered laugh.

'Do you think so, Moline?—do you think so?' cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets. 'But indeed I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled.'

'Eight crowns!—eight crowns!' cried Baptiste, astounded. 'Are you sure of that, godfather?'

'Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six.'

'On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but'——

'Fifteen!—fifteen!' interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed—'fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honour to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. O happy day!'

'How, godfather; would you take advantage?' said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

'Oh, perhaps you want to go shares,' said the dishonest shopkeeper. 'Certainly; I agree to let you have something.'

'Godfather,' interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, 'I cannot agree to any such thing'——

'Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me.'

'And I will go,' continued Baptiste, 'to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me.'

And with these words, Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

'Can I see M. Cenani?' asked the breathless Baptiste of the *valet-de-chambre* who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

'He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him,' replied the valet: 'my master is dressing.'

'I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately,' said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; 'it is absolutely necessary I should see him.'

'I will go and inquire,' said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

'What is the matter, Comtois?' asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

'It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir,' replied the valet.

'He cannot see me now,' said M. Cenani. 'My sword, Comtois.'

'Oh, pray, sir, one word,' said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

'What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?' asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. 'I am engaged. Go.'

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

'Sir,' said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, 'I have imposed upon you—unintentionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged.' Then taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still further into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added: 'Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns make only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir. Will you see if it is right?'

'Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?' said the banker, quickly changing his tone. 'Are you certain there is no mistake?'

'You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?'

'It is,' said Comtois, going to examine.

'The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honour of wishing you good-morning.'

'Stay a moment, one moment!' cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door. 'Do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?'

'I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns.'

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued: 'And you might have easily kept this money for yourself.'

'I never thought of that, sir,' replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

'But if you had thought of it?' again inquired the elegant Parisian.

'It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here;' and a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

'Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?'

'What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir,' said Baptiste without hesitation.

'You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand—'you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' repeated he. 'What is your name?'

'Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service,' replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

'And how old are you, Baptiste?'

'Fifteen, sir.'

'Colbert, Colbert,' repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall something to his memory. 'Is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?'

'The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir.'

'And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?'

'My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain.'

'Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity!—what a pity!'

'Your carriage is ready, sir,' said the *valet-de-chambre*, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret; he seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet childlike beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying: 'We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again.' And with gestures and looks of kindness, he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for

having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

'Get from my sight and from my employment,' said he in answer to Baptiste's explanations. 'Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you.'

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather's rage, and fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head; nevertheless he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor's unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour-door opened, and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. 'What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you—— Speak! What is the matter?'

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. 'I have been dismissed by M. Certain,' said Baptiste.

'You have been about some folly then, sir,' said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

'I will leave it to you to decide, father,' replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance.

'What do you mean?' demanded M. Colbert.

'With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong: but I do not think I have; for, notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet, if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done.'

'Go on,' said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers; he did so simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach; nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather's conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. 'My godfather is so fond of money,' said he, 'and then, as a woollen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him,

perhaps. If one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but so it is.'

'Come and embrace me, my son,' said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them—'come; you are indeed my son: you have behaved well, and have my full approbation.'

'Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste,' added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; 'you have done right. Sit down here near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you.'

'I cannot remain a burden to you, however,' observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

'We will think of that to-morrow,' replied M. Colbert; 'to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordered that the woollen-draper should send us.'

'Sir,' said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlour-door, 'a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to speak to you.'

'His name, Janon?'

'He says that as you do not know him, it is useless to tell his name; but he is very anxious to see you.'

'And I have no reason to refuse to receive him, stranger though he be: let him walk in, Janon,' said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply.

'Sir,' said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, 'I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani of Paris.'

'In what can I serve you, sir?' asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

'This youth is your son, is he not, sir?' inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

'Yes, sir, thank God.'

'You have cause to thank God, sir: this child acted towards me this morning in a manner truly noble.'

'Only as he ought, sir—only as he ought,' said Madame Colbert hastily; fearing, with maternal anxiety, that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

'Nobly, madame. I see that you know the history; but as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly

left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Guillaume's for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all the details by the shop-boy. Your admirable child, madame, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth.'

'Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! O my dear, dear boy!' said Madame Colbert with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered—

'It would not have been honest.'

M. Colbert looked upon his son with all a father's delighted approval.

'You are aware, sir,' said he, addressing the banker, 'that on account of his conduct, a conduct which makes a father's heart palpitate with joy, my son has been dismissed from M. Guillaume's.'

'I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I determined to come here, and to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, if it would suit you to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune? I tell you, madame, your child will make his fortune.'

'God bless you, sir,' said Madame Colbert with emotion.

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and who now only began to understand M. Cenani's intention, cried suddenly: 'If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir.'

'But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste,' said his father tenderly but seriously. 'We are very poor, my son; and I should think myself culpable did I bury a mind like yours in the narrow and confined sphere in which I move. Since this gentleman has appreciated you so far as to come to seek you here, he deserves my fullest confidence. I give him to you, sir; I intrust to you the flower of my family. Oh, in that great city, whither you are about to take him, watch over him—I will not say like a father, you are too young, but like a brother. And you, Baptiste, go with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of your calling, listen to his advice, and follow it; but when the principles of integrity, of honour, and of virtue are involved, take counsel but of your own heart.'

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but he no longer made any objection; the desire to relieve his parents, and to be useful to his family, soon dried his tears; nevertheless, the adieus were sorrowful.

Baptiste's young heart was wrung at the thought of leaving that home whose every corner recalled to his mind some sport of his childhood, or some fond caress of his parents; whose every article of furniture was connected with some sweet and tender association. Even down to old Janon, there was nothing that did not bring with it a regret.

Soon, however—thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, and

also to the change of scene and place—Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him, as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and cheerful companion.

Let us follow him to Paris, my young readers, and see in what manner the little woollen-draper climbed, step by step, to the pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory.

Having arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty chalked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence and his general skill, he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were now intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the great object of his ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences which he possessed was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was about thirty, Saint-Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law, Letellier, then Secretary of State, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime-minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period, commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-councillor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the Fronde in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch, Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, Baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen-regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister. He acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honour to his head and heart, his prudence being only equalled by his zeal; and

when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henri Passort, was made privy-councillor. The latter afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments; procured a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre for the second; caused the third to be appointed director of sea-prizes; and for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice worth six thousand livres. Thus Colbert, now a great man at court, shewed himself not unmindful of his relatives, and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that he had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favours:

'I entreat,' he says, 'that your Highness will not think me insensible to the many favours that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power to make.'

Colbert, created Marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV.: 'I owe everything to you, sire; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty in giving you Colbert.'

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merit so highly, that in 1661 he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era, France carried on no regular trade but that of some of its provinces with the capital, and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources and the mine of wealth that national industry can open. The principal roads were impassable; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas by which France is bounded, had before been proposed under Louis XIII.; Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgogne, and established a general insurance-office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity; and not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy, he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St Malo, and Bordeaux are still inhabited by merchants who belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period, the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. Colbert, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between

the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English; he redeemed it, in 1662, from Charles II. at an expense of five million livres. The two India companies were established; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec; a third settled in Madagascar; the same month, sixty-five large ships sailed from St Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds, so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbours of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort were opened, and those of Havre and Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established; and more than a hundred ships-of-the-line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean-Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass-works in the Faubourg St Antoine, which article had previously been purchased in Venice at enormous prices. In 1667, he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelins manufactory—an establishment in which was produced the most beautiful tapestries, and which remains till this day as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go a small distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The observatory, the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, laid out by Lenôtre, the triumphal-arch of St Martin's Gate, that of the Rue St Denis, that benevolent and noble institution, the Hôtel of the Invalids, many of the quays and boulevards, and several other things which we forget, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of Louis XIV.; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realise for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect—not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.—'Pasturage and tillage are the two nurses of the state'—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labours, the fine arts, the fair dream of his early years, were not forgotten. In 1664, he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome; and was also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house, for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th September 1683 that Colbert, who might have said with Corneille, 'I owe all my renown to myself,' terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant.

He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woollen-draper's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

In walking through London, we may occasionally observe a crowd of persons collected round a large cage, containing a variety of animals usually considered as opposite and irreconcilable in their natures—such as cats, pigeons, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, owls, canary birds, and other small creatures. The men who exhibit these collections of animals call them *Happy Families*, from the perfectly good temper and joyous happiness in which they appear to dwell together.

What is it that produces such a harmony among different natures? *Kindness.* The animals, individually, are treated with great kindness by their proprietors, and trained, by the prospect of little rewards, to conduct themselves meekly towards each other. By this mode of treatment, birds may be trained to perform very remarkable feats; and we shall mention a case in which a boy was enabled to excite in a strong degree the affections of these animals.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia; he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute, and forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, it was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons.

Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent; but still, all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; and never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even further: for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part: and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep: the cage was then opened, and the little tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch, that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an

adjoining garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden-trees towards home. Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe ; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed ! some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco shewed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor ; but none of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her ; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend ; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel which looked upon his grave ; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

I.

ON a September afternoon in the year 1705, a funeral of one of the poor cottagers of the little village of Anthenay, in Champagne, a district in the north-east of France, wound its way to the cemetery. The curé and five young children followed the melancholy procession: the eldest was about ten years of age, and the only one of the little family who wept not; but the look of anguish with which he gazed on the coffin which contained the remains of his father, told how much he suffered.

'Valentine,' said the curé to him, ceasing for a while to chant the service for the dead, and not comprehending the boy's silence, 'why do you not weep? Did you not love your father?'

The boy raised his eyes with a look in which grief was so plainly written, that the good man immediately added: 'Poor child! you cannot weep—it is indeed sad.'

Wishing, at all risks, to cause those tears which, in flowing, might soothe the fevered mind of the boy, he continued: 'He was a good father to you, though very poor; and his last

moments must have been embittered at the thought of leaving a wife and five children without means of support. Is it not true, Valentine?'

The boy, making a painful effort to speak, replied: 'God is good, sir: he concealed the truth from my mother, who did not suppose that he was dying.'

The curé, without making any further observation, resumed the chant, and Valentine again fell into a gloomy and thoughtful silence. When the body had been committed to the earth, and the curé concluded the service, the little cortège prepared to depart. It was then that Valentine found relief in tears, and throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed: 'My father! my father!'

The curé beckoned to the peasants to remove the other children, and, kneeling by the side of Valentine, he said in a tone of commiseration: 'Pray for comfort, my son: God is merciful.'

Having waited until he perceived the boy getting more composed, he added: 'It is time to return home. Come, Valentine, let us be going.'

Without making any remark, for there is in grief a passiveness to the will of others, Valentine rose, and walking side by side, they quitted the cemetery. Not far from the place of repose was an aged elm, at the foot of which a raised bank had existed for centuries. Valentine seated himself on it; and seeing that the curé regarded his movements with surprise, he said to him: 'Don't think of me, sir, but continue on your way home.'

'And why will you not come with me?' asked the curé.

'Where would you have me go, sir? Home?—why should I go there? My father has left nothing—nothing: our neighbour Maclare this morning sent my mother a loaf of bread; she has to-day at least something to eat.'

'And are the sufferings of the family, then, so very great, that your mother has not sufficient food?'

'I would rather not have spoken of it, sir, for my mother would starve rather than make a complaint. Almost everything she gets she gives to her children; and she certainly hurts herself for their sake. This morning my sister found her lying on the ground in a kind of faint, from hunger; and as she was not able to raise her, she put a cloth over her, and fed her with a little warm milk till she recovered. Oh my poor, poor mother!' And here the fulness of Valentine's heart overcame him, and he burst into tears.

'Come, cheer up, cheer up, Valentine,' said the curé; 'I will, as is my duty, see about something being done for your mother. In the meanwhile, as you say she has something to eat, there is no immediate need for my calling; and as there does not seem to be any danger of your not getting a share of food, had you not better go home?'

'No, sir, I should prefer not to go back just at present. I am not hungry.'

'Not at present, perhaps; but in an hour or two you will be so, Valentine.'

'What would you have me do, sir? I am accustomed to suffering. I will suffer.'

'But your mother will be uneasy at not seeing you return.'

'It is not the first time that I have been absent, sir.'

'And always from the same motive?' asked the curé, greatly moved; 'always to leave your portion to be divided amongst the family?'

'Always, sir!' replied Valentine artlessly.

'Oh, why am I myself so poor?' exclaimed the good man; and taking, almost with a degree of respect, the hand of the poor boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely screened him from the weather, he added: 'Noble and generous child, come share with me my dinner to-day: it is frugal and simple, as the repast of a poor curate ought to be, who is poorer than the poorest of his parishioners; but it will be sufficient for us both. Come, and we shall afterwards devise as to the best means of relieving you. Not to eat would be to shorten your days, and that would be against Providence—it would be a sin, Valentine.'

'Oh, sir, I do not look for much; I ask but the means of earning a livelihood,' said Valentine, kissing the hand of the curé, who forced him to rise and accompany him.

In passing by the abode of Maclare, one of the richest farmers of Anthenay—he who had that morning sent the loaf of bread to the poor widow—they perceived him seated before the door of his cottage, busily engaged fastening a hoop on a cask.

'Good-day, reverend sir,' said Maclare, raising his cap to the curé. 'How is your mother, Valentine? Poor woman!'

'Good-day, Maclare,' said the curé, while a sigh was the only reply Valentine gave. 'How is it that for the last month your son has not come either to school or catechism?'

'You are very good, reverend sir, and I shall tell you the reason of his absence: it is that our turkeys are obliged to be taken care of, and the boy has been occupied in minding them.'

'You ought to get a servant to look after the turkeys, and send your boy to school to continue his studies.'

'Nay, I am not so rich, sir, as people say: twenty-four francs a year, which I give you to educate my son, besides a fagot each week, and a loaf of bread each month—the bread, I am sure, you do not regard much, for you give it to the most necessitous of your parishioners; but still it is so much out of my pocket; and as to get a servant to take care of my turkeys, I could not afford it—what purse in France could support that?'

'There is a way in which you may arrange all this, Maclare. Do you wish to know it?'

'Provided that you do not ruin me, reverend sir, I ask no better; but let me hear your plan.'

'All that you would give for educating your son, you are to give to Valentine for taking care of your turkeys, and I shall educate your son without charge. Do you agree to it?'

'Do I agree to it! You ask me do I agree to it, sir? to have my son educated and my turkeys taken care of also at the same price! Certainly I do; and willingly, I assure you.'

'It is a bargain then, Valentine,' said the curé, turning towards young Jameray. 'How do you like the arrangement?'

'Oh, you have saved my life, sir!' said Valentine with emotion. 'My mother shall now have something to eat.'

'And when the turkeys have gone to roost,' said the curé, still addressing Valentine, 'with the permission of Maclare, you will come to the presbytery and repeat your catechism; for it would not be right that you should forget what you have already learned.'

'You are a good man, sir!' exclaimed the child in a tone of thankfulness.

'It is but right that I should look after my flock,' said the curé smiling.

'Oh, my good sir!' said Maclare, 'if Valentine has such anxiety about my turkeys, there is no fear but they will be well tended.'

II.

'What, Valentine! is it because you are not hungry that you have not eaten your supper?' said Maclare, perceiving that the boy had hidden on a shelf the portion of bread and cheese which his wife had given him for supper.

'Pardon me, master,' replied Valentine, confused at being detected; 'but'——

'I see that you do not like cheese,' replied the farmer roughly; 'for a care-taker of turkeys, you are very particular.'

'Oh, master,' said Valentine, getting more and more confused, 'you must not believe'——

'What one sees—is that it?' said the wife. 'I did not wish to be the first to make an observation; but since my goodman has seen you, why, then, I must speak. Valentine is squeamish, and requires to be pampered. It is no use to tell me that you are not so, Valentine! During the two years that you have been in our service, every time I gave you for your supper, instead of soup, either cheese, bacon, or butter, I have seen you lay it aside—to feed your turkeys, I think. I do not wish to say more, Valentine; but as it is so much loss to me, since you did not like cheese, you might have returned it to me, and eaten dry bread.'

'But I do like it, mistress; and I pray you not to mistake me—do not be angry with me. I wish to eat it; but'——

And Valentine, willing to prove what he had said to be true, mounted on a chair to reach the shelf where he had placed the remains of his supper; but, in his anxiety to do so, the chair fell, bringing the boy with it.

'There; you have nearly broken your neck! I do not wish you to be standing on the chairs,' said the farmer's wife petulantly. 'Stay, and I shall give you the cheese myself.'

Speaking thus, she put her hand upon the shelf, and took the first thing she found—it was an apple.

'Well, well, who could have placed this here?' Not attaching much importance to it, she a second time put up her hand, and brought down a piece of bacon. 'I wonder what next! The shelf is surely bewitched!' But her astonishment was indeed great when, reaching up for the third time, she seized the leg of a boiled fowl, and, turning her eyes towards Valentine, she saw that he was weeping.

'Oh mother, mother!' cried he in a voice broken by sobs.

'Will you tell me what this means?' said she, still searching on the shelf. 'I am not much surprised at your dislike to the cheese or the bacon, but this fowl—such a nice piece of a pullet as this—if you had stolen these things to eat, I should say nothing; but to steal for the sole purpose of concealing them! Again—another apple, some more cheese, and a pot of butter, and crusts upon crusts: as sure as my name is Jacqueline, here are provisions enough to feed a regiment!'

'Steal!' repeated Valentine, his grief changed into indignation; 'and do you suppose I stole these things, mistress?'

'They were not placed on the shelf without hands,' observed Maclare, looking at Valentine with severity.

'I placed them there,' said Valentine.

'Why did you place them there?' asked Jacqueline.

'I will tell you all, mistress,' said Valentine, 'lest you should suppose that I have acted wrong.'

'That is right, my boy; be frank,' said Maclare; 'to avow a fault is half the pardon.'

'Alas, master,' said Valentine, throwing a wistful glance at the provisions which Jacqueline had placed on the table after taking them from the shelf, 'if you suppose that I do not like the cheese, nor the fowl, nor the butter, but particularly the fowl, you are indeed mistaken; but if you had a mother and four brothers who were hungry, and who had but a morsel of dry bread to eat each day, would you not have a bad heart if you could refuse to share these good and nourishing things with them? Well, it is to give them to my mother that I have kept them out of my own supper.'

'Poor child! And so you have deprived yourself of your supper to give it to your mother?'

'Oh, it was no hardship, Madame Jacqueline, if you knew how happy and contented I felt when I placed something additional on

the shelf. "This bacon will be for my mother," I said, "and this apple will be a treat to Paul; and then James, who loves butter, will have some on his bread;" then, when the Sunday comes—for, as you wished me not to go out during the week, I never do, and I never see them but on Sunday—when you are gone to the dance, and I am left alone, how happy I feel when I take all that I have saved during the week, and, putting them in a basket, return home. Oh to see the joy that my coming always brings! and then they all crowd around me. "What have you brought, Valentine? Oh how happy you must be to regale yourself all day on good things like these!" The poor little fellows do not know how they have been obtained, and I often wish I could carry them more. My mother sometimes—my poor mother!—says to me: "Are you not depriving yourself to give to us, Valentine?" but I say: "No, mother, indeed I am not;" and I tell truth.'

'You are a brave fellow, Valentine,' said Maclare, taking the boy's two hands in his; 'you are a good son and a kind brother, and be assured that God will love you for it. But I do not wish that you should lose your supper, do you understand? at your age it is right to eat. You must eat to get strong, and grow big. Wife, you can add the remainder of the turkey we had for dinner to the provisions for the poor widow; and, do you hear, you may as well give a crock of butter to Valentine to take with him; and, wife, the weather is cold enough to freeze a wolf, and this child must not suffer: you know the vest which I have not worn this long time—give it to him, and his mother can alter it for him.'

'Is it the red vest, Maclare?' asked Jacqueline, who had already placed the things indicated by her husband amongst Valentine's provisions.

'The red vest!—to frighten my turkeys! No, no; the blue one,' said Maclare.

'Those are all stories, are they not, master, that red will frighten turkeys?' asked Valentine, all his good-humour returning.

'Stories! Certainly not, my boy.'

'It is true, then. Explain that to me, master.'

'He is a queer child,' said Jacqueline, laughing; 'he wishes to have everything explained to him—he must know the why and wherefore of whatever he sees. This summer he destroyed my best apple-toaster that he might examine the heavens, and yesterday he thought to poison himself with some herbs which he had boiled to find out their virtue. Red frightens turkeys because it frightens them: there is no other cause than that.'

'But that is not a reason, Dame Jacqueline; *why* are they afraid of red?'

'You do not understand that my wife wishes to say that they are afraid of red—therefore they are afraid,' said Maclare. 'Why, there is no other reason: be satisfied with our explanation.'

'But answer me one question—only one, master: when a person is afraid of anything—when you are afraid—you know why.'

'That is because I am a man, and I have reason, Valentine; but the turkeys are afraid without knowing why.'

''Tis very strange,' said Valentine, 'not to know why turkeys have such a fear of red; but,' added he, speaking to himself, 'I shall know before long, no matter what master says.'

The next morning his thoughts were still engaged in ruminating on the previous evening's conversation; and he never ceased until he had procured a piece of red cloth, which he hid inside his coat; then driving the turkeys before him, he reached the border of the pond where it was usual for him to remain with them each day. Waiting until the hour had arrived at which the inhabitants of Anthenay went to chapel, leaving him at liberty to make his experiments without being perceived, he commenced his operations. He chose the finest of the turkeys, and having attached the piece of red cloth to its neck, he let go the bird, and, quietly folding his arms, watched the result.

In an instant the turkey puffed himself up, regarding with terror the red colour mingled with his feathers, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to disengage himself from the annoyance, became furious. Valentine was delighted at these essays; but his joy was soon over. After struggling for some time with the piece of cloth, and finding that the annoyance was not to be removed in this manner, the silly turkey, believing that by flying he could escape the enemy, spread its wings, and hurried away; Valentine following its movements with anxiety. The turkey continued flying; but, unused to such fatigue, soon fell: the boy ran and took it up—it was dead!

Valentine then felt all the danger of his experiment. It was the most beautiful turkey of the entire flock. What would Maclare say, or what excuse could he give him? Alas! he had not to wait long in suspense. As he returned, sad and pensive, with the dead bird in his hand to where the remainder of the flock were feeding, he met his master.

'My turkey!' exclaimed Maclare; and seeing the piece of red cloth around the neck of the fowl, he added in anger: 'Mischievous urchin! you have been again trying your experiments; but as I have no idea of being any longer the victim of such a thirst for knowledge, get away with you, and never let me see you again.'

So saying, he snatched the turkey from Valentine, and pointing to the road, made a sign which could not be misunderstood, and walked towards his cottage.

III.

It was in the year 1707, at the commencement of one of the severest winters on record; and notwithstanding the sharp frost,

and the snow which commenced to fall, Valentine remained motionless by the side of the pond where his master had left him.

'Come, exert yourself, Valentine!' said he at length, speaking to himself, after a burst of grief at the thought of his forlorn situation. 'But where shall I go? To whom shall I present myself? Who will receive me, now that the farmer Maclare has turned me away? What shall I say to my poor mother? Who will now give her anything to eat? And the curé—the good curé—who always defended me when I was in trouble? I am an unfortunate; and I have deserved it all. I did not think any harm would come of my experiment. I have done wrong, and must suffer for it—and all my weeping will not restore the turkey. Anthenay is not the only village in France! God did not desert me when my poor father died, and when I thought I was lost: perhaps he will not abandon me now: where there are villages there will be farmers—where there are farmers there will be turkeys—and where there are turkeys a keeper will be required.'

Animated by this reflection, Valentine took the road lying before him, and without looking back, or turning either to the right hand or the left, quitted his natal village.

Alas! how much suffering would he have been saved had he but known that the farmer, ere he reached home, had regretted the haste with which he had dismissed the poor boy, and had gone in pursuit of him—had he but known that his mistress, Dame Jacqueline, had gone in search of him to his mother's, not forgetting to take the week's provisions with her; and so certain was she that he would seek his friends, that she had left injunctions to send him immediately to her cottage, where everything would be forgiven. But Providence, without doubt, inspired the boy to take the route he did.

After travelling some days, passing through several villages and hamlets, and in each offering his services, and being always refused, as the night closed he found himself on the road leading to the province of Brie. He was attacked with violent spasms in the head, and his limbs becoming almost stiff with the cold, he knocked at the first door he came to. It was that of a poor farmer whose wife had died a year previously, and who earned a scanty subsistence by cultivating a little plot of ground, and feeding some sheep, a number of which had been destroyed by the frost.

'For charity, sir,' said Valentine in a feeble voice, his body nearly bent double, and shivering, 'allow me to remain a short time in your cottage to rest and warm myself, for I am nearly frozen. Oh! I suffer so much, I believe that I am dying.'

He could say no more, and fell insensible at the feet of the farmer, who for a moment appeared uncertain how to act.

'Poor child!' said he, raising him, 'you are indeed a wretched object; but no matter; it shall not be said that old Michael left an unfortunate being to perish at his door.' As Valentine had not the

power to raise himself, the old farmer took him in his arms into the stable where he kept his sheep, and laying him down amongst the heat of the peaceful animals, soon restored his frozen limbs. The next morning when the farmer rose, he went to look after the poor boy, but was shocked at the state in which he found him. On examination, he perceived that the boy was attacked with the malady which had caused his wife's death the previous year.

'Poor boy!' said he, 'you have the small-pox, and I know not how to serve you. What can I give you; I that have scarcely enough to eat myself? These taxes and imposts have ruined me; they have taken all that I possessed, even the very beasts that assisted me in tilling my ground. If the cottage were my own, that too would have been taken, but it belongs to the proprietor of the farm. But no matter; I shall do what I can—God will take pity on me.'

The eyes of the sick boy spoke the thanks which his tongue could not, and Michael, leaving him for a short time, soon returned with a bundle of old linen. Having taken off the clothes which Valentine wore, he enveloped him in the linen, and collecting a quantity of the manure which lay about the stable, he placed Valentine in the centre, and completely covered his body with it. Believing that he left him to die in peace, the farmer sought his daily occupations.

Morning and evening he visited the child, each time expecting to find him a corpse; but the manure, by causing copious perspiration, had brought the eruption to the exterior, with no greater injury than a number of blotches, which ever after left their indelible marks on his body. Though Valentine escaped from the effects of the frost and sickness, he ran a great risk of dying of hunger.

One morning the farmer, with tears in his eyes, told Valentine that even this addition, little as it was, surpassed his means.

'Then I have no other hope but to die!' said Valentine in a mournful voice, and throwing a look of desolation upon the filthy covering about him.

'Though I am not able to give you food,' said the farmer, 'there are others who, I am sure, will do so. The curé, who lives a few miles from this place, is a good and charitable man, and I have no doubt will consent to receive you.'

Freeing him from his unique covering, and wrapping wisps of hay around his limbs, he placed him on an ass, and taking care that he should not fall off through weakness, led him to the presbytery. He was there placed in bed, and by the attention of the curé was soon restored to health. Unhappily, the good man was not rich; and when he found Valentine completely recovered, he gave him to understand that he wished him to go, and leave his place to be occupied by others who were even more unfortunate than he.

IV.

Valentine recommenced his journey, going from door to door asking for work, or at least a morsel of bread. Alas! both his demands were alike unheeded: the misery which reigned throughout the entire province was frightful. At length a farmer of the village of Clesentine offered him the care of his flocks, which Valentine at once accepted. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, idleness did not suit him; and an anxious wish to be instructed, induced him, at the end of two years, to seek other employment. Accident conducted him to the farm of La Rochette, near Deneuvre, at the foot of the Vosges mountains, which was inhabited by a hermit or friar named Palemon.

'My father,' said Valentine, 'you are alone; receive me, and I will assist you in your work; I will serve you as a domestic; I shall be satisfied to live on bread; and all that I ask in return is, that you will teach me to read.' The good man willingly accepted the offer of a young companion, and they lived happily together for some time; until the arrival of a second hermit, bearing an order from their superior, obliged brother Palemon to receive him as a companion.

Valentine was again thrown on the world; but the good hermit gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and one league from Luneville. Four old men resided in this retreat; all their fortune consisted of six cows, and the produce of twelve acres of land. These they found sufficient for all their wants and their charities. They received Valentine with pleasure, and confided to him the care of the cows. It was while amongst these religiously-disposed men that Valentine commenced seriously to instruct himself. But he shall tell his own tale, as recorded in his memoirs.

'I commenced,' says he, 'a new career: I began to learn to write; one of the old men traced my copies with a trembling hand—bad copies were of course the result of so imperfect a model. Not to give the old man trouble, and to get over my lesson, I detached a pane of glass from my window, and placing it upon the copy I had received, traced exactly the letters written underneath. By the repetition of this exercise, in a short time I acquired facility in writing, though it was ever so bad. By means of an old abridged arithmetic, which I had found in the library attached to the hermitage, I learned the first four rules. This was to me a source of amusement and pleasure. In the neighbouring wood I chose a fitting place to study, to which, during the long nights of summer, I frequently retired. One night, while gazing on the number of stars which studded the immensity of the heavens, I recollected having read in an old almanac that on certain days of the year the sun entered into certain signs, which

were distinguished by the names of animals. Not knowing what these signs meant, but presuming that there were perhaps in the heavens assemblages of stars which these figures represented, I made it the object of my speculations. Accident furnished me with the means of forming more just notions. Having been sent to Luneville on a fair day, I perceived a number of pictures exposed for sale, fastened against the walls. I found amongst them a planisphere, in which the stars were marked with their different names and magnitudes. The purchase of this planisphere, a chart of the terrestrial globe, and maps of the four divisions of the earth, exhausted all my finances, which amounted to four or five francs. The avaricious and the ambitious may well be excused if the passions by which they are swayed cause a pleasure as real and as lively as I experienced from the possession of these six sheets of paper. A few days sufficed to learn the situations of the greater number of the constellations. But to make use of this knowledge, it was necessary to fix upon a point in the heavens to serve as a base for my observations. I had heard it stated that the polar star was the only one in our hemisphere which was immovable, and that its situation determined that of the arctic pole. But how to find this star, and to be certain of its immobility! After many inquiries, I was told of a steel needle which had the power of turning itself to the poles of the earth—a prodigy I could scarcely believe, yet fain would see. To my great joy, the eldest of the hermits told me he had a compass with a dial, which he had the goodness to give me. By the aid of this marvellous instrument I soon found out the four cardinal and the subordinate points; but as I was still ignorant of the elevation of the polar star, I employed the following means to find its situation: I chose a star which appeared to be of the third magnitude; then with an auger I pierced a hole in the branch of a tree of such a size that, looking through, I might perceive that star alone. This done, as a true follower of Ptolemy, I reasoned thus: This star is either fixed or movable; if fixed, my point of observation being also stationary, it will be always seen through the aperture, and in that case it will be the one I wish to find; if it is movable, the contrary will be the case, and I can repeat the operation of boring; and this I did frequently, without other success than breaking my auger. The accident made me have recourse to another expedient. I took a straight slip of elder, and having slit it, and taken out the pith, I joined the two parts with thread, and fastened the hollow cane to one of the branches of an oak, which served me as an observatory. By this means I was able to direct the tube with facility towards the different stars which I wished to observe, and at length succeeded in finding the one I sought. After this, it was easy to find the situation of the principal constellations, by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, and following the projection of the planisphere, and then I knew what to think of this quantity of animals

with which the ancients had peopled the skies, perhaps for want of the same number of men worthy of the honour.'

You, my young friends, who have books and masters to explain all these things, can you comprehend all the difficulties which Valentine Duval had to surmount before finding what he sought without assistance, and to what a high degree his desire for information must have arrived, to give him the courage to brave all the obstacles opposed by his ignorance, and the patience to surmount them? Well, he had this patience and courage, and with them, as a recompense, a satisfaction both sweet and agreeable. All the days were to him full of delight, for self-instruction was his enjoyment; and at each step that he advanced in science, he found pleasure and profit.

After studying and learning, imperfectly no doubt, the chart of the heavens, he next essayed to gain a knowledge of that of the earth. He imagined to himself that he needed but to follow the track of some one of those of whom he read in Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*, the *History of Quintus Curtius*, which he had read by accident, or the route taken by the army of the Paladins—books with which the library of the monks was replete. But having no other introduction to geography than the maps which he had purchased at Luneville, he could not, with all his efforts, comprehend what could be the meaning or the use of the circles traced upon the map of the world, such as the meridians, the tropics, and the zodiac. You may laugh at this, my young friends; but recollect that Duval had no one to whom he could apply for the desired information, and which was necessary for him to know, yet the use of which he almost guessed. You know the little black lines upon the map which divide the equator, and which are 360 in number. Valentine Duval, by the force of reflection, imagined that they were so many leagues; and one day, during a conversation with one of the hermits, he affirmed that the terrestrial globe was 360 leagues in circumference.

'I can scarcely think that, my child,' said the good father, who was himself no geographer; 'for in my voyage to Calabria, I had to traverse more than three hundred and sixty leagues, and I did not, to a certainty, make the circuit of the globe.'

This observation, so just, yet so simple, was felt in its full force by Duval, at once overthrowing all his fondly-cherished theories; and might have been the means of his renouncing self-instruction altogether, had not accident again favoured him.

Every Sunday he attended at the Carmelite church of Luneville; and on one occasion, having sauntered into the garden attached to it, he perceived one of the monks occupied in reading. On inquiring the name of the book, he was told that it was a guide to the study of geography, by the Sieur Lannay. The interest which the boy evinced, prompted the monk to ask him some questions, the result of which was, that, before leaving, he gave Duval the book. To

Valentine such a work was in itself a treasure; and on his return to the hermitage, he lost no time in studying its contents. He there saw the manner in which the degrees of the equator were applied to the measurement of the different portions of the earth; and in making him comprehend the littleness of our globe in comparison to the vast space with which it was surrounded, filled him with wonder.

The wish to become the possessor of a larger stock of books, made him turn over in his thoughts various expedients; and at length his active mind suggested the means. He made war on the denizens of the forest—foxes, polecats, &c.—and then, selling their skins at Luneville, was enabled to purchase books. He also snared birds, and disposing of them likewise, he, in less than a month, gathered up a little capital of forty crowns.

Forty crowns! one hundred and twenty francs amassed thus, sous by sous, with an industry which increased each day. If you can imagine this, my young friends, you may conceive the happiness of Duval. He immediately ran to the town of Nancy—yes, ran is the word—as fast as his feet could carry him, and the first question he asked on entering the town was, to demand the address of a library. He was directed to a bookseller named Truan.

'Sir,' said he, the moment he entered the shop, 'I have a hundred and twenty francs which I wish to expend with you. I should thank you to tell me the books best suited to my age and instruction.'

The frank and ingenuous countenance of Duval, and the artlessness with which he had told his wishes, interested the kind-hearted Truan so much, that he would willingly have placed the contents of his shop at the disposal of the amiable boy. The bookseller shewed him a number of books which he thought would answer; but when their price was calculated, it was found to amount to a much larger sum than Valentine possessed.

'What shall I do?' said he, completely overwhelmed.

'You can owe me the overplus, my little friend,' said the librarian.

'But you do not know me, sir,' objected the boy, divided between the wish to take the books and the disinclination to contract a debt. 'But upon what is your confidence in me founded?'

'Upon your countenance, and the wish you appear to have for learning, my child: I read in your face that you would not deceive me, and that you will pay me before long.'

'Well, sir, since your good opinion is taken on such equivocal foundation, I willingly accept your offer; and I assure you that I shall, as far as possible, try to merit that good opinion.'

When he had his books arranged in his little cell, with the planisphere attached to the wall over his bed, he would not have exchanged his dormitory for the grandest chamber of the Louvre. The walls were covered with maps of provinces and kingdoms—a little world in themselves—and Valentine seldom retired to rest without having first

traced, by their assistance, the route of some traveller whose footsteps he longed to follow.

A happy adventure which occurred to him at this time, was the means of increasing his treasure—the number of his books—for to him they were the only things regarded as such. One day, while watching his cows, he found an armorial seal, and immediately announced the circumstance at the hermitage: the next day an Englishman presented himself in his little chamber.

'The seal which you have found is mine—I come to reclaim it.'

'If it is yours,' replied Valentine, 'you can of course describe the arms.'

'You wish to joke with me, young man,' said the Englishman, regarding the mean dress and the heavy shoes of Duval with a scornful look; 'as if you were able to understand heraldry.'

'That matters not, sir,' said Valentine in a quiet tone; 'if you desire to get your seal, you must describe it fully.'

Not to prolong the discussion, the stranger obeyed; and Valentine being assured that the Englishman was the real owner, restored it to him.

'Who attends to your education?' asked he, already conceiving a high opinion of the poor youth.

'Myself,' replied Valentine artlessly.

'Yourself alone?'

'With the aid of my books, sir: you can see that I have a good number of them.'

The Englishman smiled. 'You have but these?' said he; 'and how have you procured them?'

Valentine recounted the manner in which he had waged war on the birds and beasts of the forest, and the way in which he had applied the profits.

'Poor child!' said the stranger, after listening with attention to him; 'come to my lodgings, and, since you love books, I shall give you some.'

Thanks to the generosity of the Englishman, his library got an increase of over a hundred volumes. The education which he acquired by their perusal, aided in giving him a wish to better his condition, and Providence assisted him in this desire.

The wood in which the cattle were pastured, by the quantity of books and charts he each morning took with him, presented the appearance of a cabinet of study. One day, while seated at the foot of a tree, thinking over the best means of changing a position in life which had become irksome to him, with his eyes fixed upon an open map, an individual happened to pass, and astonished at the sight of a boy watching cows, and at the same time studying, he approached him.

'What are you engaged at, my boy?' asked the stranger.

'I am studying geography, sir,' replied Valentine.

'Do you understand such things?' asked the unknown, more and more astonished.

'I never occupy myself about things I do not understand,' said the young student.

'What are your studies at the present moment, my young friend?' asked the stranger with affability.

'I am seeking the route to Quebec, sir.'

'Might I ask the reason, my child?'

'That I might go there to continue my studies at the university, sir. I have read in my books that it is famous.'

'There are other universities much nearer to you, and equally good. Tell me one that you would like, my young friend.'

This proposition made Duval raise his eyes to the person who spoke. He was a young man of engaging countenance, and the hunting-dress which he wore indicated high rank. Before the boy had time to reply, a numerous retinue issued from various parts of the forest, evidently in quest of the stranger, and, by their livery, he at once knew that he who spoke was one of the princes of the house of Lorraine.

It was no other than the Duke Leopold, who, perceiving Valentine's confusion, by the kindness and affability of his manner soon engaged him in conversation; and so well pleased was he with the answers of the poor boy, that he finished by proposing that he should continue his studies at the Jesuits' College of Pont à Mousson. Without hesitation, Valentine accepted the kind offer of the duke; and bidding adieu to the hermits, he and his books were soon transported thither. His progress in learning was as rapid as might have been expected, the study he preferred being geography, history, and the ancients. His masters at length declared that they had nothing more to teach him.

The Duke of Lorraine, who had declared himself the protector of Duval, took him to Paris in 1718, and gave him funds to travel through Holland and the Low Countries. On his return, the duke nominated him his librarian; and a chair of history was founded for him at Luneville.

The presents which he received on his elevation, and the economy with which he lived, enabled him to gratify the generous impulses of his heart. The remembrance of the kindness shewn him by the hermits of St Anne was not forgotten. He not only built a more extensive and commodious house, but bought a large tract of land for them, by which means they were enabled to extend their charity. Finding that all his family were dead, he purchased the cottage at Anthenay in which he was born, and on its site built a house for the reception of a schoolmaster, where the children of the village who were unable to pay were educated.

When the Duke of Lorraine died, in 1729, his son the Duke Francis removed to Tuscany; and, notwithstanding the endeavours made to

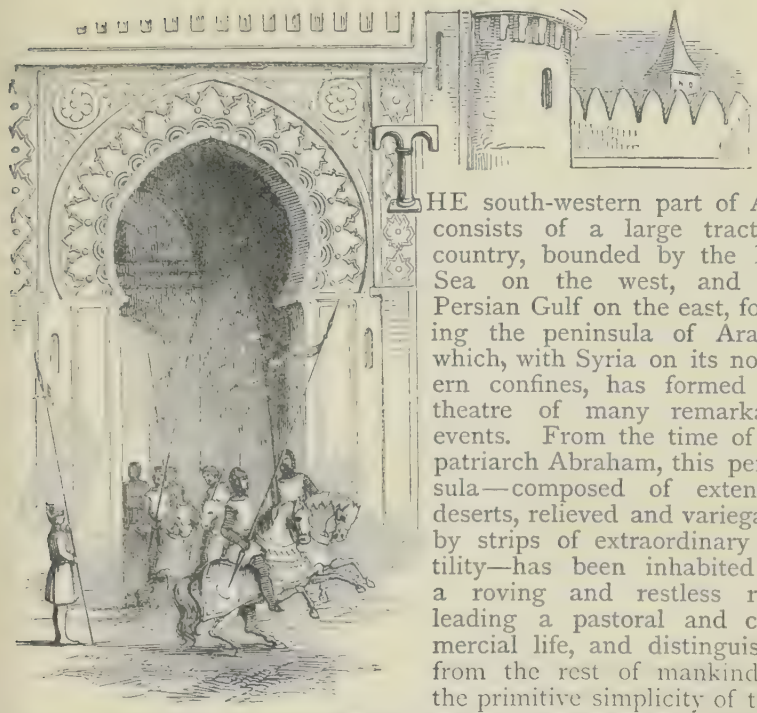
retain Duval at Luneville, he followed the fortunes of the young prince, and continued to hold the office of librarian. When the Duke Francis was raised to the throne of Germany by his marriage with Maria Therese, Duval still remained near him, and had apartments in the royal palace. All these favours did not render him either vain or proud. His dress and his habits were alike plain and unostentatious : dividing his time between study, walking, and the society of a few select friends, his life glided on peacefully and agreeably.

Never wishing to make a parade of his knowledge, his frequent reply when questions were asked was : 'I know nothing.' On one occasion, while conversing with some ignorant person, he made use of this expression, to which the other replied : 'The emperor pays you for your knowledge.'

'The emperor,' said the librarian, 'pays me for that which I know; if he paid me for that of which I am ignorant, all the treasures of his empire would not suffice.'

His life, sober, active, and accustomed to fatigue, was prolonged to an advanced period, and he died on the 3d of September 1775, at the age of eighty years. Amongst many other charitable bequests which his will contained, was one in which he gave 10,000 florins for the endowment each year of three poor children of Vienna.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.



THE south-western part of Asia consists of a large tract of country, bounded by the Red Sea on the west, and the Persian Gulf on the east, forming the peninsula of Arabia, which, with Syria on its northern confines, has formed the theatre of many remarkable events. From the time of the patriarch Abraham, this peninsula—composed of extensive deserts, relieved and variegated by strips of extraordinary fertility—has been inhabited by a roving and restless race, leading a pastoral and commercial life, and distinguished from the rest of mankind by the primitive simplicity of their manners and their unconquerable love of independence. Through all the dynasties and revolutions of ancient history, these wandering sons of Ishmael preserved their freedom, defying every attempt made to subjugate them. Their deserts even afforded a hospitable asylum to refugees from other nations. On the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, thousands of the scattered Jews spread themselves over Arabia; and during the first centuries of the Christian era, many European Christians, either fired with missionary zeal, or expelled from their own countries on account of their Arian tenets, mingled with the Arab population. Hence arose a strange and chaotic condition of society, and an inextricable jumble of discordant customs and creeds. The Arabs, a poetical and imaginative people, professed originally that oriental kind of paganism which is so frequently described in the Old Testament: they worshipped

the heavenly luminaries, nowhere so beautiful as when shining silently at night over the Arabian desert. Upon this star-worship were ingrafted a multitude of Jewish ceremonies and Christian ideas; and the consequence was, that, in the seventh century, the prevailing religion of the Arabs was a mongrel system of polytheism, fatal alike to political unity and to individual morality. In the beginning of the seventh century, however, Mohammed effected his astounding revolution among the Arabs. Born at Mecca in the year 570, this extraordinary man commenced in his fortieth year, and, before his death in 632, accomplished, an entire social and religious reorganisation of his countrymen—binding together the various scattered tribes which occupied the peninsula, shattering the old polytheism, and setting up a new religion, compounded of various elements, the central idea of which was: 'There is only one God, and Mohammed is the last and greatest of all his prophets.' Under the impulse of Mohammedanism, the Arabs suddenly began to perform a conspicuous part in the world's history. One of the prophet's doctrines was that of the duty of conquest—of propagating and extending the true religion by the edge of the sword. Mohammed set the example of obedience to this precept before his death; and his successors, the califs, followed it up by a remarkable series of conquests. Before the beginning of the eighth century, the whole of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia on the one side, and the whole of the northern coast of Africa, from Egypt to the Strait of Gibraltar, on the other, had been overrun by Mohammedan armies, and annexed to the Arabian empire. This vast extent of territory was governed by numerous officers or lieutenants, dependent on the calif or supreme head of the Mohammedan empire, whose seat of government was Damascus, in Syria.

Having pushed their conquests along the coast of Africa, as far as the district to which the Romans had given the name of Mauritania, the Arabs next attempted to invade Europe by crossing the Mediterranean. The point at which they entered was the Spanish peninsula, lying so invitingly near to their own country. Invading Spain in the year 711, these Arabs—known usually by the name of *Moors* or *Mauri*, denoting that they came immediately from Mauritania in Africa, sometimes also by the name of *Saracens*, marking their Eastern origin—kept partial possession of the peninsula for eight centuries. As a preliminary to our narrative of their proceedings there, it will be necessary to glance at the condition of Spain at the date of their invasion.

SPAIN PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION OF THE ARABS—DOMINION OF THE VISIGOTHS.

At a remote period of history, Spain was inhabited by a population called Iberians. Another race, called Celts, mingling with

them, the two together received the name of the Celtiberians. Both were ultimately conquered by the Romans, and Spain became one of the most important provinces of the Roman empire. Like other portions of this great empire, Spain was overrun by Alans, Suevi, and Vandals, in the beginning of the fifth century. This great invasion, in 404, was followed by an invasion of Visigoths, who finally attained the ascendency. The kingdom of the Goths or Visigoths thus established in Spain lasted for more than two centuries and a half, ruled over by a series of monarchs whose names it would be useless to mention. The only circumstance worth noticing with respect to the period of the Gothic rule in Spain, is the remarkable struggle which was then carried on between Catholic Christianity and that form of belief which was called Arianism—a struggle which then divided the whole Christian world, but of which Spain, in particular, seems to have been the principal scene. Yet even this great struggle it would be tiresome and profitless to describe; and it need only be stated that the Arians were subdued, and Spain became, what it has continued to be ever since, a stronghold of the Roman Catholic faith.

Passing over this fierce religious commotion, we come to the year 673, when a noble Goth named Wamba ascended the Spanish throne. It was in his reign that the Moors or Arabs of Mauritania first began to harass the Spanish coasts. This formidable enemy attempting to land in his dominions, Wamba assembled a great naval force, attacked their fleet, and after a desperate engagement, defeated them, taking a vast number of prisoners, and, it is said, no fewer than two hundred and seventy vessels of all sizes. This was the first collision between the Moors and the Visigoths. The fourth in succession from Wamba on the Spanish throne was Roderic, the last of the Goths. It was in his reign, in the year 711, that the Arab invasion took place.

Our readers will now perceive that the history which we are about to relate is the history of a conflict of two conquering races rushing against each other from opposite directions, and fired by opposite sentiments—of the Visigoths from the north, a German race recently converted to Christianity; and of the Arabs from the east and south, a people of hot Asiatic temperament, burning with zeal for the religion of Mohammed. The issue which depended on the struggle was the possession of Europe, and the arena on which the shock took place was the peninsula of Spain.

INVASION AND COLONISATION OF SPAIN BY THE MOORS.

Roderic, the last of the Goths, ascended the throne of Spain in 709, in consequence of a popular revolution against Witiza, whose conduct had rendered him odious to his subjects. While a civil war was going on in Spain between the superseded sovereign and

his rival, the Saracens of Mauritania were eagerly watching for an opportunity to revenge themselves for the defeat they had sustained from Wamba, and to effect a landing in the peninsula. The calif who then ruled over the immense Arabic empire, residing generally at Damascus, in Syria, was Walid I., a man who inherited the spirit of conquest which had distinguished more or less all the successors of Mohammed. His lieutenant in the African province of Mauritania was Muza Ibn Nosseyr, and to him was committed the trust of superintending the invasion of Spain. It was not long before Muza found an opportunity of executing his master's intentions. A Gothic nobleman, Count Julian, whose daughter had suffered a grievous insult at the hands of Don Roderic, entered into a conspiracy with the Saracen viceroy to admit his troops into the southern promontory of Spain, where he held command. Having once effected a landing, their own indomitable courage, their superiority in arms, assisted by the distracted state of the Spanish kingdom, and especially by the co-operation of the Jews, who had suffered too much persecution under the Christian Goths not to be willing to welcome a change of masters—these causes would insure their progress in the peninsula. Accordingly, on the third day of the moon of Rejeb, in the year of the Hejira 92—corresponding to the 28th of April 711 of our calendar—Tarik Ibn Zeyad, a freedman of the Mauritanian viceroy, sailed, by his master's orders, with a small band of followers for the Spanish coast. He landed at the foot of the rock of Calpé, to which, accordingly, was given the name of Gebel Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik, a name softened by time into Gibraltar.

Sleeping at the foot of the rock the night after his landing, Mohammed, say the Arabian historians, appeared in a vision to Tarik, and assured him of the conquest of Spain. Indeed victory had so constantly attended the Mohammedan arms wherever they had yet appeared, that Tarik and his followers must have anticipated the subjugation of Spain as a matter of course. Reinforced by fresh troops sent over from Mauritania, they gradually spread themselves over the country adjoining Gibraltar, taking possession of all the villages and places of strength. Their arrival had been so unexpected, that Roderic and his Visigoths were at first quite unprepared to repel them. At length, however, seeing the land so rapidly filling with Moors, Roderic assembled all the forces he could command, and staked his kingdom on a great battle with the Moors, fought at Xeres de la Frontera, on the banks of the Guadalete, a few miles from Cadiz, on the 17th July 711. It terminated the rule of the Visigoths in Spain. The Moors gained a complete victory. Roderic and his Goths were totally defeated. The fate of the Visigoth king remains to this day a mystery. His horse and cloak were found after the battle, the saddle ornamented, it is said, with gold and emeralds; but his body could not be seen. The Arab historians

indeed say that he was killed by Tarik's spear, and that his head was cut off and sent to Muza, and by him to the calif at Damascus, preserved in camphor: the Spaniards, however, maintain that he escaped; and the adventures of Don Roderic subsequent to the battle of the Guadalete form the theme of many a fanciful legend.

Tarik and his victorious army now ranged at large through Spain, meeting with almost no resistance. Seville, Cordova, and other towns quickly yielded, and in a short time the Moors were masters of Spain as far north as Toledo. Meanwhile, Muza, wishing to reserve for himself the honour of having added such a fair country as Spain to the dominions of the calif, had left Mauritania to superintend the new conquest in person. He and Tarik, once his freedman, but now his rival, pursued their career of glory together, not without mutual animosity; and before the year 715, the entire peninsula, as far as the Pyrenees, with the exception of the mountainous district of Asturias, was reduced under the Moorish yoke. The only opposition of consequence which the conquerors experienced was in the district since known as the kingdom of Murcia, where a Gothic baron named Theodomir kept possession of the town of Orihuela against the Moslem army, and only yielded after obtaining from Abdalaziz, the son of Muza, very favourable terms.

Probably few conquests that have ever taken place, certainly not the Norman conquest of England, and much less the conquest of America by the Spaniards, have been conducted with so much moderation and so little wanton cruelty as the Moorish conquest of Spain. Miseries, doubtless, inseparable from a conquest, were experienced by the Gothic-Roman population, and scenes of atrocity may have occurred during the progress of the Mohammedan armies over the peninsula; but the sufferings endured by the conquered were not, upon the whole, greater than those which necessarily resulted from the forcible addition of so many souls to the population. Tribute was exacted to the amount of one-tenth, or in some cases one-fifth, of the annual income of the conquered classes; but they were left in the peaceable enjoyment of their own laws, without any other restriction than that every sentence of death should be submitted, before being executed, to the Mohammedan authorities for their sanction; they were also permitted to practise religious worship according to their own forms, provided, however, the doors of their churches were regularly closed during the ceremony, and provided also that no new churches should be built. Such were the conditions awarded to the Christian portion of the Spanish population by their Saracen masters. To the Jews, who, if they had not directly assisted the invasion, had at least welcomed it, conditions still more favourable were granted, and sentiments of mutual good-will sprang up between the followers of Moses and those of Mohammed, which were not extinguished during the whole period of the Moorish dominion in Spain.

To return now to Tarik and Muza. Information of the addition of a new province to his vast dominions—a country rivalling Syria in beauty and fertility, Yemen the Happy for its balmy air, India for its flowers and perfumes, Hejaz for its fruits, and China for the riches of its mines—reached the Calif Walid at Damascus. He was told also that this was but the opening of a path into the rest of Europe. Pouring northward through Spain, the followers of Islam would cross the Pyrenees, overrun Gaul, descend into Italy, plant their mosques in Rome, and met perhaps on the shores of the Adriatic by another conquering army of the Faithful, despatched into Europe through Asia Minor, the two armies would unite in the centre of a new continent, which their valour had added to the empire of the calif, and make the firmament ring with the name of Allah and his Prophet. Such were the splendid visions which the conquest of Spain might have suggested to the imagination of a zealous Mohammedan. Muza, the Mauritanian viceroy, appears to have been a man who delighted in such daring schemes. The Visigoths of Spain having been subdued, he was preparing, it is said, to carry his victorious arms across the Pyrenees, to try his strength against the Franks of Gaul and the Lombards of Italy, when he received a peremptory summons from the calif to return to Damascus in company with Tarik. Rumours which had reached the calif of the differences between Muza and Tarik, and which represented the former as aiming at an independent sovereignty in Spain, were the cause of their recall. Muza dared not disobey. Committing the government of Spain to his eldest son, Abdalaziz, and that of his Mauritanian provinces to his younger sons, he departed in great state, taking Tarik along with him, and a number of noble Visigoths, of both sexes, to grace his appearance at the calif's court. Before he reached Damascus, however, the Calif Walid had died, and his brother Soliman sat upon the throne. By the new calif, the brave Moor was ill received. After being publicly whipped, he was exposed to the sun for a whole day before the gate of the calif's palace, and then thrown into prison; while Tarik and the Visigoths who had come to Damascus in his train were treated with honour. Muza's family likewise shared the calif's displeasure. Secret orders were despatched to Spain to put Abdalaziz to death. It was with difficulty that these orders could be executed. Abdalaziz, who, on his father's departure, had assumed the government, and taken up his residence at Seville, had made himself popular by his just and wise measures both with Moors and Spaniards, and had given a pledge of his good-will to the latter by marrying the Christian princess Egilona, the widow of King Roderic, a woman of great beauty and of a noble spirit. When, therefore, the calif's letters reached the two Moorish chiefs who were intrusted with the office of putting Abdalaziz to death, and who were old and intimate friends of Muza, they were grieved at the contents. 'Is it possible,' said they, 'that

Muza's enemies should have so speedily effaced the memory of his great actions? But,' continued they in the true Mohammedan spirit, 'God is good, and He commands implicit obedience to the calif.' They therefore set about devising some plan for putting Abdalaziz to death without raising a popular tumult. They caused a rumour to be spread that he was entertaining designs of revolt against the calif; that, under the influence of his Christian wife Egilona, he was falling from the true faith; and that, to save the new conquest, and fulfil their duty to God and the calif, it was necessary to kill him. These reports produced the intended effect. Abdalaziz was assassinated while engaged in his devotions at the mosque of Seville; and his head, preserved in camphor, was sent in a precious casket to Damascus, where, with oriental cruelty, Soliman caused it to be uncovered in the presence of Muza. 'Do you know that face?' said the calif. 'I know it well,' said the wretched father, turning away his eyes; 'and may the curse of God rest upon him who has put to death a better man than himself!' The conqueror of Spain was then permitted to go where he pleased, and, like a true Mohammedan, he retired to Mecca, where grief soon ended his days.

The assassination of Abdalaziz took place in the year 716; and for a period of forty years after that event, Spain, as one of the most remote provinces of the califate, was governed by as many as eighteen different emirs or viceroys, some of whom only retained office for a few months, being either assassinated or deposed by a rival faction. Far removed from the centre of the empire, and therefore not overawed by the idea of the calif's sovereignty—filled with fiery and restless spirits of mixed blood and various nations, although connected by the bond of a common language and a common religion—Mohammedan Spain was distracted by continual broils and dissensions among its emirs. Taking advantage of these differences among their conquerors, some of the Visigoths rose in rebellion. Gathering round a chieftain of the name of Pelayo, they took refuge in the mountains of Asturias, where they were able to bid defiance to the Moors, and to found a little Christian sovereignty on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the capital of which was Oviedo, and its first king Pelayo. It is probable that this movement of the Christians would have been crushed at the beginning, had not the Moorish emirs, the successors of Muza and Abdalaziz, been more intent upon pushing their conquest beyond the Pyrenees, than upon consolidating their power within the peninsula which they had already conquered. Othman, who was emir in 725, became such a scourge to the Gallic provinces, that Central Europe began to dread being overrun by the Infidels. At length, however, after the Moorish conquest had been advanced as far beyond the Pyrenees as the river Loire, it sustained a final check in the year 732, when the famous Charles Martel encountered the Saracen hosts, under

the Emir Abdelrahman, on the field of Poitiers, and gained the great victory which placed the Carlovingian dynasty on the throne of France.

The tide of Moorish invasion was now rolled back to the Pyrenees. No longer attempting to extend the dominions of the calif farther into Europe, the emirs turned their attention to the means of retaining permanent possession of Spain. The little Christian kingdom of Asturias, founded by Pelayo, had extended itself considerably; but more than nine-tenths of the whole peninsula, and these by far the richest and best portions of the territory, were thoroughly reduced under the Moorish yoke. To plant and settle these nine-tenths according to the directions of the calif, was now the business of the emirs. It was upwards of twenty years since Tarik had landed in Spain, and, in the interval, thousands of Mohammedans had poured in to share the prize with the original conquerors. To distribute the lands equitably among so many various claimants, was a task of some difficulty. The following was pretty much the arrangement adopted. The royal legion of Damascus was planted in Cordova and its neighbourhood; that of Emessa at Seville; the natives of Palestine were settled in Algesiras; those of Arabia Felix and Persia in Toledo and the central district of Spain; the Egyptians on the west coast, in what now constitutes the south of Portugal; while the fertile province of Granada was bestowed on ten thousand horsemen from Syria, the purest and noblest of the Arab invaders. These several colonies settled down as a superior class of the community among the Christians, just as the Normans in the eleventh century settled down among the Anglo-Saxons in the British island. The tawny Moor was master of the white Christian; the mosque rose by the side of the church; Arabic was spoken as the language of the wealthier and more powerful classes; and the Romano-German population was obliged to acknowledge itself inferior in culture and civilisation to the invading race. The seeds of disunion, however, existed among the Saracens; they were too motley a population to agree cordially among themselves.

SPAIN AS AN INDEPENDENT MOORISH KINGDOM.

Such was the condition of the Spanish peninsula in the middle of the eighth century—nine-tenths of it a Mohammedan province, governed by officers under the calif of the Arabic empire; the remaining tenth a weak little Christian kingdom, maintaining itself with difficulty. In the year 750, however, an extraordinary revolution occurred at Damascus, which materially changed the prospects of Spain. The califs for a long period had been of the race of the Omeyades—so called from their founder Omeyah, the first of the family who had obtained the califate. The Omeyades, however, had of late become unpopular in Syria, and cabals had been formed

for their overthrow. Merwaun, the reigning calif, had been frequently warned of his danger. 'I have seen,' said one of his counsellors, addressing him poetically—'I have seen sparks among the ashes; I fear they will kindle a flame. That flame, if it be not extinguished in time, will consume trees and forests, and the lives of men. All this I saw; and I said to myself: "Oh! is the son of Omeyah awake, or does he sleep?"' Merwaun at last awoke, and signified the fact in the usual oriental manner. He caused the leader of the discontented party of his subjects, a descendant of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, to be put to death, by having his head tied up in a bag of quicklime. In revenge for this, he was himself deposed and put to death by Abul Abbas Asefah, the brother of his victim. With Merwaun the dynasty of the Omeyades came to an end, and Asefah ascending the throne, became the founder of a new dynasty, called the dynasty of the Abbasides. To secure the new dynasty in the califate, all the relatives of the late calif, and all the partisans of the House of the Omeyades, were extirpated; no fewer than six hundred thousand persons, it is said, being massacred throughout Syria. It is related that ninety of the deceased calif's relatives were beaten to death at a banquet to which they had been treacherously invited at Damascus, by Abdallah Ben Ali, a kinsman of the new calif. The very graves in which the members of the hated race of the Omeyades were buried were opened, and their bones disinterred. From these enormities, Abul Abbas, the first of the Abbaside califs, received the name of Asefah the Bloody.

This dreadful revolution taking place in the metropolis, affected the Arabic empire to its remotest extremities. In Spain, especially, its consequences were important. Yusuf Alfehri, who was emir of Spain at the time, declared himself on the side of the new calif; but Yusuf himself was unpopular in Spain, and the majority of the Moorish chiefs formed themselves into a party hostile to the interests of the Abbasides. The latter party resolved to revolt from the usurping calif, and to erect Spain into an independent Moorish sovereignty. Their difficulty was, whom they should choose as the head of the new kingdom. This difficulty, however, was soon obviated by the intelligence that Abderrahman Ben Moaviah, a young scion of the race of the Omeyades, had escaped the slaughter which had extirpated most of his relatives in Syria, and was living concealed on the Barbary coast of Africa. By the invitation of the Moorish chiefs, Abderrahman crossed into Spain with a band of Arabs; and there he speedily found himself at the head of an army large enough to conquer Yusuf and the Abbaside faction, and to place himself on the throne. Thus ended the first period of the Moorish history of Spain—that of its dependence on the Arabian califs. The title assumed by Abderrahman, to signify the independence of himself and his kingdom, was that of Calif of Cordova—that town having embraced his cause most warmly. Spain, under

Abderrahman, became a place of refuge for the persecuted friends of the Omeyades; and, by his skilful and wise government, the califate of Cordova became a worthy offshoot of the great Arabic sovereignty of his ancestors. The Moorish historians of Spain dwell with affection on the virtues of this prince, and the gentle melancholy which characterised his disposition. A little poem of his composition is still preserved, which, it is said, was once in the mouth of every one. It is an address to a palm-tree which he had caused to be transplanted from Africa to the garden which he had made at Cordova, the tree being the first of its kind introduced into Spain, and being regarded by him as a type of his own fortunes. 'Fair palm-tree,' the poem runs, 'thou also art a stranger here. The gentle airs of Algarba court and kiss thee. Thy roots are fixed in a fertile soil; thy head is erected towards heaven; but thou, too, wouldst shed tears of bitterness if, like me, thou couldst look back! But thou feelest not, as I do, the calamities of fortune. I wept under the palms which the Forat waters, when my unhappy fate and the cruelty of the Abbaside compelled me to forsake what I so dearly loved. The trees and the river have forgotten my sorrows; and thou, my beloved country, retainest no remembrance of me. But never shall I cease to lament thee.'

During the reign of Abderrahman, Mussulman Spain made great advances in civilisation. His predecessor, Yusuf, had set him the example, by appropriating one-third of the revenues of the country to purposes of internal improvement—the construction of roads, bridges, &c., and the maintenance of the mosques. Abderrahman made it one of the great objects of his life to embellish the city of Cordova. He planned and commenced there the famous mosque, with its 4700 lamps, which was to outlast the Moorish dominion in Spain, and which he intended to excel that of Damascus in magnificence. He also founded schools and hospitals in the city, and in many other ways shewed himself a wise governor. Towards his Christian subjects, the Muzarabes, as they are called in Moorish histories, he conducted himself mercifully, reducing considerably the rate of tribute which they were required to pay to the government. Nor was his reign exempt from the disturbances of foreign war. Profiting by the confusions arising in the Moorish part of Spain from the revolution in the califate, Alfonso the Catholic, and his son Fruela—the third and fourth sovereigns of the little Christian kingdom of Asturias—had been able to extend the limits of their sway. Under Fruela, who had ascended the throne in 757, the north-western district of the peninsula, known by the name of Galicia, had been added to the Asturias. About the same time a second Christian kingdom was establishing itself in Spain among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. The founder of this kingdom, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, but which ultimately grew into the important kingdom of Navarre and Aragon, was Don Garcia Ximenes, a

wealthy Spanish noble. Abderrahman, however, if he could not absolutely suppress these kingdoms, was able at least to check their extension, and to compel Fruela, the sovereign of the one, to become his tributary. Indeed, during Abderrahman's reign, these Christian kingdoms were all but dependent for their existence on the Moorish one; as may be judged from the fact, that Mauregato, one of Fruela's successors, was obliged to purchase Abderrahman's favour by paying him an annual tribute of a hundred Christian virgins, one half of noble, and the other half of mean birth. A more formidable enemy to Abderrahman was Charlemagne, the grandson of Charles Martel, who, in 778, after extending the Frankish dominion into Italy and Germany, turned his conquering eye in the direction of Spain. Crossing the Pyrenees, he overran Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, as far as the Ebro; but on his way back to France, he was attacked by a joint army of Moors and Spanish Christians, and sustained a great defeat, celebrated in many Spanish ballads as the defeat of Roncesvalles, where the famous Roland was slain.

Abderrahman died in 787. The period of two hundred and seventy-five years which elapse between the commencement of his califate in 756, and the death of the last of his dynasty in 1031, is usually regarded as the second era of the Moorish domination in Spain, and is known in history as the Califate of Cordova, or the rule of the Omeyades in Spain. About twenty sovereigns, all of the race of the good Abderrahman, occupied the throne in succession during these two hundred and seventy-five years, some of them celebrated for their virtues, others for their vices. To go over their names, and detail their acts in succession, would, considering our limits, be a dry and uninteresting labour; all that we shall attempt is to give our readers as vivid a general view as possible of the condition of Spain during the period over which their reigns extend —a period by far the most splendid in the Moorish annals of that country, and of much greater consequence in the history of Europe than most people are in the habit of conceiving. The remainder of this section, therefore, shall be devoted to an account of the condition of society in Moorish Spain from the year 756 to the year 1031, including notices of the progress, during that period, of Arabic literature, art, and science.

It has been well observed, that the advance of the Arabs to what is called a state of civilisation was much more rapid than that of the Greeks, the Romans, or any other people of whom we have distinct records. Before the time of Mohammed, they were noted only for their fiery energy, and a wild imaginativeness of character, delighting in the vast, the sublime, and the mystic, but totally innocent of what is denominated culture. In 641, Omar, one of the conquering successors of Mohammed, had set fire to the library of Alexandria, and in the magnificent contempt for literature of a great uneducated soul, had consumed in the conflagration the written

wisdom of ages. No sooner, however, was the career of Arabic conquest at an end, no sooner had the califs of Damascus begun to feel the instinct of government and repose becoming stronger in them than the hereditary instinct of conquest, than a demand arose for the productions of intellect and taste. The foundation of an Arabic literature already existed in the Koran, which had not only given a direction to the literary genius of the Mohammedans, but had also established a literary idiom. During the sovereignty of the Omeyade califs, considerable advances had been made in the arts of civilisation, the development of native genius being assisted by intercourse with the Greeks; so that the Mauritanian Arabs, who subdued Spain in the beginning of the eighth century, were decidedly superior in culture to their ancestors of the times of Mohammed.

It was not, however, till the accession of the dynasty of the Abbasides to the califate, that the genius of the Arabs began freely to develop itself in civilising studies. The Abbasides removed the seat of the califate from Damascus to Bagdad, which thenceforth became the capital of oriental luxury. Almansur, the second of the Abbaside califs, distinguished himself as a patron of letters; and in his reign a Greek physician named George introduced the rudiments of medical science into the Arabic empire. But the golden age of Arabic culture and refinement was during the reigns of the Calif Haroun al Raschid, so celebrated in the *Arabian Nights*, who ascended the throne in 786, and his son and successor, Almamoun, who reigned from 813 to 833. 'Bagdad,' says Dr Crichton in his *History of Arabia*, 'then became the resort of poets, philosophers, and mathematicians from every country and of every creed. Ambassadors and agents in Armenia, Syria, and Egypt, were ordered to collect the most important books that could be discovered. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with volumes of Greek, Hebrew, and Persian literature; and such of them as were thought to be adapted to the purposes of instruction, were, by the royal command, translated by the most skilful interpreters into the Arabic language, that all classes might read and understand them.'

Within a short time the genius of the Arabs had embraced the whole range of human culture. In speculative science, they acknowledged as their great master the Greek philosopher Aristotle; and it was through the Arabs that the influence of this extraordinary intellect was transmitted into modern Europe. In mathematics and astronomy, they seemed to be in their peculiar element; and it is needless to mention that our beautiful system of numeral notation and our glorious algebra came to us, if not from, at least through the Arabs. Chemistry is a science which they may be said to have originated; and many of the most ordinary chemical terms now in use—as, for instance, *alkali* and *alembic*—are of Arab birth. In the arts they were no less proficient. Agriculture and horticulture were practised by them on ascertained principles. To architecture they

gave the impress of their peculiar genius; and what we call the Gothic style is generally believed to be a modification of their invention. Prohibited by the Koran from using images of men or animals for the purposes of embellishment, lest the practice should give rise to idolatry, they invented that style of ornament which is denominated the *arabesque*, and which consists in the use of imaginary plants, flowers, and foliage for ornamental purposes. In music they made great progress. Many admirable processes for working metals, weaving silk, dyeing and preparing leather, were dicovered by them; and lastly, many of the drugs which for centuries have been administered to Christians all over Europe, were first prescribed for Mussulman patients by Mussulman physicians. In literature, the Arabs had their hundreds of thousands of authors: poets, historians, critics, and, above all, writers of fiction.

All that has been said above of the progress of Arabic culture, applies in an especial manner to the Arabs of Spain; for although, on the accession of the Abbasides to the califate of the Arabian empire, Spain had ceased to be a dependency of it, yet no province of the empire felt so immediately the influence of the civilising forces which were at work in Bagdad. 'In Spain,' says Dr Crichton, 'Arabian learning shone with a brighter lustre, and continued to flourish to a later period, than in the schools of the East. Cordova, Seville, and Granada rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies, colleges, and libraries. Casiri has enumerated the names and writings of nearly 170 eminent men, natives of Cordova alone. Hakem founded here a college, and a royal library containing 400,000 volumes: he had carefully examined every work, and with his own hand wrote in each the genealogy, birth, and death of its respective author. The academy of Granada was long under the direction of Shamseddin of Murcia, so famous among the Arabs for his skill in polite literature. Casiri has recorded the names and works of 120 authors—theologians, civilians, historians, philosophers, and other professors—whose talents conferred dignity and fame on the university of Granada. Toledo, Malaga, Murcia, and Valencia were all furnished with splendid literary apparatus. In the cities of Andalusia alone, seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Middeldorpf has enumerated seventeen distinguished colleges and academies which flourished under the patronage of the Saracens in Spain, and has given lists of the eminent professors and authors who taught and studied in them.' Arabic art and magnificence, too, were carried to their highest pitch in Spain. The Alhambra, or palace of the Moorish kings, remains to this day the wonder of travellers. 'While little attention, comparatively, was bestowed by the Moors on the exterior of their mansions, on the furniture and accommodation within, everything was lavished that could promote luxurious ease and personal comfort. Their rooms were so contrived that no reverberation of sound was heard. The

light was generally admitted in such a manner as, by excluding external prospects, to confine the admiration of the spectator chiefly to the ornaments and beauties of the interior. Their arrangements for ventilation were admirable; and by means of caleducts, or tubes of baked earth, warm air was admitted, so as to preserve a uniform temperature. The utmost labour and skill were expended in embellishing the walls and ceilings. The tiles had a blue glazing over them. Their paving-bricks were made of different colours—blue, white, black, or yellow, which, when properly contrasted, had a very agreeable effect. Nothing is more astonishing than the durability of the Moorish edifices. The stucco composition on their walls became hard as stone; and even in the present century, specimens are found without a crack or flaw on their whole surface. Their woodwork also still remains in a state of wonderful preservation. The floors and ceilings of the Alhambra have withstood the neglect and dilapidation of nearly 700 years: the pine-wood continues perfectly sound, without exhibiting the slightest mark of dry-rot, worm, or insect. The coat of white paint retains its colour so bright and rich, that it may be mistaken for mother-of-pearl.' Again: 'The *pontanos* or reservoirs of Spain were either erected or restored by the Moors. Their palaces and mosques were furnished with capacious cisterns. The gardens of the Alhambra contained sheets of water, on the surface of which the buildings were reflected; and in most of the principal cities, fountains played in the streets, as well as in the courts of the houses, by which the atmosphere was attempered during summer. In the famous palace of Toledo was a pond, in the midst of which rose a vaulted room of stained glass, adorned with gold. Into this room the calif could enter untouched by the water, and sit, while a cascade poured from above, with tapers burning before him.' Many other proofs of the progress of the arts of convenience and luxury among the Moors of Spain might be adduced.

Some of the remarks above quoted apply to the whole period of Moorish domination in Spain; but it is admitted that the period of the califate of Cordova, during which the Omeyades swayed the sceptre, was the most brilliant. 'Cordova, the seat of the califs,' it is said, 'was scarcely inferior in point of wealth and magnitude to its proud rival on the banks of the Tigris. A space of twenty-four miles in length and six in breadth along the margin of the Guadalquivir, was occupied with palaces, streets, gardens, and public edifices; and for ten miles the citizens could travel, by the light of lamps, along an uninterrupted extent of buildings. In the reign of Almansour, it could boast of 270,000 houses, 80,455 shops, 911 baths, 3877 mosques, from the minarets of which a population of 800,000 were daily summoned to prayers.' The culminating point of the glory of the califate of Cordova was the reign of Abderrahman III., who ascended the throne in the year 912, and is accounted the

greatest of all the Moorish sovereigns of Spain. The annual revenues of the califate during his reign are calculated at £5,500,000 sterling —a sum which was probably equal to the united revenues of all the other monarchies of Europe at the time. This vast revenue was derived from various sources: from taxes on produce, on exports and imports, on sales of goods, and, lastly, on the property of Jews and Christians. Its magnitude is only to be accounted for when we consider the immense size of the population, the number of large and small cities, and, above all, the extent of the traffic which the Arabs of Spain carried on in all sorts of manufactures and commodities both with the states of Europe and with those of Asia.

Spain, therefore, was the medium of communication, during the middle ages, between the Arabic race and the rude Romano-German populations of Europe. The conquest of Spain by the Moors thus assumes a singular importance in connection with European history. It was, as it were, the breaking open of the door through which there rushed a flood of new knowledge and new ideas into Europe. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of civilisation which flowed into Europe along with the Moors, or to calculate how much would have been lost to us, the white inhabitants of these northern nations, had not that handful of tawny Moors under Tarik leaped ashore, in the spring of 711, at the foot of the rock which we now name Gibraltar. They gave us astronomy, our system of numeral notation, and algebra; they gave us our first notions of Aristotle's philosophy, and a new style of architecture; they gave us a system of national police; they gave us the notion of public libraries; they gave us the telegraph—some say also gunpowder, paper-making, the pendulum, and the mariner's compass; they gave us morocco leather; they gave us the principle of rhyme in verse, which did not exist among the ancients; and lastly, to conclude a list which might be extended to much greater length, they gave us that spirit of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which, although, since the time of the Crusades, it has attained such strength as to be regarded as innate in European society, is yet in reality an importation from the East, and had only a very modified existence among the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The conquest of Spain by the Moors was, as we have said, the opening of the door for all these influences. As soon as they had fairly entered, the door was shut; or, in other words, the Moors were expelled from Europe. The action of those causes which ultimately led to their expulsion, and which had begun to manifest themselves even while the Omeyades held the califate of Cordova, we now proceed to describe, in giving an account of the internal condition of society in Spain under the Moorish dominion.

The population of the Moorish kingdom of Spain consisted of course of two classes—the Mohammedans or Moors, and the conquered Spaniards, known by the name of the Muzarabic Christians. The Christians in Spain enjoyed a much greater degree of toleration

than the followers of Mohammed were in the custom of allowing, in other countries, to those whom they had conquered, or indeed than it was customary at that period for people professing any religion to allow to individuals professing any other. The church was permitted to stand side by side with the mosque; the bells were allowed to ring to summon the Christians to their religious ceremonies; and the whole ecclesiastical apparatus of bishops, monasteries, nunneries, &c. was left untouched. To a certain extent, also, the Christians enjoyed an independent civil jurisdiction, having courts of their own, where all cases, except those of a very important description, were decided between Christian and Christian. So friendly were the relations at first subsisting between the Moors and the Christians, that intermarriages became frequent between them; Christian ladies entering the harems of the Mussulmans, and, what was an exception to the usual practice of the Mohammedans, Christians being permitted by law to marry Moorish wives.

All this, however, could not prevent religious animosity from displaying itself between the Christian and the Mohammedan parts of the population, especially the lower orders of both. An ill-bred Moor would sometimes shew his dislike to a Christian by calling him a dog of an unbeliever, or by crying out that he was defiled when he chanced to brush against a Christian's clothes; and mischievous Moorish urchins would exhibit their zeal for Mohammed's religion by throwing stones and filth at the mourners at a Christian funeral, or by ostentatiously stopping their ears in the street with their fingers, that they might not hear the chimes of the idolatrous Christian bells. On the other side, of course, there was a reaction. Prevented from giving vent to their feelings by public reproaches against the Moslem prophet, the Christians took ample revenge in private.

For some time no serious consequences resulted from these little outbursts of feeling between the Moors and the Christians; and it was not till the califate of Abderrahman II., who ascended the throne in 821, more than a century after the conquest, that anything like persecution was experienced by the Spanish Christians. In the early part of his reign, two Christians are said to have been put to death in Cordova for their faith; but no authentic account remains of the circumstances of their martyrdom, so that we do not know the precise character of their offence. About twenty-five years afterwards, some Moors of Cordova, after having a friendly and confidential discussion with a Christian priest named Perfectus regarding some points of their faith, were so piqued by some observations of his to the discredit of Mohammed, that they denounced him to a Moorish judge as a blasphemer of the prophet. Perfectus tried to explain away his obnoxious remarks regarding the prophet, but was thrown into prison. Here his courage increased; and, full of self-accusation for having recanted his sentiments before

the judge, he reiterated them with fresh vehemence. Apparently from a reluctance to take away life in such a cause, he was detained in prison for a considerable time; but, still proving firm and immovable, he was at last brought out, and beheaded according to law. About two miles from Cordova, in the monastery of Tabanos, was a monk named Isaac, who had formerly filled a civil office of distinction in Cordova, but had been led by his enthusiasm to embrace the monastic life. He had a great reputation among the Christians, and various prodigies were reported concerning him—as, for instance, that he had spoken three times before he was born; and that he had been seen, in a vision, to take up a ball of fire which had descended from heaven, and eat it. The martyrdom of Perfectus inspired this man with a strange resolution. Coming to Cordova, he went to the cadi, and said he wished to become a Mohammedan, and was desirous to hear the cadi explain certain points of the prophet's religion. The cadi, although the matter was not strictly in his department, very cheerfully consented; and expounded to Isaac, at considerable length, the chief doctrines of the Koran. What was his astonishment when, at the end of his discourse, his apparent pupil burst out in a torrent of abuses against the prophet, as a man who was possessed by the devil, and taught the devil's doctrine. In the first movement of his rage he struck Isaac, for which the other Moors present reproved him, reminding him that by law no previous punishment could be inflicted on a person whose offence subjected him to death. The monk still continuing to utter reproaches against Mohammed, and to protest that he was no madman, but in the perfect possession of his senses, was sent to prison, from which he was shortly afterwards taken by Abderrahman's orders and beheaded, his body being fixed on a stake after death.

The desire of martyrdom became contagious, and, within a week, seven additional persons had gone purposely to blaspheme the prophet before the Moorish judges, and be put to death for the offence. The following story, illustrative of the state of feeling which now prevailed, is told in Condé's *History of Arab Domination in Spain*, drawn from Arabic manuscripts: 'Maria, the sister of one of the martyrs, was a nun in the convent of Cuteclara. Shortly after her brother's death, one of her sister-nuns told her that she had seen her brother in a dream, and that he had commissioned her to tell his sister not to lament his death, for she would speedily rejoin him in heaven. Maria received this as a summons to martyrdom; and she immediately left the nunnery, in order to appear before the cadi and testify her zeal. On her way to the cadi, she turned aside to offer up a prayer in the church of St Acisclus. Strange to tell, at the shrine of this martyr she found kneeling a young maiden, who, like herself, was seeking the crown of faith. This girl's name was Flora; she was the daughter of a Moorish

father and a Christian mother; her parents were dead, and her brother, who was a Mohammedan, persecuted her on account of her being a Christian. Her brother had accused her before the judge of having apostatised from the Moorish religion; and although she denied the charge, and maintained that she had been a Christian from her childhood, she had been scourged by the judge's orders, and recommitted to her brother's care, to be instructed in the principles of the Koran. She had escaped, however, and was now resolved, like Maria, to brave death in the cause for which so many were gloriously suffering. The two maidens, thus romantically brought together, proceeded in company to the house of the cadi. Flora spoke first. "I," she said, "am the person whom you punished with stripes, because, being the child of a Moorish father, I would not renounce my faith in Christ. I have concealed myself till now, because the flesh is weak; but now, through the strength of God's grace, I am willing. I come here, with more courage than I had before, to proclaim that Christ is the true God; and I curse your prophet for an impostor, an adulterer, and a magician." "And I," exclaimed Maria, before the cadi could collect his ideas for a reply, "am the sister of Walabonso, whom you caused to be executed, because he confessed the Saviour and cursed your prophet. What he confessed, I confess too; and what he cursed, that do I also curse." The cadi was perplexed. To put the two brave girls to death, was a proceeding for which he was not prepared; and to dismiss them, after what they had said, was impossible. They were therefore committed to prison. At length, however, they were executed.'

In the meantime the Calif Abderrahman, anxious to put a stop to such needless waste of life, called upon the metropolitan bishop of Cordova, Recafred, to use his spiritual authority to prevent the Christians from so wantonly insulting the faith of their fellow-citizens. Neither he nor any of the well-informed Moors, he said, could regard those persons as martyrs who needlessly rushed upon death, when they enjoyed full liberty of worship according to their own forms. In this opinion most of the sober part of the Christian community acquiesced; and many of the clergy used their utmost influence to check the dangerous spirit which was spreading among their flocks.

The spirit of martyrdom, however, spread far and wide; and at length the Moorish authorities became so provoked at the incessant demand made upon their cruelty, that a general arrest of the Muzarabes was proposed, and permission was given to any Moor who might hear a Christian blaspheme the Prophet, to put him to death on the spot without trial. The affair having thus assumed the appearance of a general social ferment, many Muzarabic Christians began to quit Cordova, and even Spain itself; and others, for the sake of peace, were persuaded to abjure their faith. The remainder

of Abderrahman's reign was a continued scene of disorder and persecution. The death of Abderrahman took place in the year 852. Mohammed, Abderrahman's son and successor, continued, and even increased, the persecutions of the Muzarabic Christians. The description we have given of the state of society during the reign of Abderrahman II. must be regarded as applying with less or more strictness to the reigns of all his successors of the Omeyade line. We pass now to a consideration of

SPAIN BROKEN UP INTO SEPARATE KINGDOMS.

Two Christian kingdoms, as our readers already know, had been founded in Spain subsequently to the Moorish conquest: the one in the north-west, called the kingdom of Asturias and Galicia, originally founded by Pelayo in 718; the other in the north-east, called the kingdom of Navarre, founded, according to the general account, by Don Garcia Ximenes in 756. These kingdoms, originally small and weak, had slowly extended themselves, till, about the beginning of the eleventh century, Spain may be considered as having been divided into two parts by a line passing through it east and west from the mouth of the Ebro, or a little farther south, to the mouth of the Douro. All north of this line—a territory of considerably large extent, but the least fertile and wealthy part of the peninsula—belonged to the Christians; all south of it—the larger and by far the richest part of the Peninsula—belonged to the Moors. The northern or Christian part of Spain had hitherto consisted of but two kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon and Castile (an enlargement of the kingdom of Asturias and Galicia), and the kingdom of Navarre and Aragon (an enlargement of the original kingdom of Navarre). In the beginning of the eleventh century, however, each of these kingdoms was divided into two—the kingdom of Leon and Castile splitting into two distinct sovereignties in the year 1027, and that of Navarre and Aragon undergoing a similar process in the year 1035. About the year 1035, therefore, the Christian part of the Spanish peninsula consisted of four little kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon, the kingdom of Castile, the kingdom of Navarre, and the kingdom of Aragon. It sometimes happened afterwards, that one or more of these kingdoms were temporarily held together by the same sovereign, in consequence of intermarriage between the different royal families; but in reality the sovereignties were distinct.

Exactly at the same period the Moorish kingdom—which, for nearly three centuries, had remained whole and entire under the name of the Califate of Cordova—underwent a similar process of subdivision. In the year 1031, Hixem III., the last of the glorious line of the Omeyade califs, was deposed by a revolutionary party, and in him the califate of Cordova became extinct. A perfect crop of kings sprang up at this juncture, struggling with each other for

the sovereignty of Moorish Spain; and failing that, for the possession of some little bit which they could erect each into a snug kingdom for himself. Not to mention smaller territories, Almeria, Denia, Valencia, Saragossa, Huesca, Tudela, Lerida, Seville, Malaga, Granada, Algesiras, Toledo, and Badajoz had all their separate kings. Every day one or other of these multitudinous sovereigns was getting killed by a stronger neighbour, and the smaller kingdoms were soon amalgamated with the larger; still, even at the end of the eleventh century, there were at least four different Moorish sovereigns or califs in Spain—the calif of Seville, the calif of Toledo, the calif of Saragossa, and the calif of Badajoz and part of Portugal.

The decline of the Moorish power in Spain is therefore to be dated from the beginning of the eleventh century, when the califate of Cordova was disintegrated. For three hundred and twenty years, as we have seen, the impulse of the spirit of conquest had been sufficient to maintain the Moors in their position as the dominant race in the Peninsula; now, however, its force was spent, and the tide began to ebb. Conquered as the Christians had been, and either reduced to the condition of an inferior layer in the population, or else cooped up to enjoy their independence in the worst and least fertile districts of Spain, there still remained in them that slow vitality which no conquest could extinguish, and which began to develop itself with vigour at the very time when the Moorish organisation began to shew symptoms of decay. As the beginning of the eleventh century is the date of the commencement of the decline of the Moorish power in Spain, so it is of the dawn of the Christian fortunes; and the history of the two centuries which elapse between 1031 and 1238, constituting properly the third period of the Moorish domination in Spain, exhibits the Christian power gradually enlarging and extending itself at the expense of the Moors, reconquering the Peninsula, as it were, acre by acre. To detail the progress of this struggle, to describe the long series of battles and sieges which took place during these two centuries between the Moors and the Christians, or even to give a list of all the famous champions who distinguished themselves among the ranks of the Christians, and whose heroic feats against the Moors form the theme of many a tale of chivalry, and many a ballad still sung in Spain, is of course impossible. It is sufficient to indicate the general course of the progress of the Christian triumphs.

As, of the four Christian kingdoms, those of Castile and Aragon were nearest to the Moorish part of Spain, it was under the auspices of their sovereigns that the process of reconquering the Moorish territory was conducted. Of the kings of Castile, one of the most distinguished for his successes against the Moors was Alfonso I., who, already in possession of Leon, was crowned king of Castile in 1072. This sovereign is known indiscriminately as Alfonso I.

of Castile, or Alfonso VI. of Leon. In his reign flourished that most renowned of all the Spanish heroes, Rodrigo, styled Cid Campeador (Arabic *sid*, lord; Spanish *campeador*, champion). The monarch and his subject gained many victories over the different Moorish sovereigns against whom they directed their enterprises. In 1085, Alfonso took, after a desperate siege of three years, the city of Toledo, the ancient capital of the Gothic monarchy, and with it the whole Moorish kingdom of New Castile was recovered from the Moslems. No sooner was this conquest over, than Alfonso prepared to attack the kingdom of Seville and Cordova—the most powerful of the sovereignties into which the califate of Cordova had been split. To assist him against this formidable invasion, Mohammed, king of Seville, after deliberating with his allies, the smaller Moorish kings, invited over from Africa a new Moorish tribe called the Almoravides, founded by one of those Mohammedan enthusiasts, imitators of the Prophet, who were so frequently springing up in various provinces of the Mussulman empire. These Almoravides—'men devoted to the service of God'—had overrun and conquered the whole of Northern Africa. The old spirit of conquest seemed to be revived in them; and in inviting them over to fight against the Christians, the Moorish sovereign of Seville was apparently adopting the only measure that could save his kingdom. Yusef, the leader of the Almoravides, eagerly accepted his proposal; and crossing the strait with a large army, he united his forces with those of the king of Seville. Alfonso, finding himself too weak to conduct an invasion against such a coalition, obtained succours from his brother-monarchs the kings of Aragon and Navarre. A great pitched battle took place between the two armies in the month of October 1086 at Zalaca, near Badajoz. The enthusiasm of the Almoravides gained the day for their allies, and the Christians were totally defeated. This defeat proved a temporary check to the progress of the Christian arms.

The king of Seville, however, had reason to repent having invited such formidable guests as the Almoravides into his dominions; for, tempted by the prospect of possessing such a fine country in perpetuity, they refused to return to Africa when their services were no longer required. To such extremities was Mohammed reduced by his visitor Yusef, that at last he was obliged to beg the assistance of his enemy Alfonso, that he might not be deprived of his kingdom. The Almoravides, however, triumphed. Mohammed was deposed, and sent over to Africa, and Yusef mounted the throne in his stead. The condition of affairs in Spain now assumed a strange aspect. The petty Moorish sovereigns, alarmed by the fate of the king of Seville, and fearful of sharing it, united among themselves, and also with Alfonso of Castile, against Yusef; and for many years there might be seen the spectacle of Christian knights and Moorish warriors fighting side by side

in the same battle, or exchanging chivalrous courtesies in the same camp.

'Different are the creeds we swear by;
But in breast of knight or dame,
Be they Saracen or Christian,
Flows not Adam's blood the same?'

Not even the valour of the Cid, however, could prevent the Moorish princes from falling under the yoke of the conquering Yusef; and in the year 1094, the whole of Moorish Spain was again reunited under one dynasty. During the life of Yusef, neither Alfonso nor the sovereigns of Navarre and Aragon could gain any very decided success against the Moors; and again, for a while at least, the Moorish power in the Peninsula seemed to be in the ascendant.

Yusef died in 1107, leaving his son Ali his successor; and for twenty years the hereditary struggle of Christian against Moor was carried on between Ali and Alfonso, king of Aragon and Navarre, who, having married Urraca, the daughter and heiress of Alfonso of Castile, might be considered as the general Christian monarch of the Spanish part of the Peninsula. By his successes during these twenty years, Alfonso earned for himself the warlike surname of *El Batallador*—The Battle-giver. In nine-and-twenty successive battles he defeated the Moorish hosts; and over all Europe he was celebrated as the champion of the Christian faith against the Infidels of Spain. Tudela, Saragossa, Tarragona, and Daroca were all conquered by him. He trebled the size of Aragon; and he carried his banners farther south of the Ebro than any Christian prince had done before him. In 1133, however, he sustained a defeat from the Mussulmans, and shortly afterwards died. On his death, as he left no family, the Christian territories of Spain were again disunited. Leon and Castile were inherited, or rather had for some time been possessed, by Alfonso Raymond, the son of his wife Urraca, known indiscriminately as Alfonso II. of Castile, or Alfonso VIII. of Leon, and also by the name of Alfonso the Emperor. Navarre chose for its sovereign Garcia Ramirez, or Garcia IV., grand-nephew of Sancho IV., Alfonso's predecessor. Aragon elected Ramiro II., brother of the deceased Alfonso, who, being a monk, obtained the pope's permission to marry; but had no sooner begotten a daughter to succeed him, than he resigned the throne, and again retired to his monastery, leaving his infant heir, Petronilla, queen of Aragon, under the guardianship of Raymond V., Count of Barcelona, to whom he had affianced her—an alliance which had the effect of incorporating the hitherto French province of Catalonia with the Spanish kingdom of Aragon.—It is necessary now to add a word or two respecting Portugal. This country had no separate existence earlier than the beginning of the twelfth century. That part of it which lies between the Minho and the Douro had been recovered

from the Moors by the kings of Galicia, the successors of Pelayo, and consequently it formed a mere province of the territories of Leon and Castile. When, however, by the victories of Alfonso I. of Leon and Castile, Portugal as far south as the Tagus had been wrested from the Moors, it became necessary to appoint a distinct officer or viceroy to guard this important part of the Peninsula against the incursions of the Almoravides, then newly arrived in Spain. For this office Alfonso chose his son-in-law, Henry of Besançon, who, after extending his territory by farther conquests, bequeathed it in 1112, with the title of Count of Portugal, under the Castilian king, to his infant son, Alfonso Henriques. This Alfonso, on growing up, proved a formidable enemy to the Moors; and disdaining any longer to be a mere viceroy of the Castilian kings, threw off his allegiance to Alfonso the Emperor, and proclaimed himself independent king of Portugal in 1139.

These particulars, although somewhat intricate, it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind, if we would have a distinct conception of the state of Spain at the beginning of the twelfth century. About the year 1140, let it be understood that the Christian portion of the Spanish Peninsula was broken up into four distinct sovereignties —Leon and Castile, Aragon (including Catalonia), Navarre, and Portugal; and as Leon and Castile, although united at the time, were liable again to be separated, the number of the kingdoms might rather be said to be five.

It might be supposed that the Moorish sovereign Ali, able and energetic as he was, would have availed himself of the divided state of the Christian territories to recover some part of them by arms. One reason why he was not able to do so is, that the Christian monarchs, although they had occasional differences amongst themselves, maintained a firm alliance with each other against the Moors; the spirit of the Crusades suddenly adding fierceness and intensity to their old hereditary antipathy. But the most effective cause of Ali's inactivity against the Christians was a war in which he was engaged with the Almohades—a new sect or tribe of Mohammedans, who had overrun Northern Africa, like his own ancestors the Almoravides, and who were now meditating an invasion of Spain similar to theirs. Ali, unable to resist the progress of this enemy in Mauritania, died in 1143; his son, Tashfin, died after a reign of two years; and *his* successor being taken and beheaded in Morocco by Abdelmumen, the chief of the Almohades, the dynasty of the Almoravides became extinct in the year 1146, after having ruled over Moorish Spain for half a century. Abdelmumen, as a matter of course, ascended the throne of Moorish Spain.

Passing over an interval of seventy years, as of small consequence in our history, let us again take a glance at the condition of the Peninsula in the year 1230. It consists still of five divisions—

Moorish Spain, under three petty monarchs, descendants of Abdelmumen; Leon and Castile, under Ferdinand; Aragon, under James I.; Navarre, under Thibault I.; and Portugal, under Sancho II. Leaving Portugal and Navarre out of account—the one as still forming a distinct kingdom, the other as a small state—we may say that what we now call Spain was divided into three parts—Moorish Spain in the south, Aragon in the north-east, and Castile in the north-west.

The Moorish power, so long on the decline, was now rapidly giving way. Ferdinand of Castile and James of Aragon were able sovereigns, and both distinguished themselves by their successes against the Moors. Ferdinand especially made himself illustrious by his victories. From the Bay of Biscay to the Guadalquivir in one direction, and from the confines of Portugal to those of Aragon in another, he made himself lord of Spain. Toledo, Cordova, Valencia, and Seville, successively yielded to his arms, or to those of James of Aragon; and the territory of the Moors was circumscribed within the narrow limits of the district south and east of the Guadalquivir. The date of the surrender of Cordova was June 1236; and with the fall of this town, the capital of the Mohammedan empire in Spain, the Moorish power in Spain may be said to have received its death-blow. Of the various Moorish princes, there remained in the year 1248 only one—Mohammed Ibn Alahmar, who had assumed the title of king of Granada, and who was obliged, in order to retain even this diminished sovereignty, to acknowledge himself the vassal of Ferdinand, the Christian king of Castile. At this epoch—the epoch of the erection of the Moorish kingdom of Granada out of the ruins of the once potent sovereignty of Cordova—the third period of our history properly terminates.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA—EXPULSION OF THE MOORS.

The first Moorish king of Granada made no attempt to shake off the bond of allegiance which he had contracted with the Castilian sovereigns, satisfied with the dignity of ruling freely within the dominions the quiet possession of which his submission had purchased. His successors, however, were not so patient; and it was not long before new wars began between the Moors of Granada and their Christian neighbours. The details of these wars, as they followed one another for more than two centuries, we do not narrate; nor need we fatigue our readers with mere lists of the sovereigns who reigned severally in Granada, Aragon, and Castile during that period. Let us hasten rather to the concluding scene of this great struggle.

In the year 1469, Ferdinand, the son and heir of Juan II., the reigning king of Aragon, was married to Isabella, the sister and recognised heiress of Henry IV., the reigning king of Castile. Thus,

by the death of Henry IV. in 1474, and that of Juan II. in 1479, the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were at length virtually united under one government—the glorious one of Ferdinand and Isabella. Both sovereigns were able; capable of conceiving, and resolute in executing, large designs; and on finding themselves in possession of the greater part of the Spanish Peninsula, it was natural for them to desire the possession of the whole of it. To add Portugal to their crown, was indeed too hopeless an undertaking to be seriously thought of; but to seize upon Granada, the last of the Moorish territories, was a project which the relations of that kingdom to Castile rendered not unfeasible.

'The renowned kingdom of Granada,' says Washington Irving in his narrative of its conquest, 'was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill; on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of the summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden

of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants' cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their Prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.'

Such was the kingdom which, after eight centuries of war with the Christians, the Moors still retained in Spain, and of which they had been left the quiet possession, on condition of paying to the kings of Castile 'an annual tribute of two thousand doblas or pistoles of gold, and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or, in defect of captives, an equal number of Moors, to be surrendered as slaves; all to be delivered in the city of Cordova.' The Moorish king of Granada, at the time when Ferdinand and Isabella became joint sovereigns of Aragon and Castile, was Muley Aben Hassan, one of the most powerful of all the descendants of the founder of the kingdom, and characterised, in the language of the Spanish chroniclers of the time, as 'a fierce and warlike Infidel.'

In the year 1478, Don Juan de Vera, a Spanish cavalier, was sent to Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, to demand the arrears of tribute due by Muley Aben Hassan to the Castilian crown. 'Tell your sovereigns,' was the haughty reply of the Moor, 'that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of cimeters and heads of lances.' This afforded a good pretext to Ferdinand for commencing the war upon which he was already resolved; but as he was then engaged in hostilities with Portugal, he was obliged to defer his contemplated vengeance. When these hostilities were terminated in 1481, he prepared to carry his designs against Granada into execution. 'I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one,' said he, playing upon the word *Granada*, which in Spanish means *pomegranate*, and alluding to the method in which he intended to carry on the war; namely, that of taking successively all the places of strength in the kingdom, before he attempted the city of Granada itself. Wary, however, as Ferdinand was, the Moorish king anticipated him, and struck the first blow in the war by taking

the important and, as it was till then imagined, impregnable fortress of Zahara, situated on a lofty and craggy mountain on the frontier between Ronda and Medina Sidonia. The whole of the inhabitants he drove away into captivity. This success of the Saracens called forth a deed of daring and chivalry on the other side. Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, a valiant Spanish knight, whose fame in the annals of chivalry almost rivals that of the Cid, made an incursion into the Moorish territory, and captured the strong and wealthy town of Alhama, situated within a few leagues of the capital, and deemed of so much importance, with reference to the safety of that city, as to be called the key of Granada. The event is commemorated to the present day in the plaintive little Spanish romance, supposed to be of Moorish origin, and known by Lord Byron's translation—'Woe is me, Alhama!' The Moors of Granada foresaw the woes which the pride of their king had brought upon them; and, making their way through the halls of the Alhambra, they implored him, with tears and adjurations, not to continue a struggle which must end so fatally. Muley Aben Hassan, however, was inflexible in his resolve, and marched to lay siege to the brave Christian garrison in Alhama. The garrison was reduced to the utmost extremities, and would have been obliged to surrender; but a reinforcement arrived from Castile under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and Muley was compelled to raise the siege. Thus Alhama was left in the possession of the Christians. At a council of war which King Ferdinand held shortly after at Cordova, it was debated whether it should not be demolished, as, being situated in the very centre of the Moorish kingdom, it could not be maintained except at a great expense. Ferdinand and most of his advisers were of opinion that the demolition of the town was the preferable course, when Queen Isabella, arriving at Cordova, gave a new turn to their decision. 'What!' said she, 'shall we destroy the first-fruits of our victories? Shall we abandon the first town we have wrested from the Moors? You talk of the expense of maintaining Alhama! Did we not know, when we undertook the war, that it would be one of infinite cost, labour, and bloodshed? No! let us keep Alhama, as a stronghold granted us by Heaven in the midst of the Moorish territory, that from it we may extend our conquest on all sides!' Alhama was accordingly fortified, and strongly garrisoned.

It is necessary here to glance at the state of affairs in the Moorish kingdom. Muley Aben Hassan had of course, like most of his race, a number of wives. Of these, two were sultanas, or wives-in-chief—Ayxa, a Moor; and Fatima, a Christian, called, for her beauty, Zoroya, or the Light of Dawn. Ayxa had borne a son to him, named Mohammed Abdallah, or, more frequently in the Christian chronicles, Boabdil el Chico, or The Younger; and, in the natural course of things, Boabdil would succeed to the sovereignty on his father's

death. It had been prophesied, however, by the astrologers on Boabdil's birth, that although he should sit on the throne of Granada, the downfall of the kingdom would take place in his reign. Influenced partly by this prophecy, partly by natural ferocity of temper, and partly by the blandishments of his young wife Fatima —who hated the son of her rival Ayxa, and who was anxious to exclude him from the throne, that one of her own children might obtain it—the old king had contracted such a dislike to Boabdil, that he at last gave orders to put him to death. His mother Ayxa, however, contrived to secure his escape; and taking refuge in the city of Guadix, Boabdil gained the adherence of a large party, and set his father at defiance. Thus, at the time of the breaking out of the war between the Christians and the Moors, Granada was torn asunder by the discords of two hostile factions—at the head of one of which was the old king, Muley Hassan; at the head of the other his son, Boabdil el Chico.

The Moors at first had the fortune of war on their side; and, as a natural effect of this, the subjects of Muley Hassan, who had at first blamed his rashness in beginning a war with the Castilian sovereigns, now hailed him as a successful man is usually hailed by the multitude. As the interests of the old king advanced, those of his son Boabdil declined; and the young chief found it necessary, if he would retain any hold upon the affection of the Moors, to do some brave deed against the Christians, which might eclipse, or at least equal, his father's successes. Accordingly, accompanied by his father-in-law, Ali Atar, Boabdil invaded the Christian territory at the head of 9000 foot and 700 horse. They had not gone a day's march across the border, when they were met by the Count de Cabra, who had hastily armed a handful of retainers, to signalise himself by a deed worthy of the fame of a Castilian knight. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Moors were totally defeated: twenty-two Moorish banners were taken, old Ali Atar had his skull cloven by the sword of a Spanish cavalier, and the young king, Boabdil el Chico, was taken prisoner. When the news of this defeat reached Granada, there was great mourning, especially among the partisans of El Chico. Queen Ayxa, his mother, and Morayma, his sultana, gave themselves up to lamentations; and the minstrels whom they summoned to cheer them, tuned their instruments to strains of sorrow. 'Beautiful Granada,' they said, 'how is thy glory faded! The vivarrambla no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and the sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land. The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate! In vain do the orange and

myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within these walls; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever!'*

The captivity of his son Boabdil left Muley Hassan in undisturbed possession of the sovereign power; and the partisans of the young sovereign—'Young Granada,' as we might now term them—were obliged for the time to yield pretended allegiance to the tiger-tempered old king, who, it is said, entered into communication with Ferdinand, with a view to get possession of his son's person. Ferdinand, however, saw the policy of keeping up the internal dissensions of the Moors. Accordingly, after some months, he set Boabdil at liberty, loaded him with kindness, and sent him home to Granada, after having obtained from him an acknowledgment of perpetual vassalage to the Castilian crown. This measure was well judged. No sooner had Boabdil reappeared in Granada, than the struggle for sovereignty broke out again between him and his father; half of the kingdom declaring for the one, and half for the other.

The war still continued between the Christians and the Moors who acknowledged Muley Hassan for their king. 'It possessed,' says a writer, 'extraordinary materials of interest, in the striking contrast presented by the combatants of oriental and European creeds, costumes, and manners; and in the hardy and hare-brained enterprises, the romantic adventures, the picturesque forages through mountain regions, the daring assaults and surprisals of cliff-built castles and cragged fortresses, which succeeded each other with a variety and brilliancy beyond the scope of mere invention. The time of the contest also contributed to heighten the interest. It was not long after the invention of gunpowder, when firearms and artillery mingled the flash, smoke, and thunder of modern warfare with the steely splendour of ancient chivalry, and gave an awful magnificence and terrible sublimity to battle; and when the old Moorish towers and castles, that for ages had frowned defiance to the battering-rams and catapults of classic tactics, were toppled down by the lombards of the Spanish engineers.'† In this protracted struggle the Spaniards were almost continually victorious; and by the end of the year 1485, the Moorish power had been greatly weakened, and many places of strength had fallen into the hands of the Christians.

Meanwhile the Moorish king, Muley Hassan, having become infirm through age, had retired to the little city of Almunecar, on the Mediterranean coast, to spend the remainder of his life in repose, leaving the administration of the government in the hands of his younger brother, Abdallah el Zagal. His death shortly afterwards

* *Conquest of Granada*, by Washington Irving.
† *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii.

left Abdallah in the possession of the entire regal power—the acknowledged chief of the patriotic party in the kingdom. Between the uncle and nephew the same struggle continued as had been carried on between the father and son; but for the time, El Zagal had the popular suffrages on his side, and Boabdil's interests waned. Occupying Velez el Blanco, a strong town near the Spanish frontier, Boabdil watched the progress of the war between Ferdinand and Abdallah, ready to render assistance to the former, and to avail himself of his success to become sovereign of Granada. Collecting a large army, which was recruited from all parts of Europe, Ferdinand carried on the war with great energy. Town after town was taken, and battle after battle fought; and at last, in the year 1489, the Spaniards laid siege to the city of Baza, the key to all the remaining possessions of El Zagal in Granada. The war of the Christians with the Moors of Granada had by this time become the theme of the whole world; and all Christendom looked on with admiration at the part which the Spaniards were performing. After a resistance of nearly seven months, Baza surrendered on the 4th of December 1489. With the surrender of Baza, all hope failed El Zagal and the patriotic portion of the Moors. They yielded to their fate. El Zagal abdicated his crown for a stipulated revenue; and Boabdil el Chico became the vassal-king of Granada under Ferdinand and Isabella.

Boabdil el Chico, however, had served his purpose; and now that there was no longer occasion for his assistance, Ferdinand resolved to be rid of him. Accordingly, upon various pretexts, which it was easy to form, the vassal-king was required to surrender the city and crown of Granada. On this the Moors prepared for a last effort against their conquerors; and Ferdinand, assembling an army of fifty thousand men, laid siege to Granada, 'the last seed of the pomegranate.' The siege of the Moorish capital lasted eight months—eight months more thickly crowded with bold actions and romantic exploits than almost any other equal period in Spanish history. On the 25th of November 1491, however, the city capitulated on the following conditions: 'All Christian captives were to be liberated without ransom; Boabdil and his principal cavaliers were to take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown, and certain valuable territories in the Alpuxares Mountains were to be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance; the Moors of Granada were to become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms, their horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery; they were to be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns; they were to be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term the pay was to be the same as they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs; those who chose to depart for Africa within three

years, were to be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer.'

In January 1492, the Spanish sovereigns made their entry into the Moorish capital, while the fallen monarch quitted it. The following is Mr Irving's fine description of the departure of the latter: 'Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxares, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxares, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah achbar!" (God is great!) said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!" The vizier, Aben Comixa, endeavoured to console his royal master. "Consider, sire," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity." The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flow. "Allah achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?" From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, "The last sigh of the Moor."'

It was not in accordance with the spirit of the age, above all, with the spirit of such a devotedly Catholic country as Spain, that a portion of the subjects of a kingdom, however peaceable and useful,

should be allowed to remain undisturbed in the exercise of a religion different from that of the majority. Accordingly, within ten years of the conquest of Granada, the system of forced conversions was employed. Thousands of Moors and Jews, to save their lives, allowed themselves to be baptised; and thousands more left the Peninsula for Africa and the East. In the reigns of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the same policy was continued. The bigoted Philip II. especially distinguished himself by his persecuting zeal against the Moors; insomuch that, during his reign, Granada was often in a state of revolt. To crush the Moorish spirit more effectually, and secure their conversion to Christianity, Philip removed them from their original seats on the sea-coast, and distributed them through the interior of Spain. Crushed and conquered as they had been, these sons of Arabia still retained much of their ancient superiority of temperament; and wherever they went, it was remarked that they monopolised all places of wealth and commercial consequence, so that a Moor thrived where a Spaniard would have starved. This, co-operating with the hereditary dislike—which no intermixture or studied conformity on the part of the Moors could extinguish—at last determined the Spanish government to adopt the atrocious policy of expelling the Moors from Spain. The expulsion was finally carried into effect in the reign of Philip III., at the beginning of the seventeenth century. By a decree of that monarch, upwards of one million of his most industrious subjects were expelled from the kingdom in the course of a few months, because they were of Moorish blood. It is calculated that two millions had, in the course of the previous century, voluntarily left Spain. By the edict of Philip III., six Moorish families out of every hundred were to be allowed, or rather forced, to remain for a time in Spain, to teach the Spaniards certain arts and manufactures for which the Moors were celebrated. This was a miserable device to save the country from the effects of the expulsion of her best subjects; and it proved so; for the decline of Spain as a commercial country dates from this disastrous event. The fate of the poor outcasts themselves we need not trace. Such of them as survived the sufferings which attended the act of their expulsion, took root in other countries, principally Mohammedan, and there lived in peace.

Thus, after nine centuries, during which they performed successively the parts of invaders, conquerors, rulers, joint occupants, and subjects, were the Arabs expelled from Spain. Besides their imperishable contributions to the civilisation of Europe, there are numerous local traces of their residence in the Spanish Peninsula. The anniversary of the surrender of Granada to the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, is still celebrated by festivities, rejoicings, and grotesque processions in all the towns and villages of the south of Spain.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

FOR more than a hundred years a story of a melancholy and remarkable kind has floated through Europe. It has become in every country an interesting tradition; all persons have, less or more, heard something of it; it is one of the tales which the young, by one means or other, pick up. This traditional relation is the story of 'The Man with the Iron Mask.' The story is French, and possesses that degree of mystery which insures a lively interest among the imaginative. It purports to be the history of a distinguished personage, perhaps a prince, who was confined for a great number of years, until his death, in one of the state-prisons of France. The era to which the story is referred was that of Louis XIV.—a knowledge of whose character and position is necessary for a full comprehension of the plot. Louis was born in 1638, attained the authority of king in 1661, and from this period he reigned for fifty-four years, till his death in 1715. Accomplished in person and manners, and possessing a love of magnificence and power, Louis was the greatest of the old French monarchs; yet this greatness had in it little of magnanimity. Inspired by an intense selfishness, and of insatiable ambition, he permitted nothing to stand in the way of his desires. Neither was any flattery too gross for him; incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested; the man

who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence: his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them, and could unmake them; and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing, among his peculiar intimates, snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm—his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general. Here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger; for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the background, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and his air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality: he had it in perfection.

If Louis had a talent for anything, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiæ of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than anybody else, and they of course received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who, by putting him on the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes. To this love of

trifling and scheming may be ascribed many of his meaner acts of vengeance. Fond of contriving, he liked more to torment an enemy by secret seizure and imprisonment, than to kill him by an open and instantaneous act. To him the horrid pleasure of learning from time to time how an unfortunate captive spent his wearisome hours, was very exquisite; and thus did he make revenge a continual feast —a feast, however, which carried remorse in its train. Inheriting a purely despotic power, these vengeful actions were not matters of common remark. It had been the practice of the kings of France, ever since Louis XI., to act exactly with the people and the laws as they were so disposed. Among their ordinary means of putting out of the way persons who gave them any displeasure, was that of consigning them secretly to one of the many state-prisons—gloomy and strong fortress edifices—with which France abounded. Fathers of families, priests, soldiers, statesmen, noblemen of the court, ladies of quality—all were numbered among the victims of this iniquitous abuse of power. There was usually no form of trial; *lettres de cachet*, or sealed warrants, were put in force with merciless severity. Sometimes the individual thus taken suddenly into custody would be transferred to the Bastile, a prison fortress at Paris (of which an account will be given in a future tract), where he would be kept for years, or for life, holding no communication whatever with the external world. At other times, in cases of greater vengefulness, the poor victim would be thrown into a vault, to die, within a few days or weeks, of famine. The vaults devoted to this odious purpose were called *oubliettes*—that is, places where the inmates were to be forgotten. These oubliettes, of which the remains may still be seen in some of the old ruined castles in France, were usually shaped like a bottle, small at the mouth, and wide beneath, and, being of considerable depth, escape from them was impossible. Amidst the decaying remains of former victims, and everything that was nauseous, the individual precipitated into them found a horrible grave.* Whether Louis XIV. resorted to this barbarity, is not known. Unrestrained by scruples of generosity, honour, or religion, it is at least certain that, throughout his long reign, he was one of the most detestable tyrants that have ever challenged the execration of mankind. The Bastile and other state-prisons were filled by him with unfortunate captives, many of them ignorant of the offences laid to their charge, and all exposed, as authentic records verify, to the

* Such villainous receptacles were not confined exclusively to France; they were common all over Europe. We have seen one at Chillon, and likewise the remains of one in the castle of St Andrews in Scotland. This last mentioned, situated in a low part of the ruins, is a dark cavern, cut out of the solid rock, and shaped like a common bottle. The neck of the orifice is seven feet wide, by about eight in depth, after which it widens till it is seventeen feet in diameter. The depth of the whole is twenty-two feet. This fearful tomb was once used as the dungeon of the castle. Recusant victims were put therein, and possibly left to die of cold and famine. Some years since it was cleared out, when a great quantity of bones were removed.

worst practices of the worst and most barbarous ages, even to the infliction of torture itself.* In everything connected with these prisoners the utmost secrecy was usually observed : they were seized in the dead of night, fictitious names given to them, and all traces of their fate obliterated. Thus the anguish of families was increased by the very uncertainty in which they remained as to what had befallen their vanished relatives.

The course of profligacy, and of lavish expenditure on buildings, wars, and military parade, in which Louis XIV. recklessly indulged, had the effect, as is well known, of sapping the foundations of the monarchy, and of leading to that misery and discontent which broke out in the revolution of 1789.

From this short review of the character of Louis XIV., it will not be considered at all singular that a person of rank should have been kept in confinement for many years during his reign, without anything being known at the time concerning the unhappy captive. We have seen that it was not only the practice of the age for kings to imprison individuals without let or hinderance, but that Louis XIV., in particular, was exceedingly fond of this method of punishment for real or imaginary offences. So much for preliminary explanations. It is evident there is a groundwork for such a story as that of the Man with the Iron Mask ; and we now propose to explain to our young readers who the man was, what were his crimes, and all else that can be substantiated respecting him. The narrative is probably not much worth ; still, as it contains a mystery which goes on perplexing generation after generation, and as it throws a light on past manners, we think it may not be, on the whole, out of place to tell it, as truth always ought to be told.

* The Sieur Constantin de Renneville, in giving an account of his own treatment during an eleven years' sojourn in the Bastile, for having written some verses reflecting on the prowess of the French arms, presents a harrowing account of the general conduct pursued towards the prisoners. There is no doubt he writes under a lively sense of the persecution he had suffered, and many of his statements may be tinctured with exaggeration : but, in the main, his relation is entitled to credit. The work is styled *The French Inquisition, or History of the Bastile*, and was first published, in 1719, at Amsterdam. It extends to five thick closely-printed volumes, and has gone through several editions. Its attacks are principally directed against the governor and officers of the prison, whom he accuses of starving the prisoners in order to appropriate the sums allowed for their maintenance. Amongst other cases, he mentions that of a veteran Swiss officer, upwards of seventy, who had served in the army all his life, but had been betrayed into a hasty remark to Marshal Villeroi, at the battle of Ramilies, to whose denunciation he owed his incarceration, and who was kept without fire, and provided only with bread and water, although the king allowed fifteen francs a day for his support. Renneville breaks out into the following pathetic lamentation : ' Of a truth what horrors have I not witnessed during eleven years and upwards that I have been made to endure torments beyond all expression, without having ever undergone a single interrogatory ; without being able to obtain judges or commissioners to investigate my case ; or without the ministers of the king deigning to acquaint me with the reason of my detention ! I have been made to suffer a punishment more insupportable than the cruelest death, without learning the cause, without being granted leave during so long a time to write to my wife, my kinsmen, my friends, or even the minister who ordered my arrest. I found myself buried alive without being able to ascertain whether I had yet a wife and children in the world, whatever prayers and submissions I lavished with that view on my inexorable persecutors.'

We must commence by disposing of various ingenious

CONJECTURES AS TO WHO WAS THE IRON MASK.

Although, for a number of years after the death of Louis XIV. there were many rumours in France as to the Man with the Iron Mask, it was considered dangerous to publish any real or probable account of his sufferings. The narrative of his captivity was first printed at Amsterdam in 1745, and in the form of an allegory, the scene of which was laid in Persia. According to this romance, as it must be called, the Man with the Iron Mask was the Count de Vermandois, a son of Louis XIV., who had incurred his father's displeasure. This fiction did not attract much attention; but it probably, along with personal pique, and the love of dramatic effect, induced Voltaire to revive the narrative in his *Age of Louis XIV.*, a work published at Berlin in 1751. Not content with asseverating the assumed facts hitherto propagated, he undertook, upon the testimony of officers of the Bastile, his informants, to describe the person of the prisoner as of good height and admirable proportions, and to represent him as possessing a voice that awakened much interest, and as evincing in his deportment an exemplary resignation. He, moreover, stated that the mask worn by the prisoner was furnished with steel springs at the chin, whereby he was enabled to eat with freedom. His captivity dated from 1661, in the fortress of the island of Sainte-Marguerite, whence he was removed in 1690 to the Bastile, under the most rigorous precautions, in which latter prison he died in 1704. The Marquis de Louvois, minister of the war department under Louis XIV., visited him and remained standing whilst addressing him, exhibiting in his whole demeanour great respect. He was provided with everything he desired; his taste for fine linen and laces was abundantly gratified; he was allowed the solace of music; and the governor never ventured to sit in his presence.

This is the account given by Voltaire, supported by all the weight of his own name, and corroborated by the implied authority of the Duke de Richelieu and Madame de Pompadour, the one the minister, and the other a confidante, of Louis XV., with whom he was then living on terms of the closest intimacy. It was confirmed in its main particulars by another writer, Lagrange-Chancel, who had been himself confined at Sainte-Marguerite, and claimed to derive his information from the governor of that fortress. He alleged that 'the commandant, Saint-Mars, manifested great consideration towards his prisoner, served him himself in silver-plate, and frequently provided him with clothes as rich as he desired; but the prisoner was obliged, on pain of death, to appear only with his iron mask on in presence of the physician and surgeon, when he needed their services; and his only amusement when alone was to pluck

hairs from his beard with small steel pincers, highly polished and shining.' He added, that he had himself seen one of these pincers in the hands of the Sieur de Formanoir, the nephew of Saint-Mars. Thus was all doubt dispelled from the public mind, and it became a universally admitted fact that some one had been kept in confinement by Louis XIV., with his face concealed by a mask, the most lively curiosity being excited to determine who the victim of such jealous tyranny could have been. The mere circumstance of so extraordinary a precaution seemed to prove incontestably that he must have been a prisoner of the greatest consequence, and in all probability of the highest rank—a supposition fortified by the studied respect said to be paid him. Hence, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the great majority of the writers who have handled the subject seek some exalted personage as the hero of their various hypotheses, although Voltaire himself has remarked that no considerable individual disappeared from the European stage at the time, unless by real or apparent death.

The first supposition was that of the author of the Persian fiction, to which Voltaire himself perhaps at one time leant, there being, indeed, good grounds to suspect that the story itself was the offspring of his own fertile brain, and which, as has been stated, pointed to the Count de Vermandois. Yet this Count de Vermandois had died in the very midst of a camp, after an illness of seven days: having fallen sick on the evening of the 12th November 1683, and died on the 19th, he was buried with extraordinary pomp in the cathedral church of Arras, upon the express requisition of the king himself, Louis XIV., to the chapter, that his body might be deposited in the same vault as that in which reposed the remains of Elizabeth, Countess of Vermandois, wife of Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, who died in 1182; and a sum of 10,000 livres was granted to the same chapter for a perpetual dirge to be chanted to his memory. There seems no good reason to suppose all this a solemn farce, enacted to conceal the imprisonment of a youth who could never have been an object of apprehension, whether in durance or at large. The mere allegation of a rumour to that effect can be esteemed of no weight in the absence of anything like corroborative proof.

The next conjecture as to who was the Iron Mask was that put forward by at least two respectable writers. These affirmed that the queen, wife of Louis XIII., after giving birth to Louis XIV., was delivered at a subsequent hour of a second son, whose birth the king resolved to conceal, to avoid the danger of a disputed succession, it being the opinion of certain legal authorities that the first-born of twins has a doubtful claim to any inheritance depending on birth. With this view, the child was confided to a nurse, and afterwards to a governor, who took him to his seat in Burgundy, where, growing to manhood, he discovered the secret of his birth, and was forthwith placed in confinement, with a mask to conceal his features, which

were the exact counterpart of his brother the king's. Such was the story of these authors, which, upon careful consideration, seems utterly unworthy of credit. Nevertheless, the notion that a brother of Louis XIV., whether older, younger, or of the same age, and whether legitimate or illegitimate, was in truth the unfortunate victim of the Iron Mask, has had a host of firm believers in France and other countries, and amongst the rest our ingenious countryman, Mr Quintin Crawford, who decides in favour of a son. It would seem that Napoleon, whose curiosity was keenly excited by this mystery of the Iron Mask, also inclined to the hypothesis of a royal prince.*

Meanwhile, suppositions of a less creative, though of an equally fanciful nature, challenged from day to day public acquiescence, though the only consequence of this diversity of theories was greater perplexity and doubt. First in order was the hypothesis which assigned the Iron Mask to the Duke of Beaufort, advanced by two several authors, Dufresnoy and Lagrange-Chancel, in 1759, and afterwards maintained by others. This Duke of Beaufort had been intrusted by Louis XIV. with the command of a squadron destined for the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks (1669). Seven days after his arrival at the island, he took part in a sally on the besiegers, and was never seen again. The Duke de Navailles, his coadjutor in the command, reported that he had been abandoned by his troops when in front of the Turks, and he knew not what had become of him. The probability is that he was slain, and his head sent to the sultan at Constantinople, according to the custom of the Turks. But as his body was not found, or at least identified, which might readily be the case if it were decapitated, a rumour prevailed that he was not dead, but had mysteriously disappeared. This was sufficient to elevate him into a candidate for the martyrdom of the Iron Mask; but his supporters signally fail, both in probability and the more decisive matter of dates. The age of the prince would incapacitate him for the part, and there appears no cause to suppose he had given any mortal offence either to the king or to his vindictive minister, Colbert. He was a man of gross and vulgar habits, passing by the nickname of the *King of the Markets*, indicative of his low tastes. He enjoyed no consideration, and might be an object of contempt or disgust, but not of inhuman persecution.

Poullain de Saint-Foix has the merit of resuscitating another illustrious deceased to perform the character of the Iron Mask, and this he does with even more boldness than any of his contemporaries, since he selects a man who was publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, in the city of London, in the year 1685—namely, the

* The memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes bear testimony to the interest taken in the elucidation of this question by Napoleon, who had ordered researches in the national archives without effect, which not a little fretted the imperious impatience of his mind for results.

Duke of Monmouth, executed by his uncle, James II. Saint-Foix finds a substitute for the duke on the scaffold in the person of a devoted follower, who greatly resembled him, and consented to act as his proxy in the loss of his head. Setting aside this first startling difficulty, the hypothesis is otherwise utterly untenable in respect of dates. Yet, strange to say, for a time this theory became the favourite one, owing principally to the bold and confident tone of its advocate, until the Père Griffet, a learned and profound historian, was provoked to take up arms against it, and by a skilful use of authentic documents effectually demolished it, although he failed to set up his own dogma in its place, for the erudite father gave his suffrage in favour of the Count de Vermandois. A furious contest ensued between these two champions in the columns of Freron's *Année Litteraire*, in the midst of which a third claimant came forward in behalf of Mohammed IV., the Turkish sultan deposed in 1687 ; but while the conflict was still raging among these combatants, and the public excitement roused to the highest pitch, the Père Griffet suddenly departed this life (1771), and so put an end to the hot discussion.

With regard to other parties of inferior grades, who have found partisans to urge their claims as the heroes of this enigma, it is sufficient to say that the spirit of paradox has been carried so far as to pitch upon Henry Cromwell, the second son of the Protector, for one of them, upon the ground, simply, that though known to be of a more lively temperament than his brother Richard, he lived and died in such obscurity, that nothing is known of his existence. But even if this were so, it is clear that Louis XIV. could have no possible interest in keeping a son of Cromwell in such close confinement, however prone to assume the part of a jailer. More plausible arguments have been advanced in favour of three other individuals, between whom, in fact, the controversy is unquestionably narrowed. These are, the Armenian patriarch, Ardewiks ; the superintendent of the French finances, Fouquet ; and the minister of the Duke of Mantua, Matthioli. Thus the story, it must be confessed, loses much of its romantic interest, shorn as it becomes of any thrilling mystery. But the object in view is, of course, the elucidation of the truth.

Before entering upon the inquiry which of these three was the actual Man with the Iron Mask, it will be proper to detail all that is precisely known respecting the prisoner detained under such extraordinary circumstances. To do so with demonstrative effect, all that is mere hearsay or tradition ought to be discarded. Thus, the statement of Voltaire, and all those who have followed in his wake, about the extraordinary respect paid by the governor of the fortress, and even by the Marquis de Louvois, must be considered in the light of an unsupported, if not an invented, accessory to the romance of the incident. A manuscript journal kept by M. Dujonca,

lieutenant of the Bastile, first quoted by the Père Griffet, is the only authentic document extant upon the subject of the prisoner, apart from the official correspondence to be hereafter mentioned, inasmuch as the register of the Bastile copied in the work called *La Bastile Dévoilée*, or 'The Bastile Exposed,' is judged to be merely a compilation from Dujonca's journal so far as concerns this particular case, as all the principal records are known to have been destroyed. This journal records that, 'at three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th September 1698, Saint-Mars arrived from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite, bringing with him, in a litter, an old prisoner, whom he had had at Pignerol, whose name was not mentioned, and who was always kept masked. This prisoner was put into the tower of La Baziniere until night, when I myself conducted him at nine in the evening to the third chamber of the tower of La Bertaudiere, which care had been taken to furnish with all things necessary. The Sieur Rosarges, who likewise came from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite with Saint-Mars, was directed to wait upon and take care of the aforesaid prisoner, who was fed by the governor.'

In the same journal, the death of the prisoner is mentioned under date of the 19th November 1703, in the following terms: 'The unknown prisoner, always masked with a black velvet mask, whom M. de Saint-Mars had brought with him, and had long kept under his charge, feeling slightly indisposed after attending mass, died to-day at ten at night, without having experienced any considerable illness: he could not have suffered less. M. Giraut, our chaplain, confessed him yesterday. Surprised by death, he was unable to receive the sacraments, and our chaplain exhorted him for a moment before he died. He was interred on Tuesday, 20th November, at four in the afternoon, in the cemetery of St Paul. His interment cost forty livres.'

By an extract from the register of burials for the parish of St Paul, accredited by the vicar under his hand on the 9th February 1790, the exactitude of Dujonca is fully borne out. This entry is as follows: 'The year 1703, on the 19th November, died at the Bastile *Marchiali*, aged forty-five or thereabouts; whose body was interred in the burial-ground of St Paul, his parish, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of M. Rosarges, major of the Bastile, and of M. Reih, surgeon of the Bastile, who have affixed their signatures.'

Marchiali was of course an assumed name, given to baffle inquiry, as likewise was most probably the alleged age. Voltaire relates that the prisoner was always called Marchiali at the Bastile, and that he himself declared to the apothecary of the prison, a few days before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. After his death, the utmost care was taken to destroy every vestige of his existence: everything he had been in the habit of using, such as clothes, linen, bedding, &c. was burnt; the walls of his room were

scraped and re-plastered, the panes of the windows were changed, and, according to some authorities, his body itself was consumed with quicklime.

As Saint-Mars passed with his prisoner from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, he halted at his own estate of Palteau, and an account of his visit is given by his great-nephew, M. de Palteau, as he had received it from persons resident on the property at the time. This is contained in a letter published by M. de Palteau in the *Année Litteraire* of 1769. He states 'that the masked prisoner arrived at Palteau in a litter which preceded the one in which Saint-Mars himself travelled, under an escort of several men on horseback, and accompanied by the peasants who had gone to meet their landlord. Dinner was served in the dining-room on the ground-floor; the prisoner sat with his back to the court, and Saint-Mars opposite him, with a brace of pistols on the table. They were waited on by a single servant, who brought all the dishes from the anteroom, where they were deposited, and whenever he came in or went out, he shut the door carefully after him. The prisoner was observed to be tall in stature, and he always wore a black mask, which did not prevent his lips, teeth, and gray hair from being seen. The peasants frequently saw him cross the court with the mask over his face. Saint-Mars caused a bed for himself to be placed close to that of his prisoner, in which he slept. The remembrance of this occurrence is still fresh in the memory of many old men still living.'

Such is all that is positively known of this famous captive. The question is, which of the three persons last indicated he was—Ardewiks, Fouquet, or Matthioli?

The pretensions of Ardewiks are quickly disposed of. He was the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople, and had contrived to incur the deadly animosity of the Jesuits, then all-powerful in France and in other countries. They availed to procure his exile, and ultimately to have him kidnapped on board a French vessel, which conveyed him to France, where he was imprisoned in the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and afterwards in the Bastile, where he died. This atrocious proceeding was strenuously denied by the French government when the Ottoman court remonstrated, but is placed beyond all question by a memoir on the subject left by M. de Bonac, French ambassador at Constantinople in 1724. The Chevalier de Taules has laboured with commendable zeal to demonstrate that this abducted patriarch was the genuine Iron Mask, mainly with the view of relieving French royalty from the stigma of the suspicions which attached to it from the undisclosed mystery, and fixing it on the Jesuits.* But he is met by an insuperable obstacle on the very threshold of his argument. M. de Bonac states explicitly that the

* Two works of his are published on the subject, both posthumous, which appeared in the year 1825. Each is distinguished by a high-sounding title, having reference to the Iron Mask.

patriarch was carried off during the embassy of M. Feriol at Constantinople, who only succeeded M. de Chateauneuf in 1699, and as the Iron Mask was already at the Bastile in 1698, it could not possibly have been the unfortunate patriarch of the Armenians.

The theory which would sustain Fouquet as claimant to the possession of the Iron Mask, has only very recently received a powerful stimulus from an elaborate thesis, executed by the bibliophilist Jacob, a prominent, if not an eminent writer, under the title of *Histoire de l'Homme au Masque de Fer*, published at Paris in 1840. Fouquet was superintendent of finances in the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and won for himself a more than common share of the obloquy usually attracted by the finance minister under a despotic monarchy. He lived in a magnificence and luxury which aroused the jealousy even of the king, and he had the sad misfortune, moreover, to cross the monarch in the pursuit of certain mean schemes. Louis accounts for his animosity in the following manner: 'A view of the vast establishments this man had projected, and the insolent acquisitions he had made, could not fail to convince my mind of his unruly ambition, whilst the universal distress of my people cried aloud to me for justice against him. But what rendered him more culpable towards me was, that, far from profiting by the goodness I had manifested in retaining him in my counsels, he had derived therefrom fresh hopes of deceiving me, and instead of becoming wiser, thought only of shewing himself more artful. But with all the artifices he could practise, I was not long in discovering his dishonesty, for he was unable to leave off his enormous expenditure, fortifying places and ornamenting palaces, forming cabals, and placing important charges in the hands of his friends, which he purchased for them at my expense, with the view of speedily rendering himself the supreme arbiter of the state.'*

With this king, to hate was to persecute. Without hesitation he caused Fouquet to be accused of malversation and treason, thrown into the Bastile in 1661, and arraigned before the Chamber of Justice, which, after a tedious process of three years, adjudged him guilty of the first crime, and sentenced him to banishment for life, with confiscation of his goods and chattels. The king was displeased that he had not been condemned to death; but judging it dangerous to allow a man acquainted with the affairs of the state to leave the kingdom, *commuted* the punishment to one of perpetual imprisonment. Three days after judgment, Fouquet was accordingly conveyed to the prison of Pignerol, on the borders of Savoy, and Saint-Mars appointed to guard him with the strictest vigilance.

In 1664, therefore, Fouquet was shut up a close prisoner in the fortress of Pignerol, with M. de Saint-Mars for his jailer. In repeated letters, which are quoted by M. Jacob, the minister Louvois urges the latter to exercise the utmost rigour towards his prisoner,

* *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, t. i., p. 101.

in the literal fulfilment of which instructions he in fact shewed himself nothing loath. After 1672, the severity of his captivity was mitigated, and he was allowed to receive a letter from his wife, and visits from the officers of the garrison. Towards the close of 1679 he fell ill, and, after some time, permission was given that he might be taken to the baths of Bourbon ; but it was too late ; he died of apoplexy at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680. M. Jacob contends that he did not in fact die, but that the animosity of Louis being kindled afresh at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, he resolved to wreak yet greater vengeance on the hapless superintendent. Consequently, causing his death to be announced, he had him immured in a lonely and inaccessible dungeon, and his face concealed with a mask.

But overlooking that much of this hypothesis rests on the merest and vaguest surmise, the death of Fouquet in 1680 appears to be as well authenticated as such an event in a state-prison could be. In the first place, there is a letter from Saint-Mars to Louvois, dated the 23d of March 1680, intimating the occurrence ; and three subsequent letters of Louvois to Saint-Mars of the 8th, 9th, and 29th of April, speak of 'the late M. Fouquet.' Again, Madame Fouquet was in the town of Pignerol, lodging at the house of one Sieur Fenouil, at the time of her husband's death, and arrangements had even been made for one of her daughters to occupy a room above, and communicating with the prisoner's, doubtless that she might tend her father in his sickness. It would likewise appear that his son, the Count de Vaux, must have been on the spot ; for in his letter of the 8th of April, Louvois says to Saint-Mars : 'You have done wrong to permit M. de Vaux to remove his father's papers and verses, and you ought to have locked them up in his apartment.' His letter of the 9th of April, dated from St Germain, contains the following order : 'The king commands me to make known to you that his majesty is agreeable you should deliver to Madame Fouquet's servants the body of her late husband, to be transported whither she pleases.' That Madame Fouquet, who was tenderly attached to her husband, and had, during all the years of his imprisonment, never ceased to importune the king for his release, availed herself of this permission, would seem both reasonable and natural ; nor is there any reason to doubt she did so, the body of her husband being, as the burial-register of the convent of the Filles de la Visitation-Sainte-Marie at Paris attests, deposited in the church of that convent, in the same vault as that of his father, François Fouquet. But to this M. Jacob objects, first, that this interment did not take place for a whole year after the death, namely, on the 28th of March 1681 ; and secondly, that five months previously, a search being instituted in the church of the Visitation for the coffin of André Fremiot, erst archbishop of Bourges, to be removed to the cathedral of that city, the coffin was ultimately found in the Fouquet vault, on which

occasion all the coffins in the sepulchre were examined by a municipal committee, and that professing to be of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent, was found empty, those of his father, wife, and sons only containing their remains. These two facts are singular, but by no means unaccountable, and are certainly wholly insufficient to invalidate the direct testimony of the death at Pignerol. But M. Jacob objects further, that Fouquet's friends were incredulous as to his demise; which can scarcely have been the case, since one of his most intimate friends, Madame de Sevigné, writes to her daughter on the 3d of April 1680, thus: 'Poor M. Fouquet is dead! I am greatly affected. Mademoiselle de Scudery is much afflicted at this event.' On the 5th of the same month she again writes: 'If I were to advise M. Fouquet's family, I would refrain from transporting his poor body, as it is said they are going to do. I would let it be buried there, at Pignerol; for after a lapse of nineteen years, I would not have him brought out after such a fashion.' The date of Madame de Sevigné's first letter is of great consequence in this inquiry, as there is an irresistible inference to be thence deduced that she had the information of Fouquet's death direct from his widow, son, or daughter, at Pignerol, inasmuch as Saint-Mars's letter of advice to Louvois did not reach that minister until the 8th of April, as he himself complains. Now, if the members of his family, resident on the spot, were acquainted with the circumstance of his death at the instant of its occurrence, and had free access to him previously—as is incontestable, from the arrangement as to his daughter, and a notarial procuration, executed by Madame Fouquet, in the *donjon of the citadel of Pignerol*, on the 27th of January 1680—it is not to be doubted they had ample opportunity of satisfying themselves that the event was real and not fictitious.

It is true that Voltaire, in one of his works, says that it was unknown where Fouquet died; and again, in the *Age of Louis XIV.* (ch. 25), has the following remarkable passage: 'All historians state that Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680; but Gourville asserts that he was liberated from prison some time before his death. The Countess de Vaux, his daughter-in-law, had already confirmed to me that fact; yet the contrary is believed in his family: thus it is that no one knows where the unfortunate man died.'

This doubt on the part of Voltaire may be explained. Gourville says in his memoirs that Fouquet, having been set or put at liberty (*ayant été mis en liberté*), wrote to him to thank him for the kindness he had shewn to his wife. This liberty he must have meant as comparative, since it is unquestionable that Fouquet was never liberated from prison, whether he died at Pignerol or in the Bastile. The probable supposition is, that it had been made a condition with the family that it should observe a discreet silence on the subject both of the imprisonment and of the death; hence the misinformation even of his daughter-in-law. At all events, the ignorance of Voltaire,

whether real or affected, has no bearing on the question, as he had not seen the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars. On the whole, it is impossible to doubt that Fouquet died at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680, and consequently that he was not the Man with the Iron Mask.

There remains the case of Matthioli to be considered. It is fortunately one in which no stubborn fact, such as a reputed death, or other untoward incident, is to be upset or even contested. In a word, Matthioli was *the man.*

THE TRUE MAN IS FOUND.

The account of the true Man of the Iron Mask involves one of the most curious points in history. It may be troublesome to get at the whole truth of the matter, but we repeat it is worth a little patient investigation. We shall try to make the story as plain as possible.

The Abbé d'Estrades, French ambassador at Venice, knowing well the insatiable ambition of his master, Louis XIV., conceived, in the year 1677, the idea of inducing the Duke of Mantua to permit the introduction of a French garrison into Casale, a strongly fortified town, the capital of the Montferrat, and giving access to the whole of Lombardy. This scheme he proposed to effect through the medium of Count Matthioli, who had been secretary of state under the last Duke of Mantua, Charles III., and was greatly in the confidence of the present Ferdinand Charles IV.; who, however, was a complete cipher in the government, the reins of power being held by his mother, an Austrian princess. Having sent a messenger in whom he could confide to communicate with Matthioli, and finding him and the duke both agreeable to the project, in the hope of securing the aid of France against the Austrian and Spanish interests, to which the duchess-mother was devoted, he applied to Louis for leave to treat, which that potentate lost no time in cheerfully according. An active though secret negotiation was thereupon commenced between D'Estrades and Matthioli, which proceeded so favourably that the Duke of Mantua himself repaired to Venice to have an interview with the French ambassador. At this interview, which took place at midnight on the 13th of March 1678, the duke expressed his eagerness to conclude the treaty, from the constant fear he was in of the Spaniards, and also his intention to send Matthioli to Paris, with the view of bringing the affair to a speedier issue. It suited the purpose of Louis to procrastinate, as he had no army ready to enter Italy; and hence the departure of Matthioli was delayed until November, when at length he started for Paris, and eventually concluded a treaty with M. de Pomponne, French minister, on the following terms:

1*st*, That the Duke of Mantua should receive the French troops into Casale.

2*d*, That if the king of France sent an army into Italy, the Duke of Mantua should have the command of it.

3*d*, That immediately after the execution of the treaty, the sum of 100,000 crowns should be paid to the Duke of Mantua.

Matthioli, upon the occasion of this treaty, was received in a secret audience by Louis himself, who graciously presented him with a valuable ring. He also received a sum of money for his own use, and the promise of a further largess after the ratification of the treaty. He then returned to Italy, after concerting with Louvois, the minister at war, as to the mode of putting the treaty into execution.

In the whole of this affair Matthioli appears to have been actuated by venal motives. He had forsaken the Spanish interest, to embrace the French, solely from a disappointment of a pecuniary nature; and being now master of an important secret, he resolved to turn it to account. Accordingly, as he passed through Turin on his way from France, he revealed the affair to the President Turki, one of the ministers of the Court of Savoy, for a sum of money, and allowed him to take copies of all the documents. After committing this act of treachery, it is not surprising he should do all he could to delay the ratification and fulfilment of the treaty. The French, on the contrary, were eager to complete the transaction, and take possession of Casale; their negotiator and their general were both ready; but Matthioli still found excuses to postpone the final act, until certain suspicions began to be entertained touching his fidelity. Nevertheless, appearances were kept up, and an appointment was eventually made to exchange the ratifications at Increa, a village near Casale, the duke repairing in person to Casale to deliver it into the hands of the French immediately afterwards. But the French envoy charged with the ratifications was arrested as he passed through the Milanese from Venice, owing to the machinations of Matthioli, as was supposed; and although another person, Catinat, afterwards the celebrated marshal, was instantly appointed to supply his place, of which Matthioli was promptly apprised, that personage betook himself to Venice, instead of attending the appointment. Catinat, who was then simply a brigadier, actually proceeded to Increa, and narrowly escaped being seized by a detachment of cavalry sent for the purpose of capturing him. After this, little doubt could remain of Matthioli's treachery; but the French were too intent to conclude the arrangement wholly to break with him, and the chargé-d'affaires at Venice now urged him, by combined threats and promises, to repair to Turin and confer with D'Estrades, who was then resident at that city. To these exhortations Matthioli yielded, and in process of time presented himself before D'Estrades at Turin, making sundry lame excuses for the delays he had caused. He arrived at the end of April 1679.

Meanwhile D'Estrades had obtained undoubted proofs of

Matthioli's treachery from the Duchess of Savoy herself, who shewed him copies of all the documents relative to the surrender of Casale; and Louis XIV., finding himself thus deceived and betrayed, gave vent to the liveliest indignation, and vowed to avenge himself on the traitor. With this view D'Estrades was ordered forthwith to arrest Matthioli, who, little aware of the fate in store for him, easily fell into a snare laid to entrap him. Complaining continually to D'Estrades of the want of money, the latter told him that Catinat, who commanded the troops intended to take possession of Casale, had considerable sums at his disposal, and would be ready to supply his wants, provided he would give him a meeting on the frontier towards Pignerol. To this proposal Matthioli joyfully acceded, and on an appointed day met D'Estrades, who was accompanied by his relative the Abbé de Montesquieu, in a church at a short distance from Turin, whence they proceeded to the frontier. About three miles from the place assigned for meeting Catinat, they came upon a river whose banks were overflowed, and the only bridge over it broken. Matthioli assisted energetically in repairing this bridge, himself being the most impatient at the obstacle; and they were eventually enabled to continue their progress, which they did on foot, to where Catinat awaited them with two officers and four soldiers. Here, after a short conversation, directed to extort a confession as to the place in which the original papers regarding Casale were concealed, he was arrested, offering no resistance, though he always carried a sword and pistols upon his person, and conveyed that same night to the fortress of Pignerol. The arrest took place on the 2d of May 1679. Saint-Mars had been already prepared to expect and receive the prisoner by a letter from Louvois, dated the 27th April, to the following purport: 'The king has sent orders to the Abbé d'Estrades to try and arrest a man with whose conduct his majesty has reason to be dissatisfied; of which he has commanded me to acquaint you, in order that you may not object to receive him when he shall be brought to you, and likewise that you may guard him in a manner to prevent him from holding communication with any one, and give him reason to repent his evil conduct, and so that it may not be discovered you have got a fresh prisoner.'

It was undoubtedly requisite that so flagrant an act as the seizure of a minister plenipotentiary, which Matthioli actually was at the time, should be kept, if possible, a profound secret; for although Louis XIV. was not at all scrupulous about violating his neighbour's territories, or kidnapping their subjects, and the prince immediately injured was weak and impotent, yet it involved a breach of the law of nations, in the vindication of which all the powers of the earth were interested, and might combine. Therefore, notwithstanding the sudden disappearance of Matthioli, after being in close communion with the agents of the French government, might naturally

point suspicion to the real destination he had been led, so long as nothing positive was known or capable of being proved, it was always competent to deny the fact, and so avoid humiliating explanations, if not a more humiliating atonement. And if this consideration rendered extraordinary precautions for concealment essential in the first instance, their continuance was equally necessary to the end, since the honour of the government would become pledged to uphold the falsehood with which it met the first application for restitution or redress. Consequently, not in the mere spirit of vengeance, but from cogent motives of policy, Louis XIV. was impelled to bury the captive he had so foully and illegally abducted in the most absolute seclusion, in order that no chance might be given of the fatal secret transpiring. Besides, in addition to reasons of a general nature, he had the further object of keeping on a good understanding with the Duke of Mantua, as his ambition had not yet been appeased by the surrender of Casale, which that prince, notwithstanding the defection of his confidant, Matthioli, had always entertained the design of executing according to his first intention. That he effectually succeeded in cajoling the duke, and satisfying him that his trusted minister had vanished from the scene of politics and life without guilty participation on his part, is proved by the fact, that, in two years afterwards, Casale was actually given up to a French garrison in terms of the treaty negotiated by Matthioli.

The arrest itself was conducted with all the secrecy such a delicate operation required, as appears from Catinat's letter to Louvois, giving the details. It is dated Pignerol, May 3, 1678, and thus commences: 'I arrested Matthioli yesterday, three miles from this place, within the confines of the king's territories, during an interview which the Abbé d'Estrades had ingeniously contrived between him, Matthioli, and myself, to facilitate the scheme. To effect his arrest I made use only of the Chevaliers de St Martin and de Villebois, two officers of M. de Saint-Mars, and of four men of his company; it was accomplished without any violence, and no one knows the name of the rascal. He is in the room formerly occupied by the person called Dubreuil, where he will be treated civilly in compliance with the request of the Abbé d'Estrades, until the wishes of the king with regard to him are known.' It afterwards states: 'I have not as yet had any conversation with him for the purpose of obtaining his papers; but two hours hence I will go to his room, and I do not doubt the menaces I shall make him, which his criminal conduct will render more terrible to him, will oblige him to do all that I wish.' It thus concludes: 'I will give you, sir, an account by the next post of all that I may do with Matthioli, to whom I have given here the name of Lestang, no one knowing who he really is.' By this name of Lestang he is usually designated in the future correspondence between Louvois and Catinat, and subsequently in

that between Louvois and Saint-Mars. It may be mentioned that Catinat himself passed at Pignerol under an assumed name, that of Richemont, his presence there being known only to Saint-Mars and D'Estrades.

It is evident that, besides the mere thirst of vengeance against Matthioli, his seizure was prompted by the desire to gain possession of his papers, especially the ratification of the treaty by the Duke of Mantua. From Matthioli's conduct, and his prevarication with regard to these documents, it may be inferred that he designed to retain them in despite of both parties, expecting, doubtless, to reap profit from them ere the affair was settled. When first questioned as to where these papers were, he replied they were in a box at Bologna, in the hands of his wife ; which was untrue. Catinat's next letter to Louvois is interesting on this subject. In it he says: 'Since I had last the honour of writing to you, I have taken down shortly all the information I have been able to extract from the Sieur de Lestang. By making him sensible, somewhat forcibly, of the misery to which his bad conduct exposed him, I induced him to seek the means of avoiding it by doing readily and frankly all that was required of him. I have not said anything to him by which he might discover the means whereby we learnt so certainly the fact of his treachery ; but I have spoken to him on the matter in such a way as to shew him that we know it, and are convinced of it. He is assuredly a knave ; yet I believe him sincere in his desire to deliver up the papers, either from the apprehensions with which his present condition inspires him, or with the view of rendering a service to the king, which may be agreeable to him, and may make him forget what has passed. The original papers are at Padua, concealed in a hole in the wall of a room which is in his father's dwelling, and which, he says, is known to him alone. These papers are—the treaty concluded by M. de Pomponne, and signed by him and Matthioli, signed below by the Duke of Mantua, a blank being left for the ratification when the exchange should be made for that of the king ; a blank paper signed by the Duke of Mantua, intended as an order to the governor of Casale, directing him to receive the troops of the king ; the powers conferred on M. de Pomponne to treat concerning Casale, and a list of the troops appointed to execute the business. If we once have possession of these papers, the affair is concluded as far as regards negotiation ; but this is a fact we need make known only when we think proper. As I am aware of what importance it is to gain possession of these original papers, I have apprised the Abbé d'Estrades of the expedients I think might be successfully used for the purpose, in order that I may have the benefit of his advice. . . . M. de Saint-Mars treats the Sieur de Lestang very kindly in all that regards cleanliness and food, but very rigorously in preventing him from holding intercourse with any one.'

So strictly, indeed, had this latter precaution been observed, that

Saint-Mars himself waited upon Matthioli during the first days of his imprisonment; but shortly afterwards the astute D'Estrades contrived to send his servant to Pignerol with the effects and papers he had with him at Turin. This servant was locked up like his master, and remained a prisoner for the remainder of his life, in order that he might attend upon Matthioli. Thus was obviated the necessity of admitting to his presence any of the ordinary attendants of the prison. The spirit in which his treatment was ordered at this time may be gathered from a letter dated the 15th of May 1679, from Louvois to Saint-Mars. In this he says: 'I have received your letter of the 6th of this month, which requires no answer, except to say that you will have sufficiently seen by my former letters that it is not the intention of the king that the Sieur de Lestang should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessaries of life, you should give him anything that may tend to make him pass the time agreeably.'

On the 10th of May, Matthioli was subjected to a searching examination by Catinat and the Abbé de Montesquieu, in which he sought to exculpate himself, and to account for his conduct, but with little success in the opinion of his interrogators. On the 16th of May, Catinat relates to Louvois the result of a second examination.

'I send you, sir, the second examination of M. Matthioli, according to the order which I received to that effect by the extraordinary courier you sent to this place. You will find it little different from the first. I put him into the greatest possible fear of the torture if he did not tell the truth. It is quite plain, by his answers, that his conduct has been infamous. I see no good reason which can excuse him for having held such intimate communication with the court of Savoy, with the Abbé Frederick, the resident of the emperor at Venice, and with Don Francis Visconti, one of the partisans of Spain, without any participation or correspondence upon the subject with M. de Pomponne, the Abbé d'Estrades, or M. de Pinchesne [French minister at Venice]; this fact prevents my having any confidence in him.' He then proceeds to unfold a plan, suggested by Matthioli, for inducing the governor of Casale to admit a body of French troops, which he offered to stake his life he could accomplish through the influence he possessed over him. In this Catinat perceives an insidious scheme for being again employed, and perhaps effecting an escape. He leaves it, however, to the minister, saying: 'As I know beforehand that I am conversing with a rascal, and that it is almost of necessity, if his propositions are adopted, that he should himself be again employed in this affair, I cannot undertake to answer for him in anything; nevertheless, I have thought it right to communicate all this to you. When the king once has possession of the papers, my having an interview with this governor is a step that would not jeopardise anything, nor do I see any inconvenience in it, except the chance of the Sieur Matthioli's escaping, on account

of the degree of liberty which must in that case be permitted to him, however vigilant I might be in watching him.'

This examination, and another forwarded by Catinat to Louvois on the 21st of May, are very minute, embodying a rigid inquisition into all that Matthioli had done, said, or written since his return from France down to the time of his arrest. Matthioli of course labours to explain all his apparent tergiversation and duplicity, by alleging that it was absolutely necessary, for the success of the affair, that he should hold communication with parties in the Spanish interest, for the purpose of deceiving them and lulling their vigilance. Catinat, in fact, at the close of his letter of the 21st May, thus very pithily sums up the result: 'His answers elude, but do not deny, all that has been said of him. In order to account for the communications he has held, he makes use of the continual pretext that he was obliged to hold them in order to deceive, and to obtain the success of the affair by taking the other side by surprise, making use, as the means of this surprise, of his intelligences with the governor [of Casale].'

The last letter from Catinat to Louvois on the subject of Matthioli is dated on the 3d of June 1679. In this he says: 'The original papers have been delivered to Giuliani, who has taken them to Venice to M. de Pinchesne. They consist of the treaty which the aforesaid Lestang had made with the court, which is signed by him and M. de Pomponne; an instruction which was given to the aforesaid Lestang when he left the court; the powers given to M. de Pomponne to treat with him, which is signed by you; and a letter from his majesty to the Duke of Mantua. All these papers were in a box, which had been placed in the convent of the Capuchins. The ratification of the Duke of Mantua is not to be found, although the Sieur de Lestang said it was amongst them. Upon this I have interrogated him, having first obtained all the advantage over him I could by abusing him, and parading soldiers in his room, as if intending to administer the question to him, which made him so much afraid, that he promised earnestly to tell the real truth. Being asked whether the Duke of Mantua had ratified the treaty, he answered that he had never subscribed to all the articles, but that he had got from him four blank papers signed, one of which was a blank paper of two sheets, at the top of which he had written: "Ratification of the Treaty made with his Most Christian Majesty." [The others were orders to the governors of the town, citadel, and castle of Casale, to admit the troops of the king of France.] He added that he had never had any other ratification except that one, and that whatever tortures might be inflicted on him, he could never tell anything more.'

This was the opinion of Catinat himself, for he left Pignerol on the 6th of June, and no further attempts appear to have been made to extort additional information from Matthioli. He was henceforth

left to the tender mercies of Saint-Mars. The nature and course of his imprisonment will be best understood by extracts from the letters that passed between Louvois and Saint-Mars.

On the 20th of May 1679, Louvois writes : 'Your letter of the 10th of this month has been delivered to me. I have nothing to add to what I have already commanded you respecting the severity with which the individual named Lestang must be treated.'

On the 22d of May : 'You must keep the individual named Lestang in the severe confinement I enjoined in my preceding letters, without allowing him to see a physician, unless you know he is in absolute want of one.'

July 25 : 'You may give paper and ink to the Sieur de Lestang, with the understanding that he is to put into writing whatever he wishes to say ; which you will send to me, and I will let you know whether it deserves any consideration.'

August 21 : 'With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, you may give him paper whenever he wishes to write, and afterwards send it to me.'

Saint-Mars writes to Louvois on the 6th of January 1680 : 'I am obliged, sir, to inform you that the Sieur de Lestang is become like the monk I have the care of—that is to say, subject to fits of raving madness.'

On the 24th of February he again writes : 'The Sieur de Lestang, who has been nearly a year in my custody, complains that he is not treated as a man of his quality and the minister of a great prince ought to be. Notwithstanding this, I continue to follow your commands, sir, most exactly upon this subject, as well as upon all others. I think he is deranged, by the way he talks to me ; telling me that he converses every day with God and His angels ; that they have told him of the death of the Duke of Mantua and of the Duke of Lorraine ; and, as an additional proof of his madness, he asserts that he has the honour of being the near relation of the king, to whom he wishes to write, to complain of the way in which I treat him. I have not thought it right to give him paper or ink for such a purpose, perceiving him not to be in his right mind.'

Under date of the 10th of July 1680, Louvois addresses Saint-Mars : 'I have received, together with your letter of the 4th of this month, that which was annexed to it, of which I shall make the proper use. It will be sufficient to let the prisoners in the lower part of the tower confess once a year. With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, I wonder at your patience, and that you should wait for an order to treat such a scoundrel as he deserves, when he is wanting in respect to you.'

It appears that Matthioli had become very violent during this period of his captivity, using terrible menaces, and writing abusive sentences on the wall of his room with charcoal, insomuch that Blainvilliers, Saint-Mars's trusty and fitting lieutenant, was obliged

to threaten him with personal chastisement. He was anxious likewise for religious consolation, and begged that a priest might be allowed to visit and confess him. Saint-Mars had at the time a Jacobin monk under his charge, *lodged in the lower part of the tower*, who, whatever his name or crime—which must now remain for ever unknown, though he was most probably some victim of the Jesuits—was kept in the same rigorous confinement as Matthioli himself. This monk is referred to in the last letter quoted from Louvois, directing he should be permitted to confess but once a year. The poor wretch had gone mad, too, and Saint-Mars deeming him and Matthioli appropriate companions, especially as, if they were together, one confessor would serve for both, proposed that they should be confined in the same room. The following correspondence has reference to these circumstances.

On the 16th of August 1680, Louvois writes to Saint-Mars: 'I have been made acquainted, by your letter of the 7th of this month, with the proposal you make of placing the Sieur de Lestang with the Jacobin monk, in order to avoid the necessity of having two priests. The king approves of your project, and you have only to execute it when you please.'

The prisoners were accordingly placed together, and the following is the horrible picture of the event, contained in a letter from Saint-Mars, under date of the 7th September 1680: 'Since you, sir, permitted me to put Matthioli with the Jacobin in the lower part of the tower, the aforesaid Matthioli remained for four or five days in the belief that the Jacobin was a man whom I had placed with him to watch his actions. Matthioli, who is almost as mad as the Jacobin, walked about with long strides, holding his cloak above his nose, crying out that he was not a dupe, but knew more than he would say. The Jacobin, who sat continually on his truckle-bed, with his elbows resting on his knees, looked at him gravely without listening to him. The Signor Matthioli continued still in the persuasion that it was a spy that had been placed with him, until he was one day disabused by the Jacobin's getting down from his bed, stark naked, and setting himself to preach in a wild incoherent style. I and my lieutenants viewed all their pranks through a hole over the door.'

On the 9th of October Saint-Mars writes: 'I have nothing more to acquaint you with than the circumstance of the Sieur Matthioli's having given a ring to Blainvilliers, who immediately delivered it to me. I will keep it until it is your pleasure to give me orders what to do with it.'

October 20, 1680: 'In order to give you a more full explanation than I have hitherto done of the story of the diamond ring given to Blainvilliers by the Sieur Matthioli, I will begin by taking the liberty to tell you that I believe he made him this present as much from fear as from any other cause; this prisoner having previously used very

violent language to him, and written scurrilous phrases on the wall of his room with charcoal, which had obliged that officer to threaten him with severe punishment, if he were not more decorous and moderate in his language for the future. When he was put in the tower with the Jacobin, I instructed Blainvilliers to exhibit to him a cudgel, and warn him it was with that the unruly were rendered manageable, and that, if he did not speedily become tractable, he could easily be compelled to be so. This message was conveyed to him; and some days afterwards, as Blainvilliers was waiting on him at dinner, he said to him: "Sir, here is a little ring which I wish to give you, and I beg you to accept of it." Blainvilliers replied that "he only took it to deliver to me, as he could not receive anything himself from the prisoners." I think it is well worth fifty or sixty pistoles.'

To this Louvois replies on the 2d of November: 'You must keep the ring which the Sieur Matthioli has given to the Sieur de Blainvilliers, in order that it may be restored to him in case it should ever happen that the king orders him to be set at liberty.'

We find nothing more said as to the state of mind in which Matthioli continued; but from no further allusion to the subject by Saint-Mars, it may be inferred that he had, at all events, become resigned and submissive. In 1681 the services of Saint-Mars, as the judicious keeper of state-prisoners, attracted the grateful notice of his majesty, and he was offered the additional post of commander of the citadel of Pignerol. This he thought fit to decline, for reasons best known to himself; but the king being still anxious to reward him, appointed him governor of Exiles—a strong fortress near Susa, on the frontier of Piedmont. The following letter from Louvois notifies the event:

'Versailles, May 12, 1681.—I read to the king your letter of the 3d of this month, by which his majesty having learned the extreme repugnance you have to accept the command of the citadel of Pignerol, he has thought proper to grant you that of Exiles, vacant by the death of the Duke de Lesdiguières, whither he wishes you to remove such of the prisoners under your charge as he shall think it important not to intrust to any other care but yours. [He then states the salary will be increased to 500 livres a month, being equal to that of the governors of the great places in Flanders.] I have requested the Sieur du Channoy to go with you to visit the buildings at Exiles, and to make there a list of the repairs absolutely necessary for the lodging of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower, who are, I think, the only ones his majesty will have transferred to Exiles. Send me a list of all the prisoners under your care, and write opposite to each name all that you know of the reasons why they were arrested. With regard to the two in the lower part of the tower, you need only designate them by that title, without adding anything else. The king expects that, during the

little time you will be absent from the citadel of Pignerol, when you accompany the Sieur du Channoy to Exiles, you will provide for the guarding of your prisoners in such a manner that no accident may befall them, and that they may have no intercourse with any one more than they have hitherto had during the time they have been under your charge.'

Again, on the 9th of June, he writes : 'I send you the necessary grants as governor of Exiles, which the king has seen good to order to be sent you. The intention of his majesty is, that so soon as the room at Exiles which you shall judge the most proper for the secure keeping of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower shall be in a state to receive them, you will send them out of the citadel of Pignerol in a litter, and conduct them there under the escort of your troop, for the march of which the order is hereunto annexed ; and immediately after the departure of the aforesaid prisoners, it is his majesty's desire that you should repair to Exiles to take possession of the government, and make it your residence for the future. . . . You will see by the annexed orders of the king, that your company is to be reduced to forty-five men, to commence from the 15th of this month ; and by the statement which accompanies them, you will learn the footing upon which it is to be paid, as well as what the king has allotted for the subsistence of the two before-named prisoners, whom his majesty expects you will continue to guard with the same exactitude you have used hitherto. Therefore it only remains for me to beg you to give me intelligence respecting them from time to time. With regard to the effects belonging to the Sieur Matthioli in your possession, you will cause them to be removed to Exiles, in order that they may be restored to him, if ever his majesty should order him to be set at liberty.'

These letters contain the most precise directions that the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower—namely, Matthioli and the monk—should alone be removed to Exiles, and that they should be kept in the same rigorous seclusion as at Pignerol. They were so removed on the 12th of July 1681, on which occasion Saint-Mars gives Louvois a satisfactory account of the precautions he had taken for their security until he himself joined them, which, owing to another secret affair with Catinat relative to Casale, did not take place till two or three months subsequently. In his letter, he says : 'In order that the prisoners may not be seen [at Exiles], they will not leave their chamber when they hear mass ; and for the purpose of insuring their more secure custody, one of my lieutenants will sleep above them, and there will be two sentinels night and day, who will watch the whole circuit of the tower, without its being possible for them and the prisoners to see and speak to each other, or even to hear any attempted communication. They will be soldiers belonging to my company, who will always act as sentinels over the prisoners. About the confessor only I have some doubts ; but, if you do not

disapprove, I will give them the incumbent of Exiles instead, who is a good man, and very old, whom I will forbid, in the name of his majesty, to inquire who these prisoners are, their names, or what they have been, or to speak of them in any way, or to receive from them either oral or written communications.'

The first letter from Saint-Mars after he settled at Exiles bears date the 4th of December 1681, and contains the following passage: 'As one of my two prisoners is always ill, they give me as much trouble as I have ever had with any of those I have previously guarded.'

About the identity of these two prisoners there cannot be the slightest doubt, after the citation of the above letters. Yet notwithstanding all the assurances and approved vigilance of Saint-Mars, Louvois still continued to express apprehensions lest they might find means of communicating with persons outside. This drew from Saint-Mars something like an indignant vindication, and a minute picture of the den in which he kept his rueful captives immured, which is worth transcribing, were it merely for its curiosity. Under date of Exiles, 11th March 1682, he says: 'I have received the letter you were pleased to do me the honour to write to me on the 27th of last month, in which you impress upon me that it is of great importance my two prisoners should have no communication with any one. Since the first time, sir, that you gave me this order, I have guarded these two prisoners who are under my care as severely and exactly as it could be possible. They can hear the people talk as they pass along the road which winds round the bottom of the tower, but could not, were they even to try, make themselves heard in return. They can also see persons on the hill which rises before their windows, but cannot themselves be seen, on account of the bars which block the openings of their room. There are two sentinels of my company continually on duty at a short distance on each side of the tower, who keep watch night and day, and who can see the windows of the prisoners obliquely. They are ordered to take care that no one speaks to them, and that they do not cry out from their windows; and are also instructed to make the people move on if they attempt to loiter on the pathway, or on the side of the hill. My own room being contiguous to the tower, and having no other aspect but towards this pathway, I hear and see everything, including the two sentinels, who are, on this account, always kept on the alert. The interior of the tower itself I have divided in such a manner, that the priest who says mass to them cannot see their persons, on account of a curtain I have hung up, which covers their double doors. The servants who bring their food, put whatever is necessary for the prisoners upon a table on the outside, and my lieutenant takes it, and carries it into them. No one speaks to them but myself, my officer, M. Vigneron the confessor, and the physician from Pragelas, which is six leagues from here, and who only sees

them in my presence. With regard to their linen and other necessaries, I take the same precautions which I did with my former prisoners.'

This statement in all probability satisfied Louvois, and calmed his uneasiness; for it does not appear, from any published document, that he again addressed Saint-Mars respecting the prisoners whilst he remained at Exiles; nor, indeed, is anything more heard of them for upwards of three years, during which period they lingered in sickness, as is evident from a short note written by Saint-Mars on the 23d of December 1685, in which he says: 'My prisoners are still ill, and in a course of medicine; they are, however, perfectly tranquil.'

Shortly after this the Jacobin monk succumbed to the severities of his imprisonment, and died. Saint-Mars himself was attacked by illness, and became persuaded that the situation of Exiles was unhealthy; whereupon he applied, by a petition to the king, for a change of governorship, which prayer being graciously granted, he was nominated, in 1687, to the command of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat, which lie near Antibes on the Provençal coast. To this fresh locality he was directed to remove his surviving prisoner, Matthioli.

After receiving this appointment, Saint-Mars proceeded to visit the seat of his new government for the purpose of inspecting it, and preparing for the reception of his prisoner. Previous to setting out, however, he was careful to quiet any fears on the part of Louvois, writing from Exiles under date of January 20, 1687. 'I will give such orders for the guarding of my prisoner that I can answer to you, sir, for his entire security, as well as for his not now or henceforth holding intercourse with my lieutenant, whom I have forbidden to speak to him, an injunction implicitly obeyed. If I take him with me to the Isles, I think the most secure conveyance will be a [sedan] chair, covered with oil-cloth, which would admit a sufficiency of air without the possibility of any one seeing or speaking to him during the journey, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to be near the chair. This conveyance will be less embarrassing than a litter, which is liable to break.'

From the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite he writes on the 23d of March 1687: 'I hope to be at Exiles in eight days. As soon as I shall have had the honour of receiving your commands, sir, I shall set forth again with my prisoner, whom I undertake to conduct here in all security, without any one seeing or speaking to him. He shall not attend divine service after he leaves Exiles till he is lodged in the prison preparing for him here, to which a chapel is attached.'

On the 18th of April, accordingly, Saint-Mars and Matthioli started from Exiles for Sainte-Marguerite. In addition to the precaution of the chair covered with oil-cloth, it is conjectured that the prisoner was likewise made to wear a mask for the first time—not

an iron mask, according to popular tradition, but one of black velvet, interlaced with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock, leaving the patient at liberty to eat, drink, and respire. This latter faculty, however, as is natural to suppose, was somewhat impeded, to the grievous suffering of the unfortunate prisoner. Saint-Mars himself coolly adverts to the fact in a letter written to Louvois after his arrival at Sainte-Marguerite, dated 3d May 1687. He says: 'I arrived here on the 30th of last month, having been twelve days on the journey in consequence of the illness of my prisoner, occasioned, as he complained, by not having as much air as he wished. I can assure you, sir, that no one has seen him, and that the manner in which I have conducted and guarded him during all the journey makes everybody try to conjecture who he is.' In the same letter he remarks: 'My prisoner's bed was so old and worn-out, as well as everything he had made use of, both table-linen and furniture, that it was not worth while to bring them here: they only sold for thirteen crowns [about £1,12s.]. I have given to the eight porters, who brought the chair from Turin and my prisoner to this place (including the hire of the aforesaid chair), 203 livres, which I have paid out of my own pocket.'

This statement about the bed and furniture puts an end to the fable of the fine linen and lace allowed so profusely to this prisoner. The extraordinary respect said to be paid to him has long since been shewn to be equally supposititious. The only true part of the tradition consists in the unremitting precautions taken to conceal his person, and prevent him from communicating with any one save his jailers. In his new prison the same rigorous system was pursued. The cell in which he was incarcerated had only one window, guarded by bars of iron, and looking upon the sea. Sentinels kept watch continually, and had orders to fire on boats which approached within a certain distance. The Père Papon, who has written a history of, and also a literary tour in, Provence, visited the island of Sainte-Marguerite in 1778, and was in the very room which had been occupied by the masked prisoner. He met there an old officer, aged seventy-nine, who related some particulars to him which he had gleaned from his father, who had held a confidential situation in the fortress under Saint-Mars. Amongst other things, he mentioned an anecdote, variously reported by Voltaire and others, to the effect that an apothecary's boy had picked up, floating on the water, a fine shirt, written all over, which he carried to the governor, who, with a troubled air, questioned him whether he had read the writing, and although he protested vehemently he had not, 'yet two days subsequently he was found dead in his bed.' In other versions of this story, a fisherman is made to find a silver-plate, which the Iron Mask had thrown out of his window on the beach, and on which he had scratched his name and history. This the fisherman carried to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was

written on the plate, to which question he replied by declaring he could not read at all; but he was nevertheless imprisoned until the governor had completely satisfied himself that his tale was true, and that no one else had seen the plate. It now appears that this imposing anecdote is a pure fiction, or at least has no reference whatever to the masked prisoner, being founded on the conduct of two other prisoners, who were incarcerated in Sainte-Marguerite at the same time. These were Protestant ministers, and Saint-Mars thus speaks of them in a letter dated from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, the 4th of June 1692: 'The first of the ministers who have been sent here sings psalms night and day with a loud voice, expressly to make it be known who he is. I desired him in vain several times to discontinue this practice, on pain of severe punishment, which I have at last been obliged to inflict upon him, as well as on his comrade, who is called Selves, and who writes things upon his pewter vessels, and upon his linen, in order to make it known that he is imprisoned unjustly, on account of the purity of his faith.'

Thus gradually is the tale of the Iron Mask stripped of those romantic incidents with which it was long invested, and which were necessary, in some measure, to give it that interest in the public mind sought to be excited and sustained by all who treated it, or assigned to it a hero.

The Père Papon relates, moreover, upon the authority of the venerable informant he found at Sainte-Marguerite, that the servant who attended the prisoner, and partook his captivity (whom we recollect had been sent by D'Estrades to Pignerol shortly after Matthioli's seizure), died there, and was carried to his grave in the dead of night by the officer's father, who bore the body in a sack on his shoulders. An endeavour was made to supply his place by a woman of the neighbourhood; but none could be found willing to undertake the charge on condition of being imprisoned for life, and debarred from all future intercourse with the world. Papon fails to state how, in default of a female attendant, the prisoner was subsequently waited upon, nor is there any other clue by which the point can be now ascertained; and he also fails, strange to say, to dogmatise on the subject of who the prisoner was, but very candidly avows that, 'unless some hidden records of the time of the regency of Anne of Austria and the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin should be discovered, or memoirs written by persons initiated in the secret, the name of this prisoner, unknown to his contemporaries, will remain equally so to posterity.' To the justness of his general conclusion none can demur; but he has fallen into the error common at the time he wrote, and first propagated by Voltaire, that the imprisonment dated from a much earlier period than it actually did.

Saint-Mars remained governor of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat nearly eleven years, during all which time there is no

correspondence published between him and the minister relative to his important prisoner, except the letter already quoted. In 1698 he was appointed to be governor of the Bastile, and he proceeded to assume the command of that fortress, accompanied by one prisoner, in the autumn of the same year. He passed by his estate of Palteau, where the appearance of the masked prisoner has been already portrayed. On the 18th of September he arrived at the Bastile, 'bringing with him,' as Dujonca says, 'an old prisoner whom he had had at Pignerol, and who is always kept masked.' This prisoner remained so masked to the end of his life, wearing, according to the authority of Linquet—who derived the information from persons in the Bastile, 'who had it from their fathers, old servants in the fortress, who had themselves seen the Man with the Iron Mask'—a mask of velvet, and not of iron—going occasionally to attend mass, on which occasions he was expressly forbidden to speak or shew his face, the guards who accompanied him being ordered to fire on him in case he disobeyed the injunction, and being served by the governor himself, who also removed his linen. This seems all that is authentically known of his residence in the Bastile, where he lingered five more tedious years, and died on the 19th of November 1703, being buried the day after in the churchyard of St Paul's. After his death, all possible pains were taken to eradicate every vestige of his existence, and to cover his memory with an impenetrable mystery.

In the whole history of this imprisonment, there is a complete chain of evidence identifying Matthioli as its object. There is no improbability or inconsistency to gloss over or explain away, no rash surmises or strained inferences to postulate, no startling paradox to uphold, no intricacy to unravel, no unsupported assumptions to hazard. All is plain and clear, resting on verified facts. First, we have the seizure of Matthioli, accredited not only by Catinat's letters already quoted, but by other authorities of an incontestable character, and his imprisonment at Pignerol under the charge of Saint-Mars. Here he is put into a room with a Jacobin monk, *in the lower part of the tower;* and, upon Saint-Mars's removal to Exiles, these two prisoners are alone transported to his new place of command, Matthioli being even mentioned by name in the letters both of Louvois and Saint-Mars. At Exiles the Jacobin dies, and thenceforth Saint-Mars speaks only of 'my prisoner,' in the singular number. This one prisoner he carries with him, in 1687, to the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat; and again, in 1698, to the Bastile, where he was entered as an old prisoner whom Saint-Mars had had at Pignerol. The conclusion then, from the testimony already adduced, is irresistible, that the Man with the Iron Mask was none other than Count Matthioli, minister of the Duke of Mantua, and that the mystery which has excited so much curious speculation is at an end.

In addition to the direct evidence leading to this conviction, there are sundry accessory circumstances which tend still more to strengthen it. In the first place, Voltaire, who unquestionably had access to better sources of information than any writer of his time, declares positively that the prisoner stated to the apothecary of the Bastile, a short while before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. Now this tallies pretty exactly with the real age of Matthioli, who was born on the 1st of December 1640, and would therefore be sixty-three at the time of his death. If it be considered that long solitary confinement has the effect of confusing the mind, and dulling it to the lapse of time, the conjecture of Matthioli seems as accurate as might well be expected. In the next place, Voltaire remarks upon the singularity of an Italian name being given to the prisoner, which evidently caused him considerable perplexity. 'Why,' he exclaims, 'was he always called Marchiali?' This of course was inexplicable to one who was steadfast in the belief that a French prince was the individual in question.

The Duke of Orleans, who became regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., was naturally acquainted with the secret of the Iron Mask; but though often besought by his dissolute companions to divulge it, he always steadfastly refused to hearken to their importunities. He even resisted the solicitations of Louis XV., who evinced the utmost eagerness to be initiated in the mystery, until that monarch arrived at his majority, when it was confided to him. Afterwards, Louis XV. himself became the object of repeated questionings on the part of his courtiers, but he always evaded the subject, and generally replied: 'Let them fight away; nobody has as yet told the truth about the Iron Mask.' But the Duke de Choiseul, his favourite minister, afterwards besought him with great earnestness to relieve his mind by acquainting him who the celebrated prisoner really was, upon which the king refused to say more than that all conjectures that had been hitherto broached were erroneous. The impatience of the Duke de Choiseul to solve the enigma was by no means satisfied with this reply, and he urged Madame de Pompadour to extort from Louis XV. a more distinct revelation upon the subject. But, with all her wiles, she failed to wring from the cautious and reluctant monarch a more significant intimation than that he believed the prisoner was *the minister of an Italian prince.** This is unquestionably a strong corroborative fact of the truth of the hypothesis herein sought to be established, that Count Matthioli was the Man with the Iron Mask.

The first idea of the truth seems to have dawned upon a certain Baron d'Heiss, captain in the regiment of Alsace, who addressed a

* Louis Dutens, in his *Correspondance Interceptée* (1789), and Mr Crawford, in an article in his *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, both vouch for the truth of this anecdote. The latter cites the affirmative testimony of two respectable French ecclesiastics who had lived on terms of intimacy with the Duke de Choiseul.

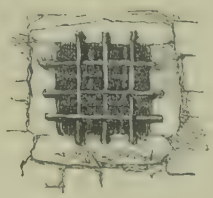
letter, dated Phalsbourg, 28th June 1770, to the *Journal Encyclopédique*, accompanied by a document translated from the Italian, and inserted in a work called *An Abridgment of the History of Europe* (*Histoire Abrégée de l'Europe*), edited by Jacques Bernard, at Leyden, in 1685 to 1687. Upon the strength of this document, which gives an account, not altogether correct, of the negotiation between Louis XIV. and the Duke of Mantua, and the subsequent seizure by the former of the latter's minister, the Baron d'Heiss, with singular acumen, remarks: 'It appears that the secretary of the Duke of Mantua, who is here mentioned, might very well be the Man in the Iron Mask, transferred from Pignerol to the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and thence to the Bastile in 1690, when Saint-Mars was made governor of it. I am the more inclined to believe this, because M. de Voltaire, and all who have made researches on this subject, have concurred in remarking there did not at that time disappear any prince or person of consequence in any part of Europe.'

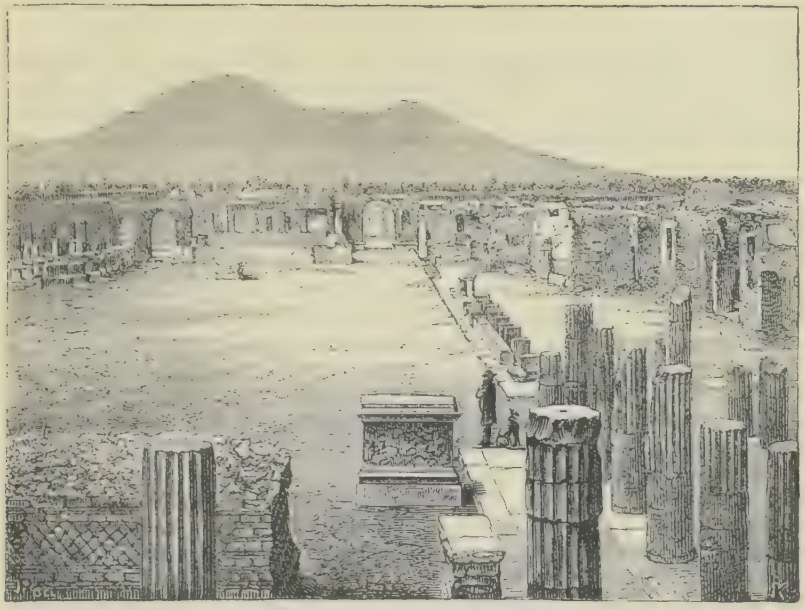
The supposition was afterwards supported by Dutens in his *Intercepted Correspondence* (1789), who, having resided at Turin in the suite of Lord Mountstuart, the British ambassador, had made it his study to acquire all the information to be gleaned upon the mysterious affair. He sums up his opinion in these emphatic words: 'There is no point of history better established than the fact, that the prisoner with the Iron Mask was a minister of the Duke of Mantua, carried off at Turin.'

Nevertheless, the Baron d'Heiss and Louis Dutens jumped to their conclusions in the dark, however happily they alighted on the truth. They were ignorant of the documents which have been since discovered and published by M. Roux-Fazillac in his *Historical and Critical Inquiry touching the Man in the Iron Mask*, in the year 1800, and by M. Delort in his *History of the Man with the Iron Mask*, in 1825, which have thrown such a flood of light upon the subject, and have been so largely quoted in the course of this analysis. It is needless to add that these two latter authors, in their respective essays, maintain the validity of the theory which fixes Matthioli as the hero of the melancholy tale. Their views have been presented in an English dress by the late Lord Dover in a short and able tract, and it is supposed that the weight of authority is so utterly preponderating, that the question may be pronounced finally determined, and thus one of the mysteries of history laid bare to public gaze.

The story of the Man with the Iron Mask has now been told, not according to the fancies of writers of fiction, but as verified by documents of whose trustworthiness there can be no reasonable doubt. In telling such a tale, we cannot but feel thankful that atrocities such as are disclosed can no longer take place in France or any other civilised nation. That they should ever have existed,

is one of the marvels of history. We may conclude our narrative with the following observations of a writer on the subject, in the thirty-fourth volume of the *Quarterly Review* : ' It has been thought incredible, and may still seem strange, that a person of no greater importance than the Duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of those anxious precautions which distinguished the captivity of this unfortunate. Allowance must, however, be made for the false lights which have been thrown upon his fate by exaggeration and by pure fiction. That Louis XIV., and such a minister as Louvois, should doom Matthioli to perpetual imprisonment, and decree that no man should from thenceforth hear his story, or even look upon his face, was, under the circumstances, not surprising. His crime was peculiar : he had not only broken faith with the government of the great monarch, but exposed his baffled intrigue to the petty courts of Italy. Pride and resentment called aloud for his destruction, and policy concurred in the demand, if Louis still cherished his views of Transalpine encroachment. The sentence pronounced under these impulses was not likely to be revoked or essentially mitigated. He who could have told Europe how Louis had avenged his wounded dignity by an act of lawless and unworthy outrage, was never more to be trusted in free converse with mankind. He was to be as one dead, although the king's hand was kept free from his blood. To invent means of effecting this design was the business of inferior agents, whose whole ambition centered in the perfect fulfilment of commands. The expedients used by them (if we confine our attention to those authentically recorded) were not perhaps more complicated or elaborate than the service required; and even if they were so, the history of state-prisons, of the Bastile especially, will supply many other instances of fantastic and curious precaution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, adopted from the mere excess and refinement of jealousy ; as if in the practice of oppression, as of better arts, men learned to seek an excellence beyond the immediate need, and approach an ideal standard of perfect cruelty.'





The Forum, Pompeii.—From a photograph.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS, POMPEII, AND HERCULANEUM.

IN the year 1840, I was enabled to set out upon a tour which I had long contemplated, but had never before possessed an opportunity of performing. It was a journey from England to the southern part of Italy, for the purpose of visiting some of the most remarkable objects, natural and artificial, in that interesting country. In this pleasant excursion, which was to extend over three months, I was accompanied by my wife. Mrs P—— being in some measure an invalid, I hoped the journey would be beneficial to her health; but an equally sufficient reason for her accompanying me, was the pleasure we should derive from each other's society in a far-distant land. 'Take me with you, dear Charles,' said she to me one evening before setting out. 'I know it will be very fatiguing, and I am told Italy is not a country with accommodation such as English ladies are accustomed to; but then, by going, I shall not be exposed to torturing anxieties about you at home. If you are ill, I shall know the worst; if you are well, I shall be all the happier in your

presence.' Who could turn a deaf ear to an entreaty so affectionate as this? 'By all means, let us go together,' said I; 'but remember —for ladies require to be reminded of such matters—no more luggage than a small portmanteau each; that is all that can be allowed.'

These preliminaries being agreed upon, our few things were soon packed up. I procured a passport; and with a due provision of circular notes to pay expenses,* we set out on our travels. The day of our departure from London was the 10th of April, and three days later we were in Paris. From this city we proceeded to Lyon by way of Chalons, a town on the Saone, our conveyance being one of the diligences of the country. From Lyon, a fine central city in France, noted for its silk manufactures, we descended the Rhone in a steam-boat to Marseille. This was done very rapidly, for the Rhone is an impetuous river, and the current powerfully assists the steam-vessels in their progress.

Marseille is a large seaport on the shore of the Mediterranean, and steam-vessels depart from it to every port in Italy and various other places. We stayed no longer in Marseille than to select one of the best vessels plying to Naples, and finally settled on one which was well recommended, called the *Pharamond*. This we found to be a good French-built boat, with two engines of 60 horse-power each, and handsomely fitted up for passengers.

It was on a fine clear morning, the 23d of April, that we issued from the capacious basin forming the port of Marseille, and stood away in an easterly direction towards the coast of Italy. It was the first time we had been on the waters of the Mediterranean, and there they lay before us, more beautiful and tranquil than we could have expected for the season. I thought of the many historical events in ancient and modern times which had occurred on the shores of this inland ocean, and with excited feelings contemplated its broad expanse, reflecting like a mirror the bright noonday sun.

The vessel in its course stops at various places, the first being Genoa, which we reached in twenty-five hours. Here we remained for nearly a day, and then passed on to Leghorn, where there was another stoppage of equal length. It is not my purpose to say anything of these places, neither of Civita Vecchia, where the vessel made another short delay, but at once mention, that at the end of about sixty-five hours from Marseille we were safely landed at Naples. The approach to this city is across a most capacious and beautiful bay, commanding a view of some noble scenery, in which the huge pile of Vesuvius is eminently conspicuous. In the foreground along the shore we observe for several miles an almost

*Circular notes are draughts on at least a hundred different banks throughout the continent, any one of which will pay them on presentation. They are given by certain bankers in London in exchange for money. Being payable only to the bearer named, whose signature is verified by a separate letter which he carries with him, and, if necessary, by his passport, they are convenient and safe notes for continental travelling.

continuous range of houses, villages, and quays, broken by different projections, and diversified by rows and clusters of trees already in full leaf.

Behind this interesting foreground are seen piles of building, long and handsome palaces, terrace-like gardens, towers, and, above all, the massive fortress of San Elmo on a rocky eminence. Arriving within the confines of this attractive scene, we were amused with the miscellaneous crowds of loiterers and workers on the public thoroughfares. Although early in spring, the weather was balmy and pleasant, and permitted all kinds of labour to be performed out of doors. The lively bustle was excessive. At nearly every step we are interrupted by some one carrying on his trade—a carpenter with his bench, a shoemaker hammering his leather, a cook preparing macaroni, or a knife-grinder with his wheel. Besides these impediments, there are numerous attractions to detain the idler—Punch holding forth to a gaping crowd of *lazzaroni*, as the poor and loitering populace are named; players on the guitar; and *improvisatori*, or men who will extemporise on any subject which you may please to name, inventing the incidents as they proceed.

The difficulty of getting along through this entangled mass is increased by the general narrowness of the streets, few of which are more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, and all destitute of foot-pavement. The houses are for the most part very high; some are of vast size, more like huge barracks than houses, and contain several hundred distinct dwellings, with a great number of cells answering as shops in the ground story. We were struck with the number of priests who were passing to and fro; and the oddity of the various means of conveyance added to the novelty of the scene—horses, asses, and mules carrying sacks of corn and other articles on their backs, as was the practice in England hundreds of years ago.

During our stay in Naples we took up our residence at the hotel 'Gran Bretagna,' from whose windows we commanded on one side a lovely prospect of the Bay of Naples, dotted with hundreds of little

boats, with the rocky islet of Capri in the distance; and on the other, towards the south, the double cone of Vesuvius, from whose summit curled a graceful wreath of smoke, the token of fires smouldering beneath, which might in a moment burst forth. To visit this celebrated volcanic mountain and the scene of its operations was the principal object of my journey, and I now propose to take the reader along with me on the different excursions I made to it and its neighbourhood, beginning, however, with a short

HISTORY OF VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius is one of the largest and most active volcanoes in the world. It has been burning, and smoking, and committing devastations on the surrounding country for at least two thousand years, and probably for many centuries before. Situated within a few miles of the sea, its ravages have extended across the intermediate space, laying waste vineyards and fields, and destroying the villages and cities which lie in the course of its eruptions.

As little is known respecting the origin of Vesuvius as of the cause of its combustion, although the chemical action of different metals and gases, influenced by occasional intrusions of the water of the sea, is probably the source of the burning and eruptions.* The chief

* The cause of volcanoes, earthquakes, and other subterranean movements has been the subject of several theories, but is yet by no means very satisfactorily determined. The most prevalent opinion is that which connects them with one great source of central heat—the residue of that incandescent state in which our globe originally appeared. By this hypothesis, it is assumed that the crust of the earth is of various thickness, that it contains vast caverns, and is extensively fissured—primarily by unequal contraction from cooling, and subsequently by subterranean agitations. Through these fissures water finds its way to the heated mass within; this generates steam and other gases, and these exploding, and struggling to expand, produce earthquakes and agitations, which are rendered more alarming by the cavernous and broken structure of the crust, and the yielding material upon which it rests. Occasionally, these vapours make their way through fissures and other apertures as gaseous exhalations, or as hot springs and jets of steam and water, like the geysers of Iceland. On the other hand, when the expansive forces within become so powerful as to break through the earth's crust, discharges of lava, red-hot stones, ashes, dust, steam, and other vapours follow; and repeated discharges of solid material gradually form volcanic cones and mountain-ranges. It does not follow, however, that volcanic discharges must always take place at the point where the greatest internal pressure is exerted, for volumes of expansive vapour press equally upon the crust and upon the fluid mass within, so that the latter will be propelled towards whatever craters or fissures do already exist. This theory of central heat is further supported by the occurrence of igneous phenomena in all regions of the globe, and by the fact that most volcanic centres are in intimate connection with each other—a commotion in one district being usually accompanied by similar disturbances in another. The only other hypothesis which has met with countenance from geologists, is that which supposes the internal heat to be the result of chemical action among the materials composing the earth's crust. Some of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths, as potassium, the moment they touch water, explode, burn, melt, and become converted into red-hot matter not unlike certain lavas. This fact has given rise to the supposition that such bases may exist within the globe, where, water finding its way to them, they explode and burn, fusing the rocks among which they occur, creating various gases, and producing caverns, fissures, eruptions, and other phenomena attendant upon earthquakes and volcanoes. As yet, our knowledge of the earth's crust at great depths is exceedingly limited; we know little of the chemical and magnetic operations which may be going forward among its strata, and we are equally ignorant of the transpositions which may take place among its metallic and earthy materials; but judging from what we do

indication of an approaching eruption is an increase of smoke from the summit, sometimes rising in a branching form to a vast height. Tremendous explosions, like successive rounds of artillery, accompany the increase of smoke, and are followed by copious jets of red-coloured flames and showers of stones. At length the lava, a red-hot fluid mass, forces its way out, either by boiling over the summit of the crater, or bursting through the sides of the mountain, and covers the neighbouring plains. This melted matter, on becoming consolidated, forms a stony mass, many square miles in extent, and several yards in thickness. Nor is this awful ebullition limited to the duration of a day or a week; it has been known to continue, with only partial intermissions, for several months. After the stream of lava ceases to flow, intensely black clouds, consisting of dark-coloured dust or ashes, are emitted from the crater, and occasionally involve the surrounding country at noonday in darkness deep as midnight. The first symptom of the cessation of volcanic action consists in the change of these clouds from black to white, though, while presenting this new appearance, they still continue to shower down very fine powder, which, when consolidated, forms the well-known light and porous substance called pumice-stone.

The earliest eruption of Vesuvius on record, and one of the most fatal, took place in the year 79 of the Christian era, being the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. All the southern part of Italy was alarmed by its violence; and Campania, as the adjoining district is called, was devastated to a great distance. On this occasion the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed and lost, and the greater part of their inhabitants killed. Pompeii, which stood on the sea-shore about five miles from Vesuvius, had suffered severely from an earthquake sixteen years before the eruption of 79, but had been rebuilt and embellished with several handsome edifices, especially with a magnificent theatre, in which the people were assembled, and intent on the spectacle, when this tremendous visitation burst upon them, burying the whole city in showers of materials projected from the mouth of the volcano. So extensive and thick was the cloud of smoke and ashes which filled the atmosphere, that it was visible in Africa and Syria, and at Rome turned the light of day into the darkness of night, to the consternation of the inhabitants.

As a favourite place of occasional residence to families of distinction from Rome, Pompeii at the time contained, or had in its neighbourhood, several Romans whose names are familiar to the readers of history; among others, Cesius Bassus, a poet, and Agrippa,

know, this theory, however ingenious, seems by no means adequate to the results produced. It is true that there occurs nothing among the products of volcanoes at variance with its assumptions: but the magnitude, the universality, and the perpetuity of volcanic action, point to a more stable and uniform source—that source being the internal heat or residue of that igneous condition in which our planet originally appeared.

son of Claudius Felix, the well-known governor of Judea, both of whom became victims of the eruption. Pliny the elder, it appears, was residing at Misenum, on the northern promontory of the Gulf of Naples, along with his nephew, known to us as Pliny the younger. Fortunately, two letters written by the nephew to his friend Tacitus, describing the catastrophe which killed his uncle and overwhelmed Pompeii and other cities, have been preserved in an epistolary collection of the author. The following is the first and most valuable of these celebrated letters :

Pliny.

'Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments ; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious ; and, notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance ; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works ; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternise his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read ; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents ; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands ; and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it.

'My uncle was at the time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23d of August, about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun,* and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study : he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from which he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it

* The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and therefore daily practised by them.—Ed.

to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea. She earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with a heroical turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon the beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from which others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him—"Fortune favours the brave," said he; "carry me to Pomponianus."

'Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ,* separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths

* Now called *Castel à Mar de Stabia*, in the Gulf of Naples.

to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country-people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration.

'They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down further upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.'

During these occurrences on the Pompeian side of the bay, we learn from the second letter that the younger Pliny and his mother remained at Misenum, which was also enveloped in thick darkness,

and dreadfully convulsed by the throes of the mountain. On the first morning after the eruption, the light was exceedingly faint and languid, and the buildings continued to totter; so that the mother and son resolved to quit the town—the people following them in the utmost consternation. Having got to a convenient distance from the houses, they stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. Their chariots pitched backwards and forwards, though drawn out on level ground, and blocked up with large stones; the sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven upon its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; and many sea-animals were left upon the shore, from which the water had receded. Pliny's mother conjured him to make his escape, which, being young (he was then eighteen years of age), he might easily do; but he refused to leave her, and led her on from the scene of danger. The ashes began to fall upon them, though in no great quantity; but a thick sulphureous smoke like a torrent came rolling after them. Pliny proposed, while they had any light, to turn from the highway, lest his aged parent should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd which followed; and they had scarcely stepped aside when utter darkness overspread them. Nothing was then to be heard, says he, but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men: some calling for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting up their hands to the gods; but the greater number imagining that the last day was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. At length a glimmering light appeared, which, however, was not the return of day, but only the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames. The mass of hot cinders and stones luckily fell at a distance from them; then again they were enveloped in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon them, which they were obliged every now and then to shake off, to prevent being crushed and bruised in the heap. At length this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on; and every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow.

Since this great eruption in 79, there have been others of less importance. One of the most memorable occurred in March 1767, when the mountain began to throw out a considerable quantity of ashes and stones, which raised its summit in the course of the year as much as 200 feet. These materials formed at first a conical mount within the crater, which by degrees became visible above its margin. In October, several streams of lava burst out; and one of these, from sixty to seventy feet deep and two miles in breadth, made a most formidable appearance. In June 1794, a still more

violent eruption occurred, and overwhelmed the town of Torre del Greco. This eruption was vividly described by Sir William Hamilton in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, and from this source we draw the following particulars. Early in June, the wells of Torre del Greco and its neighbourhood began to dry up, a usual signal of an approaching eruption, and the shock of an earthquake was felt at Naples, and for many miles around. On the night of the 15th, after another shock, Vesuvius sent forth clouds of black smoke, and with a loud noise there issued from its sides streams of red-hot lava, which poured down the flanks of the mountain. 'It is impossible,' says Sir William, 'for any description to give an idea of this fiery scene, or of the horrid noises that attended this great operation of nature. It resembled the loudest thunder, accompanied by a continued hollow murmur, like that of the roaring of the ocean during a violent storm; and added to these sounds was another blowing noise, like that of the going up of a large flight of sky-rockets. The frequent falling of the huge stones and scoriæ, which were thrown up to an incredible height from some of the new mouths, and one of which, having been since measured, was ten feet high and thirty-five in circumference, contributed undoubtedly to the concussion of the earth and air, which kept all the houses at Naples for several hours in a constant tremor, every door and window shaking and rattling incessantly, and the bells ringing. This was an awful moment! The sky, from a bright full moon and starlight, began to be obscured; the moon had presently the appearance of being in an eclipse, and soon after was totally lost in obscurity. The murmur of the prayers and lamentations of a numerous populace, forming various processions, and parading in the streets, added likewise to the horror. As the lava did not appear to me to have yet a sufficient vent, and it was now evident that the earthquakes we had already felt had been occasioned by the air and fiery matter confined within the bowels of the mountain, and probably at no small depth (considering the extent of those earthquakes), I recommended to the company that was with me, who began to be much alarmed, rather to go and view the mountain at some greater distance, and in the open air, than to remain in the house, which was on the sea-side, and in that part of Naples nearest and most exposed to Vesuvius. We accordingly went to Posilipo, and viewed the conflagration, now become still more considerable, from the sea-side under that mountain; but whether from the eruption having increased, or from the loud reports of the volcanic explosions being repeated by the mountain behind us, the noise was much louder and more alarming than that we had heard in our first position, at least a mile nearer to Vesuvius. After some time, and which was about two o'clock in the morning of the 16th, having observed that the lavas ran in abundance freely, and with great velocity, having made a considerable progress towards Resina, the

town which it first threatened, and that the fiery vapours which had been confined had now free vent, through many parts of a crack of more than a mile and a half in length, as was evident from the quantity of inflamed matter and black smoke which continued to issue from the new mouths above mentioned without any interruption, I concluded that at Naples all danger from earthquakes, which had been my greatest apprehension, was now totally removed, and we returned to our former station. About five o'clock in the morning of the 16th, we could plainly perceive that the lava, which had first broke out from the several new mouths on the south side of the mountain, had reached the sea, and was running into it, having overwhelmed, burnt, and destroyed the greatest part of Torre del Greco, the principal stream of lava having taken its course through the very centre of the town. We observed from Naples, that when the lava was in the vineyards in its way to the town, there issued often, and in different parts of it, a bright pale flame, and very different from the deep red of the lava: this was occasioned by the burning of the trees that supported the vines. Soon after the beginning of this eruption, ashes fell thick at the foot of the mountain, all the way from Portici to the Torre del Greco; and what is remarkable, although there were not at that time any clouds in the air, except those of smoke from the mountain, the ashes were wet, and accompanied with large drops of water, which, as I have been well assured, were to the taste very salt. The road, which is paved, was as wet as if there had been a heavy shower of rain. The lava ran but slowly at Torre del Greco after it had reached the sea; and on the 17th of June, in the morning, when I went in my boat to visit that unfortunate town, its course was stopped, excepting that at times a little rivulet of liquid fire issued from under the smoking scoriæ into the sea, and caused a hissing noise and a white vapour smoke; at other times a quantity of large scoriæ was pushed off the surface of the body of the lava into the sea, discovering that it was red-hot under that surface; and even to this day the centre of the thickest part of the lava that covers the town retains its red heat. I observed that the sea-water was boiling as in a caldron, where it washed the foot of a new-formed promontory; and although I was at least a hundred yards from it, observing that the sea smoked near my boat, I put my hand into the water, which was literally scalded; and by this time my boatmen observed that the pitch from the bottom of the boat was melting fast, and floating on the surface of the sea, and that the boat began to leak: we therefore retired hastily from this spot, and landed at some distance from the hot lava. The town of Torre del Greco contained about 18,000 inhabitants, all of whom (except about fifteen, who from either age or infirmity could not be moved, and were overwhelmed by the lava in their houses) escaped either to Castel-a-mare, which was the ancient Stabiæ, or to Naples; but the rapid progress of the

lava was such, after it had altered its course from Resina—which town it first threatened, and had joined a fresh lava that issued from one of the new mouths in a vineyard, about a mile from the town—that it ran like a torrent over the town of Torre del Greco, allowing the unfortunate inhabitants scarcely time to save their lives. Their goods and effects were totally abandoned; and indeed several of the inhabitants, whose houses had been surrounded with lava whilst they remained in them, escaped from them, and saved their lives the following day by coming out of the tops of their houses, and walking over the scoriæ on the surface of the red-hot lava.'

Towards the end of the month the commotion ceased, and the lava being now pretty well cooled on the surface, Sir William visited the mountain, where a terrible scene presented itself. Vast chasms like valleys, two hundred feet deep, and half a mile wide, had been formed by the eruptions; and ten thousand men, in as many years, could not make alterations such as had been here effected by nature in the space of a few hours. While the streams of lava had wrought great devastation in their course, much injury had been effected by the showers of fine but heavy ashes. In the town of Somma, four churches and seventy houses were found without roofs, and full of these destructive ashes. Notwithstanding the universal ruin of Torre del Greco, its inhabitants returned to the spot, and in August commenced to rebuild their houses. 'Although his Sicilian majesty, with his usual clemency,' observes Sir William, 'offered them a more secure spot on which to build their town, they are obstinately employed in rebuilding it on the late and still smoking lava that covers their former habitations; and there does not appear to be any situation more exposed to the numerous dangers that must attend the neighbourhood of an active volcano than that of Torre del Greco. It was totally destroyed in 1631; and in the year 1737 a dreadful lava ran within a few yards of one of the gates of the town, and now over the middle of it; nevertheless, such is the attachment of the inhabitants to their native spot, although attended with such imminent danger, that of 18,000, not one gave his vote to abandon it.' One of the most remarkable of the recent eruptions was that of May 1855, when vast floods of lava poured down the sides of the mountain, spreading desolation in every direction, and destroying the village of Cercolo. Before its close, 11 cones were in active operation, the discharge from which was so great that at one time a total falling-in of the mountain was dreaded.

With this explanatory account of Vesuvius, we are now prepared for a

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Although still early in May, a season usually somewhat cold in England, the weather in Naples was charming; not so hot as

summer, but warm and pleasant, and eminently suited for a country excursion. We had strolled along the mole and quays, and loitered in spots vivified by the brilliant rays of the morning sun; but now were to perform a much longer journey, and one which I was assured Mrs P—— could not possibly undertake in its whole extent. She, however, wished to accompany me as far as it was convenient or possible; and accordingly we set out together, in a hired calesh, from our hotel in Naples.

In order to have a long day before us, eight o'clock in the morning, immediately after breakfast, was the hour appointed for starting; but as nobody is punctual to time in Italy, it was nearly nine when we found ourselves rolling on our way through the environs of the city. Vesuvius lies in a south-easterly direction from Naples, and to reach it we proceeded first southward by a broad and tolerably good road, skirting the shore of the bay, to the village of Resina, a distance of from five to six miles. This was an easily performed trip, and, from the freshness and brilliancy of the morning, afforded us no small gratification.

Having reached Resina, where we were set down at a hotel or auberge, our next consideration was that of hiring a couple of mules and a guide, the path being no longer suitable for wheeled carriages. In a wonderfully brief space of time the animals were produced, one fitted with a saddle for Mrs P——; and the guide, Pietro, as he was named, immediately after made his appearance. Every suitable arrangement being made, off our cavalcade set, pursuing a road which wound in various directions, but on the whole maintained an easterly course, and being neither level nor well made, was not so pleasant a ride as could have been desired. After proceeding perhaps four miles, always ascending higher above the general level of the green plains we had left behind us, we arrived at the hermitage of St Salvatora. Here we came to a stand. We had attained a height of 2300 feet above the sea, and the remaining part of the journey required to be performed on foot. Leaving Mrs P—— at the hermitage, and consigning the mules to a keeper, I now set out with Pietro for the top of the mountain—a stout staff in the hand, and a small flask with liquid slung on the back of the guide, our sole provision for the fatigues to be encountered.

The bare and rugged plain which till this point we had been ascending, was now succeeded by a much more steep ascent—in fact, the commencement of the cone—formed of a generally loose material, black burnt stones, calcined cinders, and ashes: yet having remained for years probably in its position, afforded a pretty secure footing, and by a kind of beaten track we pushed our way up and up, till at length, after sitting down several times to rest, we gained the summit, which is 1500 feet above the hermitage, where the sloping plain terminates. I had expected, on reaching the top of the cone, to be favoured with a view of the crater; but at the point

where we reached the head of the ascent, there were several huge masses of lava and scoriæ, forming an irregular species of terraces, which remained at some hazard to be crossed. The height, shape, and number of these terraces are seldom the same for any great length of time. They are the cooled material latest projected from the mountain, and are altered in figure by almost every eruption.

On gaining this wide expanse of cinders, I perceived that other parties, including several ladies, had already reached the same elevation, and were scattered about, some resting after their fatigues, and others poking with their sticks into the cracks in the lava, or otherwise recreating themselves. One gentleman, who had discovered a more than usually hot fissure, was roasting an egg in it; and a lady seemed to be amusing herself roasting apples for the party to which she belonged. In one of the groups of loiterers I observed a poor young lady in a condition which, though productive of compassion, was irresistibly ludicrous. She had scaled the rugged flanks of the mountain in a pair of thin stuff shoes, which were rent in pieces. According to the approved method in such circumstances, she was wrapping her bleeding and delicate feet in pocket handkerchiefs contributed by the company. No one should attempt the ascent without being provided with stout shoes. Over some of the cracks in the scorched and blackened material the heat was scarcely endurable; but not more so than the steaming effluvium of sulphur which was occasionally wafted to the nostrils. Crystals of sulphur were observable in different places. Although at a considerable altitude, the air, from the effects of the sun above and the heat beneath, felt suffocatingly hot, and the guides had generally thrown off their upper garments, and sat in picturesque groups on the larger masses of scoriæ.

The irregular plateau we had attained is usually known by the name of the old crater; and before coming to the new crater, or more recently formed and true mouth of the volcano, something more required to be done. Rising from amidst the heaps of cinders, a small cone was pointed out as containing the new crater; and following the example of others, I proceeded to mount towards its summit. This was the most difficult feat yet attempted. The sides, composed of loose ashes, did not give a firm footing, and we sunk at every step; while the odour of sulphur was almost suffocating. After a most unpleasant scramble up the ascent, we all had the satisfaction of gaining the top—the very highest point of Vesuvius—where the air felt more free and pleasant, and where we had the smoking crater before us. While the outside of the cone formed a regular slope, like the sides of a sand heap, the crater or hollow declined from the narrow rim at a similar angle of about thirty-two degrees to the bottom. In figure, the hollow resembled a basin with a flattish bottom. As nearly as I could form an estimate, the circumference at top was 1000 feet, and the depth from 100 to 150

feet. To gain anything like an exact idea, however, of either its shape or size, was scarcely possible; for the gulf into which we looked was much obscured by clouds of smoke, which, rising from the great cracks in the bottom, played round the sides, and rose in masses into the atmosphere. It was at least evident that the crater had a bottom, at about the depth I mention, composed of hardened cakes of lava, cinders, ashes, and sulphur, and which would remain entire till the next explosion. The quantity of sulphur gave the bottom and sides a yellow appearance. Tourists occasionally descend the interior of the crater to its bottom, venturing even upon the hot and smoking cinders; but this is a feat which I shrunk from attempting; nor, as I was told, would it have been by any means free from danger, the volcano having given some signs of uneasiness.

Upon the cone of Vesuvius the wreck of another lofty volcano called Monte Somma bears so closely, that some have considered they were formerly united, forming a crater of some miles in circumference. Others, from geological examinations, have stated that the two hills differ in character, and must always have been distinct volcanoes. At present, the jagged point of the fragmentary mass of Somma encroaches on the perfectly conical form of Vesuvius, rendering it unshapely in certain aspects. With this and some other but more trifling exceptions, Vesuvius may be described as a great conical mountain, covering a circle of eight to ten miles in circumference, and melting on all sides into the flat plain of Naples, from which it seems to rise as an island from the surface of the ocean.

Toilsomely making our way back to the outer edge of the desolate tract composing the rim of the old crater, I was favoured with a glimpse of one of the grandest views in the world—the Bay of Naples, with the gay shores which flank its sides, from the ancient promontory of Misenum on the one side, to the rocky islet of Capri on the other. Towns, villages, and other architectural objects, were seen dotted over an immense tract of country, the white walls contrasting with the bright green of the vineyards and gardens in which they seemed to be set.

In descending from our lofty situation—3890 feet above the level of the sea, such being the present height of Vesuvius—at my request the party explored some of the spots where the mountain has in its anger sent forth a flood of lava on the plain beneath. These points of outlet are numerous, some on the sides of the cone, and others at its base, and are in certain cases marked by small or infant cones which had been nipped in the bud. When a stream of lava bursts out, it descends as a red-hot fluid, black or partially cooled on the surface, carrying with it quantities of scoriæ or cinders and ashes like a tumultuary sea. The currents of Vesuvius have never been very deep, a few yards being their general limit; but they have accumulated here and there in thick masses, and when cool, form a hard, dark-coloured stone.

Excited with the marvels I had been witnessing, and less fatigued than I had anticipated, I reached the hermitage on my return without any accident, notwithstanding the fears which were excusably entertained on my account. I found Mrs P—— sitting out of doors enjoying the exquisite atmosphere, and anxiously waiting our arrival. My appearance at once put an end to a thousand half-formed fears; and there being nothing to detain us at the solitary spot, we remounted the patient animals which had brought us hither, and leisurely returned to Resina. Here we assumed our former means of conveyance, and were speedily restored, with highly improved appetites, to the Gran Bretagna in Naples.

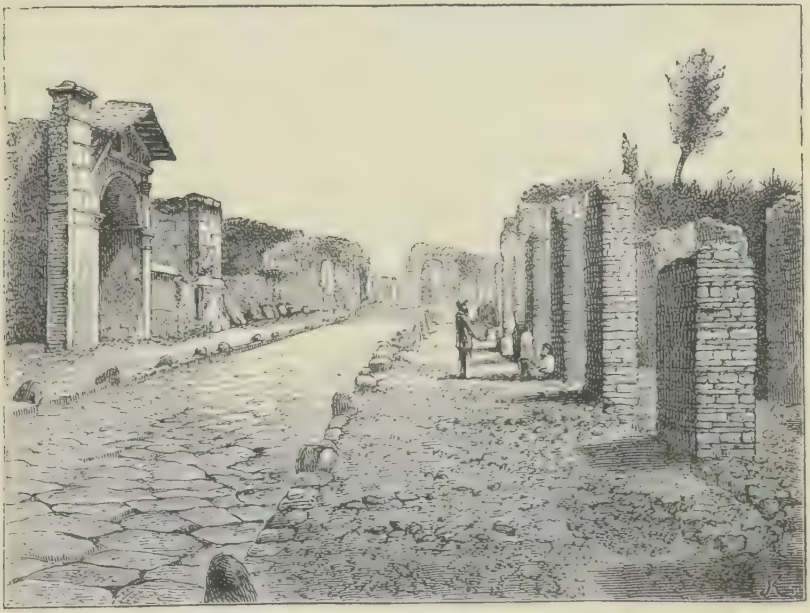
POMPEII.

The day after our mountain journey was devoted to an excursion to Pompeii, one of the most deeply interesting relics of a past state of things of which the world can boast. From all that we had heard and read on the subject, our curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch: nor did the spectacle disappoint us: it indeed went considerably beyond our expectations.

Sallying again from the Gran Bretagna in a voiture, but this time as early as seven o'clock, we were wheeled along by the road southward skirting the bay, at every turn enjoying the magnificent scenery around. We passed various parties of country folks going towards the city, it being a festival of some kind; and at different places children threw the early flowers of the season into the carriage, expecting a small coin in return, and which we had not the heart to refuse. Having passed through the villages of Resina and Torre del Greco, and got over some eight or ten miles of road, habitations become more thinly scattered; we find ourselves leaving the sea on the right, and getting into a tract quite rural in aspect. Here and there we pass the cottage of a humble vine-dresser or farmer; now we turn round a cluster of mulberry-trees; and finally, in the midst of as great a degree of solitude as one meets with in the heart of the country, and without any kind of warning, we find ourselves all at once walking on the pavement of a city—a city of the dead —Pompeii. There is something truly awful in this sudden starting up before us of the ruins of a city in which not a living soul is to be found, and in which we know that life was so universally extinguished eighteen centuries ago. Another matter of surprise is, finding so fine a specimen of what an ancient Roman city was when in its glory. Rome and other cities of Italy have been so greatly altered in the course of time, that their ancient appearance is only matter of conjecture; but the accident which destroyed the city of Pompeii

has also preserved it as it was—a curiosity for modern investigations.

Pliny's account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which extended to Pompeii, has been amply verified. On the 23d of August, in the year 79, the city was suddenly exposed to a continuous and thick shower of ashes as fine as powder, and at the same time streams of mud and hot water. At the time of the disaster, the city is believed to have contained 25,000 inhabitants; the greater number of whom took to flight, and were saved. Some, however, were struck down in making their escape; and others, who took shelter within their houses,



Street of Tombs, Pompeii.—From a photograph.

were either killed by the falling of the roofs, or drowned in the sea of mud which flowed into the lower apartments. Altogether, it has been computed that 1300 persons perished. By this sad catastrophe the city does not appear to have been utterly, or at once overwhelmed. The eruption is believed to have consisted of repeated attacks, leaving sufficient intervals for the inhabitants to carry off their most valuable articles, or to return to find them. On this account, comparatively few movables of great value have been found in the houses by modern excavators. After this first and greatest eruption,

others ensued; and in a short time the city was effectually covered, and lost to observation.

When thus overwhelmed, Pompeii stood on an elevated part of the sea-shore, into which the small river Sarnus, or Sarno, ran on its southern side. Occupying a somewhat irregular surface, it offered admirable sites for elegant public buildings; and from the appearance of the ruins brought to light, it seems to have contained a great variety of temples, and other large structures in the best style of Grecian art. Behind the town was a fertile plain spreading upwards towards Vesuvius, and along the coast on each side were many pretty villages and populous cities; among others Herculaneum, which shared the same fate. In consequence of the silting up of the bay, and other changes, Pompeii is now found to be upwards of a mile from the sea, while the ancient character of the plain for fertility has been greatly deteriorated by successive volcanic eruptions. The crater of Vesuvius, from which the city received its death-blow, is about five miles distant from the ruins in a north-easterly direction.

Although it was traditionally known that Pompeii was somewhere entombed in this part of Campania, few if any attempts were made to discover it; and it was not till 1748 that, in making some excavations, its remains were accidentally brought to light. Since that period, the Neapolitan government has exerted itself to clear the ruins from the rubbish which encumbers them. This, however, has been a tedious and expensive process. The mud formed by the steam and ashes sent forth by the volcano, and by the torrents of rain accompanying the eruption, has hardened in the situations into which it poured, and is somewhat difficult to remove. The part chiefly cleared is a strip on the side next the sea, forming from a third to a fourth of the whole city. The wall, however, which environed the city on the land-side, with the gateways in it, has likewise been laid bare. Wherever the excavations have been carried on, large quantities of rubbish have been thrown out; and those on the west and north sides rise to the height of low hills, which, with the trees and shrubs that grow upon or about them, shut out the view in these directions. Excavations still go on, under careful superintendents, and it is not unusual for the government to compliment distinguished visitors by causing some particularly interesting spot to be uncovered for the first time when they are present.

The road by which we approached the city brought us to its north-western extremity, or the entrance by what is called the gate of Herculaneum; and here, in the company of our guide and a local official, we begin our explorations. The first thing to which we were introduced was the massive ruin of a villa a little to the right of the pathway, known as the house of Diomedes, a wealthy Roman. The extent of this large ruin did not more surprise us

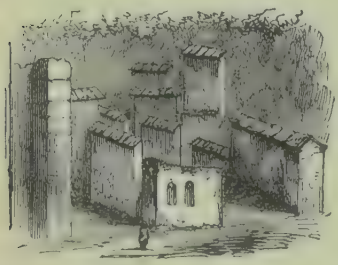
than its open and demolished condition. It seems that here, as elsewhere, exposure to the weather for a number of years has obliterated some fine specimens of paintings on the walls, and greatly injured the different parts of the structure. We were told that, when the building was cleared out, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found in a vaulted cellar, into which they had rushed for safety. The volcanic mud which flowed in had hardened around them, and when excavated, their bodies left impressions in the surrounding material like moulds for statuary. A piece of the incrustation remains on the wall impressed with the form of a woman's breast. This hapless sufferer had been a lady, perhaps the mistress of the splendid household; for bracelets, rings, and jewels were found on the remains of her person. Our guide mentioned that, near the villa, the body of a man had been found grasping bags of money and keys in his hands, as if struck down in the effort to escape with these valuables.

Hastening on from this interesting and dismantled ruin, we proceeded along an avenue or street, singular in character, usually called the Street of Tombs. It is in reality what had been the burying-ground of the Pompeians, and is lined with monumental edifices of handsome and solid masonry, some in a tolerable state of preservation, but others dilapidated—less however by time, than the pressure of volcanic matter. The architecture is principally of the Grecian orders; columns, pilasters, mouldings in stone or marble, being conspicuous amidst the scene of desolation. Some of the monuments are in the form of small quadrangular temples, with an apartment still entire; and from relics found in these apartments, it appears that they were the resort, on certain occasions, of relatives of the deceased. This practice of decorating the houses of the dead, and of making special visits of affection to them, are among the few traits of feeling which seem to have been possessed by the Roman people. Such practices, it will be recollected by all who have visited Père la Chaise, are customary among the Parisians, who may have had them from their Roman ancestry. In this remarkable collection of tombs in Pompeii, cenotaphs are also common; likewise niches for urns, and the remains of inscriptions.

Reaching the end of the street of tombs, and making an easy ascent, we are at the gateway already mentioned. Every part is now in ruin; but originally the entrance consisted of a central and two side arches, in a mass of building which bore a resemblance to Temple Bar in London. An attempt has been made in the annexed cut to represent this entrance of Pompeii before its destruction. When the rubbish which encumbered the street and gateway was cleared away, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found in a niche, marked on the side of the pathway: his lance was in his hand; and, like a faithful sentinel, he had died rather than desert his post.

Passing through the now broken archway, we found ourselves in a street, evidently of considerable length, lined with broken walls

and roofless edifices, the remains generally, we were told, of inns for the accommodation of country-people. It was distressing to behold the dismantled condition of many substantial structures. The walls, built of brick or blocks of lava, and mostly plastered, formed a vista of ruins glaring under the noonday sun; and excepting another party before us, no living thing was visible. Some walls, of more than usual elegance, were covered with tiles, to protect them from rains, as represented in the small adjoining cut. The rubbish having been thoroughly removed, we see everything around us exactly as it stood nearly eighteen centuries ago. Within the deserted shops and mansions the most interesting tokens of past times present themselves. On the left is a Thermopolian, or shop in which hot drinks had been sold; the counter of marble still stands, having on its surface marks left by the wet vessels. The shops of Pompeii, of which this is a specimen, appear to have been open in front like booths, but provided with shutters for closing them in at night. Over several remaining doorways are inscriptions in Latin, in a rude form of letters, purporting to be dedications of the house or establishment to one of the gods, or to a great man; and on some the word SALVE, signifying welcome, is inscribed. The woodwork of all the



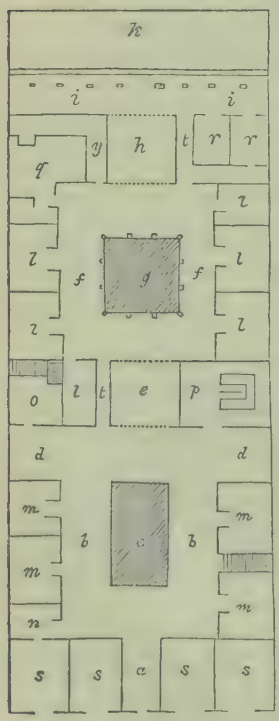
houses was gone, and also the roofs and upper floors, so that the whole exhibit a chilly and spectral appearance.

In passing along we see a number of shops, in almost every case connected with dwellings behind or above. It is also remarked that few gentlemen's houses front the street. The splendid mansions of the Roman aristocracy were evidently surrounded by shops, often of a mean order, the rents received from which formed a considerable branch of revenue. Turning up a cross street to the left, we were shewn the remains of one of the largest private mansions in the city, usually styled the house of Pansa, a public officer. This once splendid establishment extends back a considerable way; it forms, in reality, an entire block of building or division, with streets on each side of it. To give the reader an idea of ancient Roman houses of the first order, I cannot do better than present a short account of this large establishment.

Originally, the houses of the more opulent Romans consisted of small apartments surrounding a square court, and closed in by high walls. From those bounding the walls, the roofs of the apartments sloped inwards to the central court. In short, the whole establishment was little better than a series of open sheds, shut in by a gateway, the fineness of an Italian summer not rendering closeness desirable. From this rudimental form, the dwelling advanced to greater extent and elegance. The Grecian architecture was introduced, along with statuary, pictures, and other embellishments. Nevertheless the Romans never got off the plan of building round a courtyard, a practice which has been but slightly copied in Britain, but is still perpetuated in Italy, France, and some other continental countries. The house of Pansa, being of the most advanced order, consisted of two courts, one behind the other, and a garden beyond, the whole opening one into the other—a plan which would now be considered very incommodious, though striking in general effect.

In the annexed ground-plan of Pansa's mansion, *a* is the entrance or vestibule, corresponding to a modern lobby; *s*, *s*, *s*, *s*, are small shops fronting the street, three of which had been let, but a fourth, communicating with *n*, had been retained by Pansa for the sale of articles, perhaps the produce of his gardens or fields; *n* had been the chamber appointed for the keeper of the shop. From the vestibule, *a*, we proceed by a small inclination into a large apartment, *b b*, measuring about fifty feet long and forty feet wide. This apartment, called the *atrium*, is the improved form of the ancient open court. It is, indeed, not closed even at this point of advancement. The roof had in the centre an open space, *c*, through which the rain could fall into a basin of equal size in the floor beneath. The opening was called *conpluvium*, from *con*, together, and *pluvia*, rain-water. The basin was called *impluvium*, signifying a receptacle for the rain. The conpluvium was the only window —in fact, an open skylight—in this comfortless though elegantly

embellished apartment. Along the sides of the room were doors leading into bed-closets, *m*, *m*, *m*, *m*; rooms they would not now be called, for they are dreary cells, provided only with air-holes for windows; *d d* are recesses, which had been closed in front by curtains. The next apartment, *e*, was called the *tablinum*, from *tabella*, a picture, and here were exhibited the family pictures and other objects of taste. This apartment was divided from the atrium on one side and the further division *f f* by movable curtains, the situations of which are marked with lines of dots; *f f* is a square court, called the *peristylium*, or peristyle, from Greek words signifying about a pillar, because the roof of the sheds or cells along the sides is supported by pillars. This apartment, division, or court, has, like the atrium, an open conpluvium, *g*. The cells marked *l*, *l*, *l*, *l*, *l*, *l*, had been employed, like those round the atrium, as bed-closets; *h* is an apartment or hall between the peristyle, and *i i* a terrace behind, overlooking the garden, *k*. This apartment, like the tablinum, had been secluded by curtains. Alongside of this apartment, and also adjoining the tablinum, are passages marked *t t*; *o* is a recess for a staircase to the upper floor, now gone in Pansa's house; and *p* is a dining-room. In this dining-hall a table with sofas on three of its sides are marked. Latterly, the Romans adopted a fashion of reclining on benches when dining or supping, instead of sitting on chairs, as is customary in modern times: *q* is the kitchen, communicating through a passage, *y*, with a side street; *r r* are closets for reading or meditation, overlooking the garden. One of the small apartments was most likely the *lararium*, or chamber of devotion, in which were statues of the *lares*, or household gods. The garden behind Pansa's house must have been about a hundred feet square, and laid out ornamentally with flower-plots.



Such was a Roman mansion of the first order, exclusive of the upper apartments, which for the most part were only a species of garrets, for the accommodation of the slaves, or as storerooms. There were no sunk floors, though occasionally vaults or cellars.

The main object of the proprietors of these mansions was show—exposure of the interior to the public, with the enjoyment of open air. When the door and the curtains of the tablinum and further hall were thrown open, which was done in fine weather, parties passing could see through the whole house to the garden in the rear; pictures, statues, vases, marble pillars, mosaic pavements, flowers, and shrubs, all conspiring to present a striking perspective. To make the vista seem longer than it really was, the opposite wall of the garden was painted to represent an avenue of trees, embellished with fountains and other devices. These imposing appearances contrasted badly with the limited accommodations for sleeping or retirement. Although the bedrooms were generally plastered, and ornamented with paintings, they were small, and what would now be called mean. All the accommodations for insuring cleanliness seem to have been equally paltry. In the great house of Pansa, the water for drinking and cooking was brought in buckets from public fountains; for, although the city was supplied with water by an aqueduct from hills eight miles distant, it was not introduced by pipes into the houses. This defect, however, did not arise from an ignorance of hydraulics, because in Pompeii there are paintings of jets d'eau, or fountains spouting water. As large numbers of slaves and menials were employed in carrying water, and in various cleansing operations, the absence of any provision for introducing water to the houses in pipes was not probably experienced. Another deficiency was the absence of chimneys or fireplaces. Suitable enough for summer or pleasant dry weather, the houses could not fail to be uncomfortable in winter. Excepting where flues of warm air were led through the walls from furnaces employed for hot baths, the method of heating was by pans of burning wood or charcoal, over which the people sat shivering in cold weather. Cooking was likewise performed over pans of charcoal sunk in counters of stonework. Ancient Roman writers make grievous complaints of the smoke rising from the heating pans, which, having no contrivance to rid themselves of, wound in clouds through the apartments, spoiling the appearance of the statues and pictured walls, and in certain seasons making life within doors almost insupportable. How remarkable does it now appear that a people so far advanced in taste and luxury, so accomplished in all ornamental arts, should not have arrived at the discovery and use of chimneys! With these things forced on our notice, the feelings of regret which we experienced in wandering through the roofless halls of Pansa's palace were considerably modified. We thought of our neat dwelling in dear England, which, without any pretensions to magnificence, surpassed in every useful and substantial accommodation this once proud and lordly mansion.

In the block of building, or island, as the Romans called a congeries of buildings in a contiguous mass, next the mansion of Pansa,

are some remains considered among the most interesting in Pompeii. The chief ruin is the house of the Tragic Poet, as it has been termed. When excavated and laid open in 1824, this building was pretty nearly entire, and at a small expense it might have been roofed and restored. The only attempt at preservation has been the tiling of the walls; but as this does not shelter their surface from the weather, some of the finest specimens of fresco-painting have been destroyed. The mosaic pavements were likewise beautiful, and these have suffered less damage. As we enter into the vestibule, the figure of an angry cur chained is observed to be wrought in the mosaic, with the motto beneath, CAVE CANEM—Beware the Dog. After the description of Pansa's mansion, no account of the arrangements in the present house is necessary. I need only say that the style of the walls and remaining pillars is exceedingly elegant. On whatever side we turn, do we lament the gradual fading and destruction of the paintings. Some have fortunately been removed to museums, and they are esteemed among the best specimens of delineations in fresco. These and other paintings throughout this unfortunate city were principally representations of the gods and goddesses in the Grecian mythology, or of characters and scenes mentioned in the works of Homer. The Romans, like their predecessors the Greeks, had little range of subjects, and copied repeatedly the same figures in various combinations. In the practice of painting on plaster, usually called fresco-painting, their artists reached great excellence; their drawing, however, being always more correct and natural than their colouring. Many of the scenes appear to have been little else than outline.

The garden wall of the Tragic Poet's house divides it from the ruins of a large trading establishment called the Fullonica, or Scouring House. Here the vats for dyeing, formed of stone and plaster, and resembling large coppers, are pointed out, likewise some interesting remains of painting. From one of these we learn that it was usual to scour woollen clothes by tramping with the bare feet in a tub—a practice, I believe, which still exists in Scotland. Adjoining the Fullonica are the houses of the fountains, where some interesting relics of art are also exhibited.

Returning from this part of the town to the narrow street which we entered from the gateway, we were shewn the house of Sallust, as it is supposed to have been. This is inferior in size to that of Pansa, and also less regular in details, but is equal to some of the best houses as respects elegance of decoration. On the side of the same street, the remains of what had been a house abounding in ornament were next pointed out, called the House of the Vestals, and over the door of which the ordinary SALVE remains inscribed. On some of the walls are various paintings, greatly faded, but still conveying an idea of their original appearance. Exposure to the weather, however, is gradually obliterating these vestiges of Roman art. A

number of years ago, when less damaged, and its movables not carried off to museums, Bonneci thus described the House of the Vestals : 'This house seems to have been originally two separate houses, afterwards probably bought by some rich man, and thrown into one. After traversing a little court, around which are the sleeping-chambers, and that destined to business, we hastened to render our visit to the Penates. We entered the pantry, and rendered back to the proprietors the greeting [of welcome] that from the threshold of this mansion they still direct to strangers. We next passed through the kitchen and its dependencies. The corn-mills [small hand-querns] seemed waiting for the accustomed hands to grind with them, after so many years of repose. Oil standing in glass vessels, chestnuts, dates, raisins, and figs, in the next chamber, announce the provision for the approaching winter, and large amphoræ of wine recall to us the consulate of Cæsar and of Cicero. We entered the private apartments. Magnificent porticoes are to be seen around it. Numerous beautiful columns covered with stucco, and with very fresh colours, surrounded a very agreeable garden, a pond, and a bath. Elegant paintings, delicate ornaments, stags, sphinxes, wild and fanciful flowers, everywhere cover the walls. The cabinets of young girls, and their toilets, with appropriate paintings, are disposed along the sides. In this last were found a great quantity of female ornaments, and the skeleton of a little dog. At the extremity is seen a semicircular room adorned with niches, and formerly statues, mosaics, and marbles. An altar, on which the sacred fire burned perpetually, rose in the centre. This is the *sacrarium*. In this secret and sacred place the most solemn and memorable days of the family were spent in rejoicing; and here, on birthdays, sacrifices were offered to Juno, or the Genius, the protector of the new-born child.' The mosaic pavements in this house, consisting of different coloured pieces of marble set in figures, are very fine. It is evident that in the preparation of such embellishments for the floors, whether tiles or marbles, the Romans had attained a pitch of perfection which England with all its wealth is now only beginning to imitate. The small cut here given represents the figure of a central compartment in one of these mosaics.

Proceeding along the street from the house of the Vestals, we arrive at a spot on the left-hand side where we are shewn the remains of the public baths, now a scene of broken arches, dilapidated walls, and marble floors, encumbered by rubbish. The establishment was evidently on a most extensive scale, and consisted of distinct divisions for men and women respectively. The baths were of cold, tepid, and hot water. One of the largest apartments, the tepidarium, being vaulted, is tolerably entire ; and here a number of the ornaments remain on the roof and walls. Light had been

admitted by a small window in the roof. The floors of the warm-bath rooms were hollow, heated air having been admitted beneath them by flues, for the purpose of taking off the chill of the atmosphere : in the present state of ruin, portions only of these flues are visible. From the number of entrances and other arrangements, the practice of bathing had been as popular among the citizens of Pompeii, if not more so, than in other Roman cities. The want of means for purification at home, the costliness of linen, and other defects in the economy of the ancients, rendered frequent bathing indispensable. The indulgence of the bath, however, was a favourite luxury among all classes. After bathing, it was customary to anoint the body with fine oils and perfumes. 'The ancients,' observes Sir William Gell, in his *Pompeiana*, 'had an astonishing number of oils, soaps, and perfumes.' Persons in a humble condition, he adds, 'sometimes used, instead of soap, meal of lupins, called lomentum, which, with common meal, is yet used in the north of England, while the rich carried their own most precious unguents to the thermæ in phials of alabaster, gold, and glass, which were of such common use, both in ordinary life and at funerals, that they have very frequently been found in modern times, when they acquired the name of lachrymatories, from a mistaken notion concerning their original destination.'

The further extremity of the bath establishment bears upon the Forum, a large area, like an open square, which we entered next in our perambulation. Passing the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, we had the cleared space of the Forum before us. And what a scene of fallen grandeur! When in its glory, this place of universal resort had consisted of an oblong area, 100 feet wide by 500 in length, paved with marble in different colours, embellished at different points with statues, and environed by temples and other edifices with fronts of elegant Grecian architecture. On one side there had been an ambulatory, or open gallery, above the rows of pillars, where the idle might lounge and look down upon the moving throngs beneath. All is now desolate ; pillars broken, roofs gone, and pavement destroyed ; much of this dilapidation having been caused by the earthquake sixteen years before the final destruction.

In perambulating this scene of fallen grandeur, we are forcibly reminded of the custom among the Romans of spending much of their time daily in public. While all menial offices were filled by slaves, the middle and higher orders loitered away no small portion of their existence in public places of resort. 'A Roman citizen,' says M. Simond, 'went out early, and did not return home until the evening repast. He spent his day in the Forum, at the baths, at the theatre—everywhere, in short, except at his own home ; where he slept in a small room without windows, without a chimney, and almost without furniture.' To suit such customs, every Roman city was amply provided with places of amusement, erected by the

munificence of wealthy citizens, or by the state. Whatever was the form of government, a monarchy or republic, one object was steadily maintained—the amusement of the people at the public expense; and no small proportion of the plunder of countries conquered by the Roman arms was devoted to this purpose. Besides being a spot for the daily loitering of idlers, the Forum was the scene of political contentions. Here the leaders of rival factions addressed and sought the suffrages of the citizens: here was the great centre of all kinds of bribery and corruption: here were the votes of the populace shamelessly sold to the highest bidder.

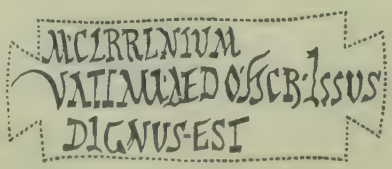
Proceeding along the western side of the Forum, we had occasion to pass the ruins of an establishment which had doubtless figured in these demoralising practices. This was the great public granary. So abject had the Roman people ultimately become, and such was the mass of pauperism, that in every city vast numbers were daily supported by doles of corn or bread; and he who was most munificent in these distributions usually attained the highest civic honours. Adjoining the public granary are the ruins of the temple of Venus, and the Basilica, or courts of justice, beneath which are vaults that had been used as a prison. In these gloomy recesses two skeletons were found with iron manacles on their legs; the poor wretches had been suffocated in their dungeons by the eruption. Going round by the east end of the Forum to the north side, we have before us, running eastwards, the Street of the Silversmiths, which has been well cleared, and shews some striking ruins.

One group of ruins in good preservation was pointed out to us as being all that remained of the temple of Isis—a building in the Roman Doric order, possessing some fine mosaics. At the further extremity of the interior stood the altar, from which a statue of Isis had been removed when the building was uncovered. We were conducted into some apartments behind, and were here shewn a recess where the priests of the temple were concealed when they uttered the oracular responses supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The accommodations for the priests had been on an extensive scale, and included cooking, dining, and sleeping apartments. When the kitchen was explored, it was found well provided with cooking utensils and different articles of food. The skeleton of a man, supposed to have been the cook, was found in the kitchen with an axe in his hand, near a hole in the wall, which he had made in order to effect his escape. In the temple the skeleton of a priest had been also found, with a bag of money in his hand. His avarice or carefulness in remaining to secure the treasures of the temple had been the cause of his destruction.

Having now seen a number of the streets of Pompeii, I may here say a few words regarding them. All are narrow, reminding one of the confined thoroughfares of Paris; but whatever their width, they are pretty well paved with blocks of lava or stones, in the central

part, for the use of carriages and horses; while on each side is a *trottoir* or foot-pavement, raised above the causeway, and formed of a composition of lime, earth, and gravel. These foot-pavements, varying in breadth from three to six feet, are so universal in Pompeii, that the comfort of pedestrians must have been a matter of consideration by the ancient Roman authorities. In after-times, the practice of employing foot-pavements was lost in continental Europe, and it is only now resumed in Paris and elsewhere by copying English models. In some of the streets, we remarked that there were stones elevated in the causeway to form crossings from one side of the street to the other. The great torrents of rain which fall in this part of Italy at certain seasons, and the absence of underground drains, have rendered these stepping-stones necessary.

From what we had now observed of the different streets, it did not appear that any part of the town was sacred from the intrusion of trade. Shops are usually known by signs emblematic of the business which had been carried on within. The annexed small cut represents the sign of a wine-shop. It is a terra-cotta in bas-relief, shewing the figures of two men carrying between them an amphora or jar of wine. Jars of this form are of great antiquity. When set down in a cellar, their lower-pointed end was placed in a hole in a rack, and thus they were kept in an upright position. On a shop near the baths is a bas-relief representing a goat, which is believed to denote that the owner was a seller of milk. The house of a teacher of fencing is indicated by a painting of two men fighting. A school is denoted by the painting of a boy mounted on the back of another, and receiving a whipping from his master, from which we may know that this barbarous mode of punishment is of a respectable antiquity. Latin inscriptions, of very rudely formed characters, are exceedingly common. Some of these are short public announcements; others are the names of owners of houses: and a third class are signs of persons in business. The following is a diminished facsimile of one of these sign inscriptions:



These rude letters and words have been interpreted as follows:

Marcum. Cerrinium. Vatiam. Ædilem. Orat. Ut. Faveat. Scriba. Issus : Dignus. Est. In English—'The Scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Cerrinius Vatia the Edile to extend to him his patronage ; for which he is deserving.' From this modest appeal it would appear that Roman tradesmen were not more independent than those modern shopkeepers who seek to carry on business under the heraldic insignia of great personages.

From the Street of the Silversmiths we were conducted, after two turnings, into the quarter of the theatres, which is the limit of the excavations on the south, or the point opposite to that at which we had entered the town. Two theatres have been cleared, one of large size, situated on a sloping piece of ground, and so arranged that the visitors must have descended from the street to the body of the house. From the remains of the edifice, it would seem that much of the interior was formed of marble. I will not here attempt any account of the manner in which these theatres were laid out. Our time would not allow of a very deliberate examination, and we hastened to finish our tour of the excavated city. Already we had gone over the town, from the gate of Herculaneum to the further extremity of the excavations, a distance of rather more than half a mile ; and almost the only thing that remained to be visited was the amphitheatre, situated in a cleared space at the eastern termination of the city. There were two ways by which we could reach this : we might go by a road round the walls, or by a pathway across the ground which still covered the remaining part of the town. Preferring the latter, we mounted the bank of rubbish, and gained the cottage of a vine-dresser, placed nearly on the brink of the precipice which overhangs the cleared streets beneath. This is reckoned the most favourable spot for obtaining a view of Pompeii ; and I acknowledge that the spectacle of dismantled buildings, silent streets, broken pillars, mosaic pavements of palaces and temples, and painted walls, the whole bounded by the hillocks of rubbish and green vine plants, has a striking and picturesque effect.*

From this interesting spot we proceeded, across the vineyards which now occupy the surface of the ground over the uncleared part of the city, to the amphitheatre. This we found to be a most gigantic and imposing mass of building. Like all Roman amphitheatres, it is an edifice of an oval form, shewing two stories outside, while the interior consists of tiers of stone benches rising from, and environing a central arena. The floor of the arena being cleared, we are able to realise the character of the barbarous scenes which occurred in this great place of resort. The spectacles presented here for the public

* Since the visit of Mr P——, the excavations have been greatly extended, and under the new *régime* they are carried on more systematically than ever. Among the most interesting objects recently disinterred are several human bodies, or rather the hollows in the hardened mud left by their decay. By pouring liquid plaster into these cavities, casts have been obtained of these touching memorials of antiquity. The two larger wood-engravings are from photographs, and give a very good notion of the appearance of the ruins.—Ed.

amusement, consisted of fights of gladiators—victims doomed to fight in an almost naked state with swords—and combats of wild beasts, lion against lion; or one of these savage animals with an unfortunate captive. Beneath the rows of seats are vaulted dens, in which the lions and other beasts of prey had been kept, ready to be let out upon the arena. In one of these cells the skeleton of a lion was found when the building was excavated. Ascending the *podium* or parapet which surrounds the arena, we attained, first, the seats appropriated to the senators and other functionaries, after which, higher up, in an unbroken slope, come the seats of the aristocracy and common people. Although much inferior in dimensions to the Coliseum at Rome, the accommodations seem to have been sufficient for 20,000 inhabitants. The benches are in some places destroyed; but, as a whole, the amphitheatre is the most entire of the Pompeian antiquities, the solid nature of the building having resisted the earthquake and eruption which levelled so many other structures.

Amidst the silence of the now deserted amphitheatre, and on one of the stone seats commanding a view of the lower area, we spread out the provisions which we had brought with us from Naples, and after the fatigues and excitement of exploring ruins, were able to dine with no small degree of zest. Pietro, with much good-humour, acted as assistant at the feast, and brought from a rill in the neighbourhood a supply of water more cool than we could have expected, considering the warmth of the day. Leaving this interesting edifice, we proceeded by the adjoining city wall towards the point where we had entered the town, thus making a circuit of the whole. We saw several excavations in this excursion; and at about half-way passed the gate of Nola, an ancient entrance to the city, which has been exposed to view.

The day after our visit to Pompeii, while the recollections were still fresh in the memory, we visited the great museum in Naples, in which the objects of art gathered from its disinterred houses, shops, and temples have been stored for preservation. The collection is enormous, and baffles description. A volume would be required to give a mere list of the articles. Classified in departments, are shewn domestic utensils; lamps of various kinds; articles for the toilet, such as combs, mirrors, and pins; bread, eggs, grain, fruits; gems, cameos, and jewellery; vases, statues, fresco-paintings, and mosaics; books and scrolls, &c. Some of the statues are remarkably fine, and rivet the attention of all persons of taste.

HERCULANEUM.

In our excursion to and from Pompeii, we had passed near the spot of ground at Portici which covers Herculaneum, but did not stop to pay our respects to this entombed city, intending to make it the object of a special journey. This we did on the second day after visiting Pompeii, the first, as I said, having been expended on seeing the many interesting Pompeian relics contained in the museum at Naples.

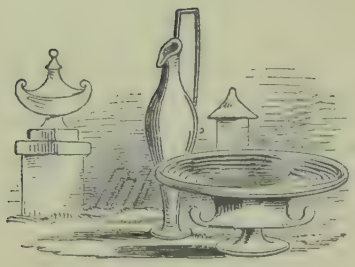
Herculaneum, a larger and more populous city than Pompeii, has had literally a *harder* fate. Situated considerably nearer the volcano, its destruction was more instantaneous and complete. While Pompeii sunk under torrents of mud and showers of ashes, the whole forming a cinder-like incrustation or paste, which has been dug with comparative ease, Herculaneum received a massive stream of lava—a red-hot liquid torrent, which instantly destroyed life, and utterly overwhelmed the city in its stern grasp. As lava, on cooling, becomes a hard semi-vitreous stone, resembling basalt and greenstone, Herculaneum has been fixed in the bosom of a rocky mass, which cannot be dug with less difficulty than a quarry.

Portici, a populous village, in which is a summer palace of the king, has been built on the ground immediately over Herculaneum. This appears to have been matter of accident. All traditional knowledge of Herculaneum had been lost, and its site was discovered only last century, on the occasion of digging a well; the first signification of there being an entombed city beneath, was the striking of a pickaxe against the door of a theatre. The approach to Herculaneum, or rather the small portion which can be seen of it, is down the well-like shaft by which it was discovered. Alighting at a gate in the village of Portici, over which was inscribed, 'Scale di Ercolano' (Stair of Herculaneum), we delivered ourselves into the hands of a guide, and with wax-tapers descended a flight of nearly a hundred steps in quest of this buried city. On reaching the bottom, we found ourselves in a gloomy abyss, surrounded by walls of an elegant construction, and through which, by a doorway, we reached the interior of what had been a magnificent theatre. The seats were of marble, as well as the pillars of the pulpitum or stage. From this buried scene of gaiety we were led along some contiguous passages; but after having seen Pompeii, this dingy spectacle conveyed no pleasure to the mind, and we hastened to retreat up the staircase into the brilliant sunshine of the living and breathing world. Not only in consequence of the hardness of the material in which Herculaneum is imbedded, but from the danger of undermining the royal palace above, the excavations have been stopped,

and therefore all that has been disclosed of this once populous city is insignificant in extent.

Before our departure from this part of Italy, we had an opportunity of repeatedly visiting Pompeii, and of treasuring up recollections of those elegant objects of art which have been collected from it, as well as from Herculaneum. Of my successive visits to the ruined city, and also to the museum in Naples, however, it is not necessary for me to speak; the preceding sketch, imperfect as it is, will perhaps suffice to convey a general idea of certainly one of the most interesting spots on the surface of the earth, and stimulate inquiry on a subject so fruitful of pleasing emotions as that of ancient art.*

* A railway from Naples now facilitates the visits of travellers to the ruined cities.



THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH, AND SIR AGILTHORN.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

FIT I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely hermit lay,
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire,
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.'

'It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear,
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here.

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.'

'O trust in Heaven,' the hermit said,
'And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.'

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high,
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow;
At length a voice returned his call,
Quick answering from below:

'O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree?

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray;
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatched her hence away.'

'Praise Heaven, my son,' the hermit said,
'The lady's safe and well;'
And soon he joined the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends
They loved each other dear:
The youth he pressed her to his heart,
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:

The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright;
She, in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatched up in hasty flight.

'Sit down, my children,' says the sage ;
'Sweet rest your limbs require :'
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

'Partake,' he said, 'my simple store—
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;'
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

'Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,'
The youthful couple say;
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talked their cares away.

'Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail),
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?'

'First tell me, father,' said the youth
('Nor blame my eager tongue),
What town is near? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?'

'Alas! my son,' the hermit said,
'Why do I live to say
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banished far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the north
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes,
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he placed the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Not long before the brave old earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime, far off, 'mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown;
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in peace!'—
He said, and dropt a tear.

'And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bless me, father,' said the youth,
'For I, thy guest, am he.'

Silent he gazed, then turned aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Poured blessings on his head.

'Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country's hope and care.
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?'

'Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth;
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperienced youth.

In Scotland I 've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burned
My native land to see;
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down, in hunter's garb,
I wandered as in chase,
Till, in the noble Neville's house,†
I gained a hunter's place.

Some time with him I lived unknown,
Till I 'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.'

'Now, Percy,' said the blushing maid,
'The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous like thine
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

Sudden, a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain;
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany.
† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham.

With nothing but his hunting-spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caused them soon to stand.

He fought till more assistance came:
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.'

'O happy day!' the youth replied;
'Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deigned to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we feared (alas, the while)
Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
Our house's ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banished wight,
Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turnèd down the right-hand path,
And gained this lonely wood;

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reached this friendly bower.'

'Now rest ye both,' the hermit said;
'Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed—
We 'll pass the night below.'

FIT II.

Lovely smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheered him with her sight:
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watched the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast,
Her cheeks what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride!

'Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet;
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.'

'O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.'

'And wilt thou, then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour shew,
To share with me, a banished wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee:*

'Tis Father Bertram, so revered
For every worthy deed:
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man,
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.'

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth Abbey.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mixed,
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Meantime, in love and dalliance sweet,
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they viewed,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, decked with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scooped within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shews :
The chief a chapel, neatly arched,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That should a chapel grace :
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door, a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth,
Two easy steps ascend;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone,
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Leaned hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they ask: 'What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair?'

The hermit sighed, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak;
At length he wiped the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek:

'Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

The Hermit's Tale.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains;
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place;†
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

* This is a bull's head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced by time.

† Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend;
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour,
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly prized
Which is so lightly won,
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall,
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rung around:
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
"How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.†

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipped his powers,

* See Dugdale's *Baronage*, p. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname De Percy.

And gained a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.*

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died:
But first the silver crescent wan,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.†

How he the Percy name revived,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country's cause
With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall:
When lo! a damsel young and fair
Stepped forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously addressed;
And kneeling on her knee—
"Sir Knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee."

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnished gold.

"Sir Knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,

* William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married; for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, 'he' (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) 'wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.' See *Harleian Manuscripts*, 692 (26). He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

† Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother to Queen Adelais, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son, Lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-five barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

When thou hast proved this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried."

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kissed the same:
"Trust me, I 'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppressed,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Teviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushing forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord Percy marked their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addressed:

"Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme;
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I 'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,
And spurred his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rushed forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends,
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field,
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain—
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!—
His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
"And now, my noble friends," he said,
"Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretched-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now, gathering round on every part,
The battle raged amain;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage shewed;
And all the field was strewed with dead,
And all with crimson flowed.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shewn,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,

Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.*

"Well hast thou earned my daughter's love,"
Her father kindly said;
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went—no daughter came;
Fair Isabel ne'er appears;
"Beshrew me," said the aged chief,
"Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son; thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name revived;
He blessed the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And healed his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seemed,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram called
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear:
"What wight is this that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?"

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Teviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

"'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I 've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy lady fair."

"Now out, alas!" she loudly shrieked,
"Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sighed;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone
Since she set out to thee;
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried:
'Alas! I 've slain the comeliest knight
All through my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.'

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn by break of day,
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelmed his mind:
"Trust me," said he, "I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ere the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west,
And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den,

And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restored again."

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day, as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care.

"All minstrels yet that e'er I saw,
Are full of game and glee,
But thou art sad and woe-begone ;
I marvel whence it be !"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son ; perchance," he said,
"Some tidings I may bear ;
For oft when human hopes have failed,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

As late I chanced to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I asked what harm had hap'd,
What lady sick there lay,
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away."

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear;
He thanked him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reached the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

"Sir porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?"

"My lord," he said, "is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song;
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long."

He played again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

"Minstrel," he said, "thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win;
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou 'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watched,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide,

When, starting up, he seized his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth,
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown to all within,
The youthful couple fly;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said;
"My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contrived!
For me what dangers run!

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:"
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried: "Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor, yield that lady up!"
And quick his sword he drew:
The stranger turned in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vig'rous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's stronger hand prevailed,
And laid the stranger low.

"Die, traitor, die!" A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word;
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rushed beneath his sword.

"O stop," she cried—"O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!"'
And here the hermit paused and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried: 'Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabbed her breast.'

'Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah, cruel fate!' they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they:
They sighed; he hung his head.

'O blind and jealous rage,' he cried,
'What evils from thee flow!'
The hermit paused; they silent mourned;
He wept, and they were woe.

'Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake ne'er more;
His precious life was flown;
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be.

Bertram," she said, "I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief:

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn;

He slew my guards, and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn.

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined,
And fondly sued and warmly pressed
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed his brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love; escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay.

And rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand;
A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrenched it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had missed their lovely ward,
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barred.

It chanced that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were conveyed,
And there within their silent tombs
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild,
But poor and humble benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise,
And here, a lonely anchoret,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice;
This blest retreat he gave;
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scooped this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied passed my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,

Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe;
I lived to mourn his fall:
I lived to mourn his godlike son,
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Loved youth, shalt now restore,
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.'

He ceased, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid,
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old sire,
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,
The royal grace implored:
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restored.

The youthful earl still more and more
Admired his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.*

* Warkworth Castle, the scene of the above ballad, occupies a bold situation on a neck of land near the sea-shore, on the coast of Northumberland, and almost surrounded by the river Coquet. About a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a hermitage, or religious establishment, of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed in a cliff near the river, as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry—the whole executed with elegance, and resembling a Gothic church. The chapel contains a tomb or monument, on which is a female figure cut in stone, and around it are several other figures likewise sculptured from the rock. It is universally agreed that the founder of the hermitage was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently lords of Bothal Castle, situated about ten miles from Warkworth. The traditions respecting Warkworth and its hermitage did not escape the notice of the late Dr Thomas Percy, Dean of Carlisle and Bishop of Dromore, and have been by him handed down to us in the preceding elegant ballad, which has become deservedly popular in the part of the country to which it refers. The only other poem of any length written by Dr Percy is a ballad called *The Friar of Orders Gray*. The service he performed to our literature in collecting his *Reliques of English Poetry*, has been properly esteemed.

SIR AGILTHORN.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

OH! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou 'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod where Lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds; Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

'Blest is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake to mourn a husband dead.

Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee:

While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Curst be the wretch whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

Lo! on thy falchion, keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears.

Think how thy lips she fondly prest;
Think how she wept, compelled to part;
Think every wound which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!'

'O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!'
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
'Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

In pity, cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of fame,
And only list to love's and thine.

Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs! I set ye free;
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own that life is dear to me.

The wretch whose lips have pressed the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,
A happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

O no! the joys of yonder skies
To prosperous love presents no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

Yet mark me, sweet! If Heaven's command
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

No! let our boy thy care engross;
Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

So may oblivion soon efface
The grief which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears which fall for Agilthorn!'

He said, and couched his quivering lance;
He said, and braced his moony shield;
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle-gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addressed her orphan page:
'Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age;

If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant, round thy blooming face;

If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place:

Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

Till thou return'st, each hour's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste, and soon return again.'

'Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage!
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain:
I 'll haste, I 'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I 'll haste, and soon return again.'

Then Oswy bade his courser fly;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

'Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st thou from the castle tower?'
'Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest Bower.'

'Oh! pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,
Must see thee bear an orphan's name!

Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

Oh! warder, from the castle tower
Now say what objects meet thy sight?'
'None but the shades of Forest Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright.'

'Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid;
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow:
Oh! never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

Now, warder, warder, speak again;
What see'st thou from the turret's height?'
'Oh! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight.'

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath,
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
'Now, Heaven,' she cried, 'for life or death!
And forth to meet the page she flew.

'And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?'
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Oswy's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explained
What meant those silent tears to tell.

'Come, come, my babe!' she wildly cried;
'We needs must seek the field of woe:
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go.'

'Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

Hark, hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!'

'No, no! with me my baby stays;
With me he lives, with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies.'

Oh! see, she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name;
Oh! see, she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside;
She raised his visor, kissed his face,
Then on his bosom sunk, and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'Tis here, at night, the fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lover's doom:
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb!

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
So ne'er may grief to thee be known:
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

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